# THE BOOKMAN

## Christmas Double Number

WITH ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

⚜

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GEORGE MEREDITH

⚜

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ARTHUR RACKHAM

⚜

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# The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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### NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

## News Notes.

The Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN has, we feel, one claim upon its readers beyond those made by other, seemingly seasonable, publications, viz., that it is written entirely in November for perusal in December. To the general public this may not appear to be a great feat, but by authors, artists and journalists the uniqueness of the achievement will be fully realised. We do not underestimate the hardships of our valued contemporaries, the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News*, and others, whose artists and authors, in shirt-sleeves, must needs be busily painting robins and snow in June, or writing of Yule logs and ghosts in the merry month of May; and whose editors make a point of having the Christmas number completed before anyone is allowed to go on summer holiday. But we plead that our own hardships are somewhat greater, one of the chief difficulties being the "reviewing" of books which will not be published until after we have gone to press. We cannot help feeling, in all modesty, that the difficulty has been well overcome; and we yield our thanks to those publishers from whom we have cajoled wet proof-sheets and original blocks; while to our readers we present all seasonable greetings and commend our efforts.

We confess to being not a little tired of hearing a new writer of occasional verse being hailed as "a new Calverley." Calverley Redivivus has for some years appeared as regularly in May as the sea-serpent in July. So it was a pleasant change and surprise when a London newspaper announced a few days ago the appearance in November of a "Calverley in Petticoats." We do not doubt the correctness of the title, for many of Miss Jessie Pope's "Paper Pellets" have been printed by Mr. Punch. But what would Calverley have said? It would have rejoiced his heart to be told that this book "is the first volume of humorous verse ever published by a woman." This leaves us in a little doubt as to whether it is the newest Calverley or Mr. Elkin Matthews who is sporting the petticoats.

The two most interesting literary biographies of the year are undoubtedly Professor Elton's Life of York Powell and Mr. Maitland's biography of Leslie Stephen. Every student of English literature will be glad to know that the latter will be supplemented in the spring by the publication, in ten volumes, of Leslie Stephen's collected essays. Leslie Stephen was denied the flashes of inspired insight granted to Lamb and Hazlitt, but for undeviating common-sense as a critic he has no English rival but Johnson.

The genuine bookman, who is always interested in

the details of his books' appearance, will be grateful to the Oxford Press for the beautiful edition of Goldsmith's Poems which it has just issued. The Oxford India paper has never been seen to better advantage than in this neat, dignified green volume, which, with the admirably clear type and numbered lines, forms an example of what book production should be. The edition "is a reprint, extended and revised," of that issued by the Clarendon Press in 1887, edited, with introduction and notes, by Mr. Austin Dobson. It now contains every poem and scrap of poem written by Goldsmith, and is adorned by numerous reproductions of valuable portraits and illustrations by Bewick, Stothard, Newell, Bunbury and others.

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The omission of Froude's name from the list of historians prescribed to be read in the Modern History School at Oxford seems to have excited a certain amount of resentment. A little of this found expression in Mr. Herbert Paul's "Life of Froude," in which the corner of what seemed a conspiracy to decry Froude and taboo his historical writings was revealed. A still more polemical tone as against Froude's detractors was maintained by Mr. J. B. Rye in a very able paper at the inauguration of a Froude Society at Oxford on Saturday, November 10th, under the Presidentship of the present Regius Professor of Modern History.

---

At what precise time and in what precise manner did the idea of the New World first begin to impress the mind of the English Renaissance. This problem was merely started from its lair by J. R. Green. But a new adventurer is now setting forth to an attempted solution in the person of Mr. Sidney Lee, whose first contributions to the subject of the Example of Spain and the Discipleship of England (referable in the first instance to the influence of the much-hated Philip II. and his entourage) in matters of Transatlantic exploration will probably appear in *Scribner's Magazine* early in 1907.

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Another important historical work on the Cromwellian War and Settlement in Ireland, based mainly upon documents (that have been used in fragmentary fashion hitherto by Gardiner and other historians) is in course of preparation by Mr. R. Dunlop, who contributes the chapter on the obscure subject of Ireland 1603-1641 to the new volume of the "Cambridge Modern History."

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From a literary point of view this new volume is distinguished by a very able chapter on "The Fantastic Poets" (Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Traherne), by Mr. Clutton Brock. "Fantastic" is Dr. Ward's substitution for Dr. Johnson's "Metaphysical." Yet in the sense indicated by Dugald Stewart, when he said that metaphysical was just what a man said when he did not know what he meant to say, metaphysical has always seemed to us very descriptive of Cowley and Co. A chapter in the same History on English Literature from 1830 to 1870 has been assigned to Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

*Photo Russell & Sons.* **Graham Travers.**

Whose new novel "Growth" is reviewed at page 152.

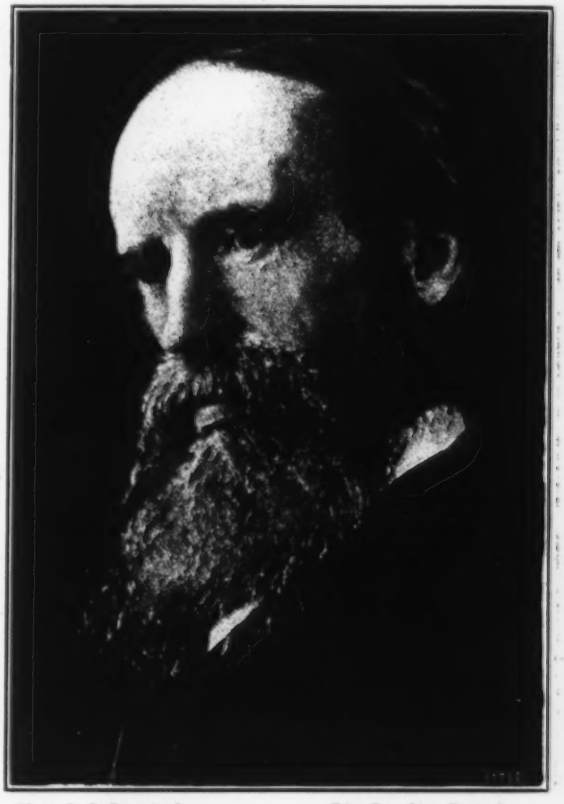

*Photo G. C. Beresford.* **Sir Leslie Stephen.**

Whose biography is reviewed at page 138.

*Photo Sarony, Scarborough.* **Father Bernard Vaughan.**
(Reproduced from "Sins of Society," by kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul.)

A very able and impartial article on the new Battle of the Books is contributed to the *Mercure de France* of November 1st by the well-known publicist, translator and critic, Henry Davray. "Who will be the first to yield. Who will reap the benefit from this struggle. We have no means of predicting. The combatants are determined, formidably armed and equipped and capable of inflicting terrible wounds on each other. And all this is incurred, we are gravely assured, for the sole benefit of the public; that authors may obtain a juster remuneration for their labours, and that the practice of reading may be encouraged and extended!"

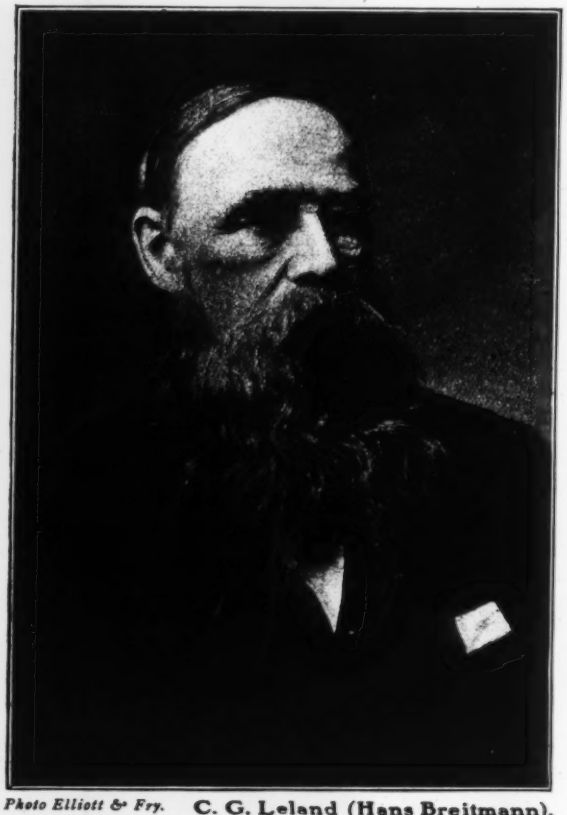

*Photo Elliott & Fry.* **C. G. Leland (Hans Breitmann).**
Whose biography has just appeared.

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Above all, we like Mr. Davray's sardonic conclusion. It is that, as far as we can ascertain, of all sensible people. "Les affaires ne sont pas les affaires, décidément, on y mêle trop de vertu!"

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In very sad juxtaposition to the appearance of the "Life of Leslie Stephen" comes the news of the death of the late critic's eldest son, a young scholar of Trinity, Cambridge, just about to be called to the bar, where it was confidently anticipated that he would ably sustain the legal reputation of a family of judges and jurists.

---

Mr. Arthur Symons has both widened and deepened his range of thought in "Spiritual Adventures," the first quasi-autobiographical sketch in which evinced a remarkable power of sounding unfamiliar depths. A new critical work upon wholly unconventional lines, dealing with the major poets of the Nineteenth Century, of which there is rumour, ought to be full of literary interest and a "metaphysical" suggestiveness.

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Few writers of children's stories were more popular in the eighties of the last century than Mrs. Molesworth, whose pathos and delicate humour have scarcely found a rival since the days of Mrs. Ewing. The author of "Carrots" has transmitted the mantle which she wore so well to a niece, Mrs. Edwin Hohler, in whose work she takes the keenest interest. The interest will be shared by the readers of Mrs. Hohler's new Christmas story of "Peter" and his sometimes unpopular pet, the bull-dog, Bill.

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It is not often that one magazine contains two articles which have aroused so much curiosity and attention as two that appeared in the November *Blackwood*. For some weeks there has been no literary gathering in London where the question might not have been heard, "Have you read 'Maga' on Irving and the 'Times'?" The review of Mr. Bram Stoker's biography of Irving was a trenchant bit of writing, containing truths that

"Oft were thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

The other article is by general consent the best review of the situation yet written from the author's point of view. It was like "Maga's" sarcastic way to remind us that in the new battle of the books the authors

themselves were not to be treated as uninterested non-combatants.

The article we refer to appeared under the familiar heading, "Musings without Method." There are few editorial difficulties greater than the finding of a good title for a *causerie*. In this case, we believe, "Maga" revived a title long ago used in her own pages by Lever, who also wrote some of the best essays there under his *sobriquet* of O'Dowd. Since the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," this type of discursive essay has always been a feature of "Maga." To Lever succeeded Mrs. Oliphant with the "Old Saloon," and later "The Looker-on"—which for many a year contained some of the best writing of the most brilliant and loyal of "Maga's" servants—and to Mrs. Oliphant, after a short and brilliant reign by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, succeeded Mr. Charles Whibley, whose musings for November did not disgrace their Ambrosianic pedigree.

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston's new novel, "A Fly on the Wheel," is, we understand, to run as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine*, beginning early next year. It will be remembered that Mrs. Thurston won her greatest success in the pages of this magazine with her widely-popular novel, "John Chilcote."

Mr. Alfred Noyes's epic poem, "Drake," will be resumed in *Blackwood's Magazine* next year. The second part will be begun in the January issue. Two volumes of "Poems" by this writer are, we hear, shortly to appear in America, with a preface by the eminent critic, Hamilton Wright Mabie.

For the pictorial features of the Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN we are under obligations more numerous than we can recapitulate here. As in former years, we have received the cordial co-operation of many publishers, authors, artists and photographers, and to all who have assisted us we would tender our heartiest thanks. We have endeavoured to acknowledge these obligations throughout the number, and we hope that any unintentional omission will be rightly attributed to oversight.

## Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

### (1) ENGLAND.

OCTOBER 20TH TO NOVEMBER 20TH, 1906.

The dominant characteristic of the present season is the magnitude of the literary output, and whilst the reissue in every variety of form of non-copyright works has been unprecedented, in no sense has it been limited to this class, for new works, more especially of fiction, have swollen the market to a considerable extent. In spite of much agitation in certain quarters the demand has been well sustained, and although it may be premature to forecast the ultimate result there is every indication that such will be satisfactory.

**Gustav Frenssen.**
Whose new novel "Holyland" is reviewed at page 153.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. A. Constable and Co.)

The 6s. novel abounds. In the constancy of repeat orders the "Treasure of Heaven" has proved a continued success, and among the more prominent items of the recent output "Benita," "Chippinge," "The Old Country," "Sophy of Kravonia," "Smoke in the Flame," and "Sir Nigel" must be mentioned. "The Patriot," by the author of "The Saint," although appearing somewhat late in the month, has caught on.

*Photo Elliott & Fry.* **E. F. Benson.**
Whose new novel "Paul" is reviewed at page 153.

Fiction at 3s. 6d. has been represented most strongly in "Closed Doors," and a "Gamble with Life."

Much good business has been transacted in Biographies, and the memoirs of Lady Dorothy Nevill, Leslie Stephen, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Bishop, W. M. Rossetti, and Sir George Williams, have attracted a considerable amount of attention, whilst the monograph on Lord Randolph Churchill, by Lord Rosebery, has sold freely. Orders have been placed, and much anticipation centred in the forthcoming Hohenlohe memoirs.

"The Dogs of War," by Walter Emanuel, with the humorous delineations by Cecil Aldin, has proved irresistible to many.

Travel and Discovery have also claimed their successes, and such issues as "The Old Inns of Old England," "British Malaya," "Voyage of the *Scotia*," "India," by Loti; "Tibet the Mysterious," "Abyssinia of To-day," and "From Libau to Tsushima," merit especial notice, whilst the chatty volume of "Wanderings in London," by E. V. Lucas, has continued to claim a succession of purchasers.

Many thousands of a delightful little skit on the "Times" Book Club have quickly been disposed of. It is entitled "Signs of the Times," and emanates from the authors of the previous successful hit on the booming of the Encyclopædia Britannica, "Wisdom While you Wait."

The larger form of Children's Illustrateds are well represented by "The Golliwogg" volume, the "Buster Brown" issues, "Orange Fairy Book," "Foxy Grandpa," and the "Told to the Children" Series, which appears to increase in popularity.

Mr. Punch's "Book of Birthdays" is also to the front.

Religious works are not so prominent as in some former years, but here also a few good selling lines appear, such as Gwatkin's "The Knowledge of God," Burkitt's "Gospel History and its Transmission," Gordon's "Quiet Talks," and "Overweights of Joy."

A volume descriptive of the Congo horrors, by E. D. Morel, entitled "Red Rubber," has sold freely, and the same may be said of "Glimpses into the Abyss," descriptive of a few home horrors.

A large proportion of the remaining part of the sales effected have consisted in the popular lines of tale books for the youthful portion of the community, and are too numerous to permit of separate mention; but the various issues from such well-known centres as Nelson and Sons, W. and R. Chambers, Blackie and Son, together with others equally noted, have alike had a substantial hold during the month.

Small religious and ethical booklets, daintily produced, are an increasingly noticeable feature of the season.

The following is a list of books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:—

*Six Shilling Novels.*

Chippinge. By S. J. Weyman. (Smith, Elder.)
Benita. By H. R. Haggard. (Cassell.)
Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli. (Constable.)
The Priest. By Harold Begbie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Wages of Pleasure. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Lady on the Drawing-room Floor. By M. E. Coleridge. (E. Arnold.)
Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen.)
White Plumes of Navarre. By S. R. Crockett. (Religious Tract Society.)
No Friend Like a Sister. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Smoke in the Flame. By "Iota." (Hutchinson.)
The Saint. By A. Fogazzaro. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
House of the Wicked. By W. Le Queux. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Sophy of Kravonia. By Anthony Hope. (Arrowsmith.)
The Old Country. By H. Newbolt. (Smith, Elder.)

*Miscellaneous.*

Stephen (Leslie), Life and Letters. By F. W. Maitland. 18s. net. (Duckworth.)
Nevill (Lady Dorothy), Reminiscences. 15s. net. (E. Arnold.)
From Midshipman to Field-Marshal. By Sir E. Wood. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Methuen.)
Bird (Isabella), Life. By A. M. Stoddart. 18s. net. (J. Murray.)
Rossetti (Wm.), Some Reminiscences. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Brown, Langham.)
Williams (Sir George), Life. By J. E. Hodder Williams. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Churchill (Lord Randolph). By Lord Rosebery. 3s. 6d. (A. L. Humphreys.)
Closed Doors. By Author of "A London Girl." 3s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)
The Faery Year. By G. A. B. Dewar. 7s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)
Voyage of the "Scotia." By Three of the Staff. 21s. net. (W. Blackwood.)

## (2) SCOTLAND.

OCTOBER 20TH TO NOVEMBER 19TH, 1906.

The flow of six-shilling novels still continues unabated. A writer in one of our contemporaries in the course of an article on the above subject very wisely remarks, "that at least one-half of the six-shilling novels now published could very well be done without." Yet the question might be asked, should this last-mentioned half not have been issued, would we have been without such novels as say "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and "The Viper of Milan"? This month we have had a new innovation in publishing, Hall Caine's supposed new six-shilling novel, which was to be given away to the public for two shillings. The volume was issued with a great flourish of trumpets, but as far as we were concerned we may state that we have not found the demand by any means overwhelming, but are very curious to learn the financial result.

The following is a list of the novels which are most worthy of note, arranged according to their order of sales:—"The Viper of Milan," by Marjorie Bowen; "Benita," by H. R. Haggard; "Sophy of Kravonia," by Anthony Hope; "I Will Repay," by Baroness Orczy; "Chippinge," by Stanley Weyman; "White Plumes of Navarre," by S. R. Crockett; "The Priest," by Antonio Fogazzaro; "The Call of the Blood," by Robert Hichens; "The Treasure of Heaven," by Marie Corelli; "Diana and Destiny," by Charles Garvice; "Hills of Home," by Norman Maclean; "Growth," by Graham Travers; "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley; "Puck of Pook's Hill," by Rudyard Kipling; "A Drama in Sunshine," by H. A. Vachell; "Holyland," by Gustav Frenssen.

A. Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel," and Ralph Connor's "The Doctor of Crow's Nest," issued on going to press, promise well.

Madame Albanesi's new happy story entitled "A Little Brown Mouse," and Annie S. Swan's latest novel "Mary Nicholson," are both well in demand.

That the works of Stevenson are among the living, great and popular, has been amply proven by the issue this month of the first four volumes of the "Pentland" edition of his works; the volumes hold forth promise of a beautiful set, which must have given pleasure to its many subscribers. The new volume of poems recently issued in the St. Martin's Library is selling steadily.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's latest imaginative work, "The Duel," a booklet with a mission, is having a very large sale.

The very latest in cheap reprints is a complete set of Scott's novels, pocket size, neatly bound in cloth, which sells at 12s. 6d. net., just sixpence per volume. On subscription it has been very well taken up by the Trade, and it is sure to have a very large sale. The sole rights for Scotland of this wonderful cheap line are in the hands of Messrs. John Menzies and Co., Ltd.

The sale for Nelson's Sixpenny Classics and Collins's Pocket Library still continues large. In the latter series there are now twenty volumes of Dickens; these have aided the sale vastly, yet it is significant to know that the volume which has sold best of all in this series has not been a volume of fiction, but "Tennyson's Poems."

A popular book on "Astronomy," by James Blaikie, is having a larger sale than any volume on the subject since the issue of Prof. Ball's popular works.

Three new "Punch Books," published so opportunely for the winter season, are selling exceptionally well, especially so the volume of "Scottish Humour."

The popular edition of "George Eliot" has been well taken up in certain circles, a good many sets having already been booked.

"Songs of the Angels," J. R. Miller's new booklet, is selling all round.

The new edition of "Ruskin's Painters," at one shilling and one and sixpence per volume net, promises a very large sale.

A choice edition of the "National Library," in rough Persian, gilt-lettered back, are being well stocked for the Christmas trade.

The dainty volumes which are largely being taken up in place of the Christmas Card are much too numerous to detail, several of which are very choice.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

*Six Shilling Novels.*

The Viper of Milan. By Marjorie Brown. (A. Rivers.)
Benita. By H. R. Haggard. (Cassell.)
Sophy of Kravonia. By Anthony Hope. (Arrowsmith.)
I Will Repay. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
Chippinge. By Stanley Weyman. (Smith, Elder.)
White Plumes of Navarre. By S. R. Crockett. (Religious Tract Society.)
The Priest. By Harold Begbie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Call of the Blood. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)
The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli. (Constable.)
Diana and Destiny. By Charles Garvice. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Hills of Home. By Norman Maclean. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Growth. By Graham Travers. (Constable.)
Prisoners. By Mary Cholmondeley. (Hutchinson.)
Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
A Drama in Sunshine. By H. A. Vachell. (Nash.)
Holyland. By Gustave Frenssen. (Constable.)
Sir Nigel. By A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder.)
The Doctor of Crow's Nest. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

*Miscellaneous.*

The Pentland Stevenson. £10 10s. net. (Cassell.)
The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen. By F. W. Maitland. 18s. net. (Duckworth.)
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Graham Balfour. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Other Side of the Lantern. By Sir F. Treves. 6s. net. (Cassell.)
The Life of Sir George Williams. By J. E. Hodder Williams. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Life of Gladstone. By John Morley. 2 vols. 5s. each net. (Macmillan.)
A Little Brown Mouse. By Madame Albanesi. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Scott's Waverley Novels. 25 vols. 12s. 6d. net. (McLaren.)
Through the Telescope. By James Blackie. 5s. (Black.)
Mary Nicholson. By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
George Eliot's Works. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
National Library (various). 1s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
Songs of the Angels. 1s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Ruskin Vols. (various). 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net. (Allen.)
The Duel. By Coulson Kernahan. 1s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Punch Books (various). 1s. net. (Carmelite House.)
Nelson's Classics (various). 6d. net. (Nelson.)
Collins's Pocket Novels (various). 1s. (Collins.)

## THE BATTLES OF THE BOOKSELLERS: A GLANCE BACKWARDS.

By E. Marston.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I always said the booksellers were a generous set of men."

THE question whether a man has a right to do that which pleases him with his own property is one which has been raised and illustrated periodically, as between authors, publishers, and booksellers, probably since the time when the art of printing books was first promulgated; from the days when the Stationers' Company protected authors from the depredations of unconscionable printers—when Milton advocated the liberty of the press; when Edmund Curll insulted poor authors and played havoc with his brother booksellers; and in pretty continuous succession to the latter days of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, when James Lackington flourished in "The Temple of the Muses," and laid the foundation of a large fortune by going dead against the interests of his brother booksellers. The question is one that cuts both ways.

The present writer is perhaps the only one, or at all events one of the very few, now living who had a personal interest in the disputes which occurred sixty years ago and more, and which came to a crisis in 1852, between publishers and booksellers, and which led to the formation of a "Self-Protection Society," about the year 1841. Among the publishers who fought that battle were Mr. John Murray, Mr. William Longman, Mr. J. J. Miles, Mr. H. G. Bohn, Mr. J. H. Parker (Oxford), Mr. Wm. Pickering, Mr. Sampson Low, and practically all the other publishers and booksellers. Of those old familiar faces, "all, all are gone"!

Mr. Sampson Low, my late partner, took an active part in the work of the association which had been formed, as

honorary secretary, and the present writer, as a youth, served the association, *quorum pars fuit*, in a more subordinate position, in receiving and recording the signatures of the booksellers who came to the office, 169, Fleet Street, for that purpose, and in issuing the little yellow tickets which had to be pasted into every book collector's collecting book. Every collector, before being served at a publisher's counter, was always asked the familiar question: "Have you got your ticket?" Without it no collector was served; and so thoroughly was this rule adhered to, that collectors soon became aware that without their ticket it was useless to ask for a book.

Of these old publishers, Mr. William Pickering seems to have been a converted recalcitrant. Twenty years before, in 1832, when he was a young and vigorous publisher at 57, Chancery Lane, he was a strong opponent of the publishers. I remember seeing "an address to the trade and to the public," under the heading, *Booksellers' Monopoly*, which he circulated in March, 1832. The address occupied four closely printed large folio pages, and its object was to protest against the action of "a combination of some of the principal publishers and wholesale houses in London" for refusing to supply Mr. Pickering with their publications on any other terms than full price. The ostensible ground for this "boycott" of Mr. Pickering was that he had broken through the trade regulations by *underselling* his own publications. (The term *boycott*, by the way, which has since become embedded in our mother tongue, did not exist in those days.) Mr. Pickering stoutly denied the allegation; he said that although he disapproved of the trade regulations (for they had regulations even in those days), he had become a party to them, and therefore felt it to be "his duty to act in obedience to their dictates," that "he had never sold books below the regulated prices," and "that it was on the bare suspicion that fourth parties had procured his books that he was denied those privileges of the trade to which he had by servitude a just and legal right."

The real cause of this bitterness against Mr. Pickering was not, he asserts, so much on account of his having disapproved of or disobeyed the trade regulations, as because he had boldly ventured to bring out several works—such as Pickering's editions of Hume, Smollett, Gibbon, Robertson, and Johnson—in opposition to what was known as *Trade Books*—that is, editions of these and other non-copyright works which were brought out by a combination of publishers who thus had created a monopoly in these works; and it was this monopoly that Mr. Pickering had had the courage to invade, by bringing out better editions at much lower prices.

The answers given to Mr. Pickering's application for certain books are curious, and show the sturdy vigour of the old publishers:—

MR. MURRAY: "Cannot supply Mr. Pickering; if he pays me twice the value of the books, I would not. I will not give a reason. I will not sell anybody a book that sold Mr. Pickering a book."

LONGMAN AND CO.: "Cannot let Mr. Pickering have books, his name not being on the list of recognised booksellers."

RIVINGTONS: "In duty bound to refuse Mr. Pickering under selling price."

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL: "To Mr. Pickering at full price, and no reduction."

The answers given by the same publishers of to-day to the T.B.C. are in almost identical terms, and show that verily "there is nothing new under the sun."

Many other and similar refusals are quoted. It may be said here, incidentally, that Mr. Pickering's action, as regards the publication of what were called *Trade Books*, was probably the beginning of the breaking up of that old system of trade combination, by joining in the costs and risks of production of great works, a system which had dated back to the days of Dryden, Pope, and Addison; to the time of Edmund Curll, who insulted poor authors and played havoc with his brother booksellers; to the time of Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose great Dictionary was first brought out by a combination of publishers whose names will be carried down to the "crack of doom" on the title-page of that immortal work. One may as well record them here. They were Robert Dodsley, Charles Hatch, Andrew Millar (who saw the work through the press), the two Longmans, and the two Knaptons.

It was a safe, prudent and cautious system as far as the individual risks were concerned, and doubtless by its means many works of an invaluable character were brought out which would otherwise have lain buried in their original editions. Mr. Pickering's action was bold and enterprising; but it may well be questioned whether individually he would ever have ventured in the first instance to have brought out new editions of any of these unprotected works. It was not until the *combination* had brought them out and proved their success that Mr. Pickering caught the idea of supplanting them. The indignation of the shareholders is not surprising.

All this occurred, be it remembered, in 1832; but long before 1852 Mr. Pickering had removed to Piccadilly, and had become noted in the publishing and literary world for the choice editions he produced. He had also become more conservative, and a staunch supporter of the publishers and booksellers against the black sheep of the fold. The *Times* newspaper has been at the great trouble and heavy expense of reprinting in pamphlet form and of distributing widely the whole of the matter which it published in 1852, which benevolent action has rendered it quite unnecessary for me to enter into details. The *Times* practically tells the whole story of the revolt, the battle, and the defeat of the publishers at that time, but always with a bias against the publishers. It would be idle now to criticise that publication. The points of dispute were ably put before the judges by the old publishers, and the judges (acting as arbitrators), whilst protesting that it was not a question of law or morality and that there was nothing illegal in their action, decided that in their opinion the combination of publishers was not expedient.

The arguments advanced against the publishers were plausible, and to those ignorant of the true nature of the business perhaps convincing, but they were fallacious.

The opponents seem to have raised up for themselves a *Frankenstein Monster*, which had no existence in reality, and it was against *that* they thundered.

The real story, stripped of all rhetorical adornments, may be put in a simple form, thus:—

*Bookseller No.* 1 said: "I will not sell my books to the public at a lower price than the advertised published price."

*Bookseller No.* 2 said: "I will sell my books to the public at any price I please, and no one has any right to prevent my doing so."

*Bookseller No.* 3 said: "I agree with No. 1. Why should I be so foolish as to make a present to the public of the money which should go to pay for my bread and butter, my rent, my rates and taxes?"

*Bookseller No.* 4 and his neighbours all agree with No. 1 and No. 3, and assert that No. 2 is a fool, or he is a selfish fellow, scheming to get all the business into his own hands. He argues thus with himself: "If I can get *twenty* customers to come to me where now I only get *one*, it will pay me better to sell to them at a profit of five per cent. than to get twenty-five per cent. on the books I used to sell to one customer. I will do it; what care I if my neighbours are ruined by my action? Let them look to themselves. I am *not* my brother's keeper!"

*Bookseller No.* 1 says: "This won't do. I will call my friends together and see if we cannot put a stop to this suicidal folly." They agree to appeal to the publishers to help them.

*The Publishers*, naturally, want to sell their books. On looking closely into their accounts, they find that although the purchases of *Bookseller No.* 2 had very largely increased, the accounts of all the others had proportionately fallen off, and that on the whole they had sold no more books than they did before No. 2 began his system of ruining his neighbours. They thereupon enter into an agreement among themselves that they will not supply their books to any bookseller who refuses to sign an agreement that he will not sell to the public at a lower price than the published price—in confirmation of which the collecting ticket was issued which has already been mentioned.

Practically all the publishers agreed on the issue of these conditions, and nearly all the booksellers were only too delighted to have their interests protected in this way, and the plan worked admirably for a time.

All these things occurred in the middle of the last century, and specially at a time when the great cry against the Corn Laws was rife; and the odious word *Protection*, which had

reference to the fiscal laws of the nation, was made to apply to these trade agreements.

*Bookseller No. 2*, finding the new system which was working so well for his neighbours was bringing his selfish schemes to ruin, seized on this word *protection* and so worked it with the public that the publishers began to fear there was something in it, though surely there could be no parallel between the imposition of a duty on imported corn by the Government and the agreement amongst booksellers to protect themselves from being ruined by an unscrupulous undersellers.

The publishers were overawed by the opinions of statesmen of the class to whom the word *protection* was *anathema maranatha*, and some great authors held the same opinions, impressed with the notion that the difference between selling and trade prices, when the public were *not put on trade terms*, must seriously affect their sales.

The *Times* quotes Mr. Gladstone, who, in a speech in the House of Commons, apparently on the question of duty on paper, incidentally refers to this bookselling question. He first creates a phantom, supposed to be doing all sorts of things against the interests of authors, of literature, of the spread of knowledge, by issuing books at "incredibly high prices" and then compelling the public to pay these prices; he demolishes the phantom, but he leaves the real question where it was. He disdains to recognise the actual position in which the booksellers are placed, and assumes that if one enterprising bookseller can do this bold thing, then all booksellers can and ought to do the same; but therein lies the fallacy of the whole argument.

The publishers, being unwilling to fight the question out in a court of law, and probably, one might venture to think, being somewhat tired of a matter in which they were not directly much interested, very unfortunately decided to submit the whole question to the *arbitration* of such eminent authorities as Lord Campbell, Dr. Milman, and Mr. Grote, and these eminent authorities unhappily gave their opinion (for of course it was not a legal judgment) in favour of the cheap jobber and in the supposed interests of the great reading public, who cared little or nothing about it.

The result was that the publishers and booksellers dissolved their union, which had really worked admirably for a few years, and the booksellers were left to their own resources. Lord Campbell had said in his "Opinion," "It may be hoped that competition and low prices, large sales and quick returns (perhaps the greater energy and activity which may be enforced), may eventually add to the prosperity of the book trade, and increase the profits of all concerned in it." He also expressed the opinion that "perhaps the bookselling trade will have the best chance of flourishing without any special regulations."

Never was a prophet more utterly wrong in his prognostication. It is not too much to say that this unfortunate decision wrought *chaos* in the book trade for fifty years. Booksellers, for the most part, had come to look upon the selling of books at a heavy discount to the public as scarcely worth their attention, and as merely supplementary to other and more profitable business.

Then came a time when the retail booksellers, having, like the children of Israel, wandered in the desert of despondency for far more than forty years, banded themselves together in a *Booksellers' Association*. They put much pressure on the publishers to assist them, and then the publishers banded themselves together also and formed a *Publishers' Association*.

These two associations united in the one common object of endeavouring to deliver the trade from the chaos into which it had fallen—a chaos ruinous alike to authors, publishers and booksellers.

One of the first and wisest things which the *Publishers' Association* did was to adopt what has been termed the *net book* system. The term *net book* meant that every book bearing on its cover or wrapper, or in any advertisements, the word *net* against the price, the public must pay that price for the book or do without it.

The publishers put no restraint on the sale of such books as are not marked *net*, and this restriction on *net* books is only for six months from the date of first publication.

This operation, if it did not actually originate with the *Booksellers' Associations* in town and country, has their hearty support—that is to say, the system has the earnest and determined co-operation of nearly 300 publishers, which number embraces well-nigh all the publishers there are in Great Britain; and the *Booksellers' Associations*, which embrace the greater bulk of booksellers throughout the country. The system had begun to work well for all—for authors, for publishers, for booksellers—and even "the great reading public" had begun to discover that they were practically no worse off; whilst the bookseller, far from being "hampered" by the publisher, as the *Times* says he is, had begun to find that he was getting at least a glimpse of the promised land, in the form of a "living wage," and therefore to take a renewed interest in the work.

But of course this happy state of things is not allowed to continue for long. There comes, quite unexpectedly, a "bolt from the blue." The *Times* Book Club takes up precisely the same position now as Lackington did a hundred years ago, or as that unmannerly old *Bookseller No. 2* did in the middle of last century, and with even far less reason.

The T.B.C. stands forth in face of the powerful phalanx of publishers and booksellers, and says autocratically and in effect, "We will permit this to go on no longer. The public shall *not* be forced to buy new copies at the *exorbitant* published price. Therefore," says the T.B.C., "because we say it, the attempt fails"—which may be regarded as bold assertion without proof.

When one remembers that the *net book* system embraces books of various prices, from sixpence upwards, it is not easy to see to what the word *exorbitant* applies.

The T.B.C. has offered certain privileges to its members, and it happens that these privileges run counter to the publishers' and booksellers' agreements.

The position at the present moment seems to be this:—The publishers and booksellers say distinctly to the T.B.C.: "If you won't sign our agreement, you shall not be supplied with any of our new *net* books at less than the full published price."

One might reasonably ask: "What is the meaning of a *published price*, unless it is the price which the public is told it must pay for the book if it wants it?"

The T.B.C. says: "We *will* supply our members (meaning, doubtless, any of their customers) at the reduced prices at which we have advertised them. In addition to this advantage, if anyone will send us £3 18s. 6d. he shall have a copy of the *Times* for twelve months, and also the run of our Circulating Library free for a year."

This method of backing up the *Times* is one about which we can have nothing to say. The problem which has yet to be solved (although the T.B.C. says it has solved it) is how, as a matter of business, is the T.B.C. to supply its readers and buyers with all the new net books as they come out at *reduced prices*, whilst the publishers refuse to supply them except at the full published price? To whom will they send their orders for the "large and early stock" they speak of?

Of course, there are a large number of books still being published, notably 6s. novels, which are *not* net books, and on the sale of these there are no restrictions; and this is a field, no doubt, in which the T.B.C. can browse freely, and continue to hoodwink its readers, who know and care nothing whether a book is *net* or not. It seems a pity that novels are not made *net* like other books; and doubtless this will come shortly. Messrs. Macmillan have already taken a step in that direction, by announcing that in future their 6s. novels can only be supplied to booksellers who will agree not to sell them at less than 4s. 6d. for six months from date of publication. But this is not asking much of their clients, for surely this same grasping public would never expect to be able to buy 6s. novels at a greater discount than 25 per cent.—say 4s. 6d.!

The T.B.C. may be very wealthy, but to sell books at less than they cost and to give the use of their Circulating Library for nothing, does not seem to outsiders to be the best way to increase their wealth; but they know best.

The Publishers and Booksellers' Associations seem in this matter to be on a right and wholesome track, and it is not likely that they will repeat the error of 1852 by submitting their case to arbitration; nor are they in the least likely to be bounced out of their very strong position by the thunder of the T.B.C.

# "THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

## MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMSON.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

MR. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson are rather flattered when, in these days, they are spoken of by people who read their books, as "the Williamsons."

They have been "the Williamsons" as a married couple for ten years and nine months; but they have been "the Williamsons" as collaborators for exactly half that time.

Not that they entered the field as writers only five years ago; but it was at about this time that Charles Norris Williamson discovered that he had in him the making of a novelist. That discovery came out of his enthusiasm for rushing round the world in a motor-car; but he was still a boy when he did his first work as a writer of books, with a "Life of Carlyle," and a Child's History of England. Also he was a journalist from the day he left the University of London, and if his people had not wished him to become an engineer, he would perhaps not have taken the interest he does in every mechanical detail of motoring. Engineering was soon dropped for more congenial work upon the *Graphic* and other papers; and when he founded *Black and White* he was one of the youngest editors in London.

Mr. C. N. Williamson.

"The Williamsons" were still newly married when they began to take an interest in motoring, in those days of 1896 and'97 when people first ceased babbling of bicycles and took to "talking motor." The Williamsons talked motor also; but Mr. Williamson was busily editing a paper, and Mrs. Williamson was busily writing many serials, and putting touches now and then upon her first and second novels, "The Barn Stormers" and "The Newspaper Girl." Even then, travelling was their favourite amusement, but they talked about motors for two years before they bought one: and when they did "adopt a dragon," as Mrs. Williamson called it, it was of a kind that would excite a good deal of attention—not of a flattering sort—at the Olympia Show of 1906.

It claimed to carry the power of three and a half horses in its breast; but it was a faithful little beast in its way, and was often regretted afterwards when exchanged for that much larger, fiercer, and more terrible machine which proved to be the car of "The Lightning Conductor."

Many a time in the fair and famous Châteaux country of the Loire did the Williamsons, desperate and despairing, curse the day when they had lavished much money upon that fiendish automobile; but, after all, it was a blessing (effectually) disguised. When the car —and the trip—had taken them as far as Sicily, out of their very misery was born the idea of "The Lightning Conductor." They had had their fun, as well as their failures, and many adventures, which one night at Taormina began to be shaken together in their minds, in the form of a story, in which they would collaborate.

"I can't write a story!" said Mr. Williamson; but he soon found that he could, and enjoy writing it too. His were the hero's letters: the heroine's letters were Mrs. Williamson's share of the work; and after the success of "The Lightning Conductor" in England and America, publishers and editors would always have "more motor stories" from "The Williamsons," if they could.

After all, there was nothing that "The Williamsons" liked better to do; so they explored bits of Italy and Switzerland, and wrote "The Princess Passes,"

in which many incidents were suggested by their own odd adventures. They went from Monte Carlo to Montenegro in a very different car from "The Lightning Conductor" car, and wrote "My Friend the Chauffeur." They took a motor-boat and toured among the canals of Holland for a whole summer, discovering places unknown to the guide-books, and writing "The Motor Chaperon," which has appeared serially in the last few months. They spent last spring motoring in Spain, and taking notes for "The Car of Destiny"; and next year they mean to explore every nook and cranny of England.

"Lady Betty Across the Water," and now "Rosemary in Search of a Father," are the only two books which the Williamsons have written in collaboration, which do not sing the praise of motoring; but an automobile occasionally leaps across their pages also. Is a novel ever written nowadays in which a motor-car is not so much as mentioned? It would be difficult to find it.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

As for Mrs. Williamson (who was Miss Alice Livingston, of New York), she began to write stories as soon as she could put the letters of the alphabet together: and she would rather write stories than do anything else in the world; therefore, it was with little difficulty that she first persuaded her husband to throw in his lot with hers in the sail-boat of fiction. She was fifteen when her first story was published (much to its author's surprise); but she was no more than six when her first was written. Her last will probably be written on the day she dies.

Properly speaking, the home of the Williamsons is all the world; since what is home but every place where one has made a friend? I have seen for myself that wherever the Williamsons go, they leave a trail of friends behind them. However, in the restricted sense, they have their summer home in Surrey, and their winter home upon the Riviera. The first of these is a romantic house, as old as Queen Elizabeth. The winter dwelling is a beautifully situated châlet on the Mediterranean coast, between Mentone and Monte Carlo. This châlet, nestling in firs and bathed in warmth and light, with glorious views inland and out to sea, was once a shooting-box belonging to the Princes of Monaco. It is in the garden of their winter home that the authors do most of their writing, and all of "Rosemary in Search of a Father" was written there.

Sterling sincerity, kindness, patient investigation, a large faith in the goodness and interestingness of everybody and everything; all this makes up the versatile, the sympathetic work of the Williamsons. People and places alike are healthily described in it, with a healthy, swift appreciation of all that discovers beauty, novelty, variety, and charm. It has been well said of these authors that "they go on, reading all the matters of the world in their own books, and borrowing this passage from a Dutch peasant, or that from a windmill."

Their heroes and heroines are principally moulded from the spirit of themselves, live in their company, walk and talk with them, dine at their daily table—not puppets or shadows, but things of flesh and blood. They are human and natural above all else, and that is why the world is glad to read of them and find itself reflected in their persons and their speech.

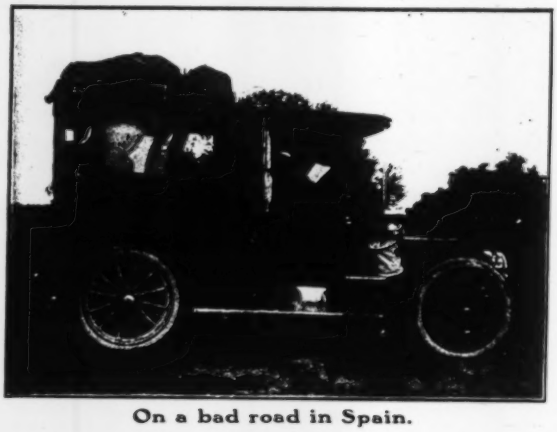
Such is the happy policy of these wise novelists. They do not caricature but portray; and since their own natures are of the kindliest, they award inveterate and pleasing preference to what is kindly in their literary *dramatis personæ*. This, in truth, is what amuses us and captivates our sympathy and interest and support; for in spite of the assaults and calumnies of pessimists, regenerators, and so forth, the world at heart is of the self-same mettle of these Williamsons—a world that leans instinctively to what is generous and good; a world of fellow-feeling and of healthy and disinterested and spontaneous kindness.

At the top of the Guadarrama Mountains.

A picnic with peasants as guests in Don Quixote's country.

The garden where "Rosemary" was written.

Forecourt.



On a bad road in Spain.

Dining-room of Peaslake Place, Gomshall.

Unpacking the luncheon-basket.

A roadside lunch in Spain.

# THE READER.

## LONDON IN POETRY AND POETS IN LONDON.

By Wilfred Whitten.

A GREAT and ancient capital must always make a considerable appearance in poetry simply because it is an imposing manifestation of the human spirit and the background of national emotions. It will have projected its crises and rejoicings into popular song, and not seldom its sudden woes or increasing glory will have been the theme of great poets. But here the capital rather than the city is contemplated, the nation rather than the inhabitants. The poetry of the capital is distinct from the poetry which is inspired by the city as a city, and by its intimate and domestic aspects. This is the rarer flower, and we have no right to expect it in all periods, for it owes far less to the compulsion of events than to personal feeling influenced by the spirit of the age. Shakespeare's description of Henry's return after Agincourt belongs to the poetry of the capital, Wordsworth's ode written on Westminster Bridge to the poetry of the city.

This broad distinction may be usefully kept in mind, but one cannot apply it with very illuminating effect to the enormous amount of poetry which London has inspired in the last five hundred years—to go back no further. A classification in more concrete terms is needed, and I venture to think that London poetry may be divided into three large classes: the poetry of Pageants and Occasions; the poetry of Town Life and Manners; and the Poetry of Vision and Reflection.

This order is almost chronological. Pageantry and the keeping of festivals, being almost extinct in modern London life, no longer give themes to poets.

The poetry of Town Life was born later and lasted longer; it is still heard in occasional ways. But it was native to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when the very word "town" took its more human significance.

The poetry of Vision and Reflection is sealed of our own time. London seems to have inspired such poetry in proportion as she has become vast and prosaic. Her poets now evoke more beautiful thoughts from her smoke-cloud and her rain than her predecessors found when milkmaids carried milk to Fleet Street from the fields, and strawberries were picked in Holborn. When Wordsworth, standing on Westminster Bridge on the morning of September 3rd, 1802, breathed his great sonnet, he inaugurated this new poetry of London:

> "Silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields, and to the sky."

Long enough (and far more so) had London lain open to the fields and sky, but the thing had not been felt or said in this noble way. It was one thing, when London could see the fields from its windows, for Herrick to write his delicious lines on Corinna Maying, it is another thing to discover natural beauty in the central streets, and to sing it with as glad a voice.

> "The sun's on the pavement,
> The current comes and goes,
> And the grey streets of London
> They blossom like the rose.
>
> Crowned with the rising sun,
> Vistas fair and free;
> What joy that waits not?
> What that may not be?
>
> The blue-bells may beckon,
> The cuckoo call—and yet—
> The grey streets of London
> I never may forget.
>
> O fair shines the gold moon
> On blossom-clustered eaves;
> But bright blinks the gas-lamp
> Between the linden leaves.
> And the green country meadows
> Are fresh and fine to see,
> But the grey streets of London
> They're all the world to me."

These lines by Rosamund Marriott Watson have the true modern note, and, in common with all such poetry, are in direct lineage with Wordsworth's sonnet. In contrasting their subject-matter with Herrick's, it is fair to remember, in passing, that we owe to Herrick one of the earliest poems which expresses an intimate love of London for its own sake. His impassioned "Return to London," written about the year 1648, is not far removed from the attitude of many modern singers:—

> "O place! O people! manners! framed to please
> All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
> I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
> That I amongst you live a citizen.

**London from St George's Fields, 1815.**

(Reproduced from the *London Magazine* by kind permission of the Editor.)

R ischgitz Collection.

**Westminster Abbey, Chapel of King Edward the Confessor, 1817.**

London my home is; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee!
For, rather than I'll to the west return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred relics burial!"

The foregoing observations may serve as a rough map of an interesting subject. But it is not my intention, after showing the distances to be traversed, to invite the reader to tread them with chronological persistence. Eight years ago, at the behest of a London publisher, I compiled an anthology of London poetry* whose inclusions ranged from Chaucer to William Ernest Henley. It was easy to print more than three hundred pages of poetry directly concerned with London, and then to fill a drawer with overplus matter.

London, for all practical purposes, is as large as life, and in vain one limits any enquiry into its riches. The City's traditions have found their own expression. The West End, in all its aspects of society, wealth, favourite streets, and *joie de vivre*, has appealed to dozens of light singers. The solemn associations of Westminster, the tranquillity of the Temple, the murk and toil of the Pool, have touched many hearts to music.

It is, of course, from the mediæval City, the home of merchant and 'prentice, the scene of pageant and guild-feasting, that the first songs arise in the long chorus.

But it is startling to find that the earliest poem in praise of London which is of real literary account was written by a Scotchman on a flying visit. In 1501 William Dunbar, the father of Scottish poetry, came to London on business of the highest importance. He was included in the embassy sent to Henry VII. to arrange the marriage of James IV. of Scotland to Princess Margaret of England. The great functionaries who composed that mission included an Archbishop, an Earl, an Apostolical Prothonotary, and the Treasurer of Scotland. It was surely a happy and a pawky idea to add to their number a Poet.

Right well William Dunbar acquitted himself. To throw into golden and melodious words the greeting of Scotland to London was his obvious task, and he performed it with consummate grace at a banquet given to the Ambassadors by the Lord Mayor in Christmas week.

It was at this banquet that Dunbar recited "The Flour of Cities All." It is a magnificent banquet poem, jewelled in every line, at once lavish and dignified. Nothing quite like it has been written since. In seven stanzas the poet glances at the antiquity of the New Troy which Brute, a descendant of Æneas, was said to have planted on the Thames a thousand years before the Christian era; at its river, its world-famed bridge, its walls and church bells, and last, not least, its famous "Maire." Sir John Shaw must have felt himself twice "Maire" as he listened to this fine invocation of London, in which Doric strength is joined to the rich allegorical strain then in fashion. Two of these stanzas will illustrate the poem sufficiently.

"Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,
Most myghty carbuncle of vertue and valour,
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuytie;
Of royall cities rose and geraflour;
Emperesse of townes, exalt in honour,
In beautie beryng the crone imperiall;
Swete paradise, precelling in pleasure;
London, thou art the Flour of Cities all.

Aboue all ryuers thy Ryuer hath renowne,
Whose beryall stremys, pleasant and preclare,
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
Where many a swanne doth swymme with wingis fare;
Where many a barge doth saile, and row with are,
Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-royall.
O! towne of townes, patrone and not compare:
London, thou art the Flour of Cities all."

The most modern lines which compare, in their large tribute to London, with Dunbar's, are probably Cowper's. After Cowper few poets have attempted the grand manner in their references to London. As London has grown in size it has lost in unity, and the double tendency has made London, as a whole, too vast and inchoate to be an object of direct address or

* "London in Song." (Grant Richards, 1898.) I have permitted myself to repeat remarks which I made in the introduction to this volume, subscribing as I do rather heartily to an opinion once expressed by Mr. John Morley that it is better to reproduce one's words than torture them into a new form unnecessarily.

poetical summary. But Cowper's eighteenth century lines, to be found of all places in "The Sofa," give us the satisfaction of this embracive rhetoric:—

"Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London: where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the Earth than she,
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now."

Shelley's lines have the brevity of helplessness:—

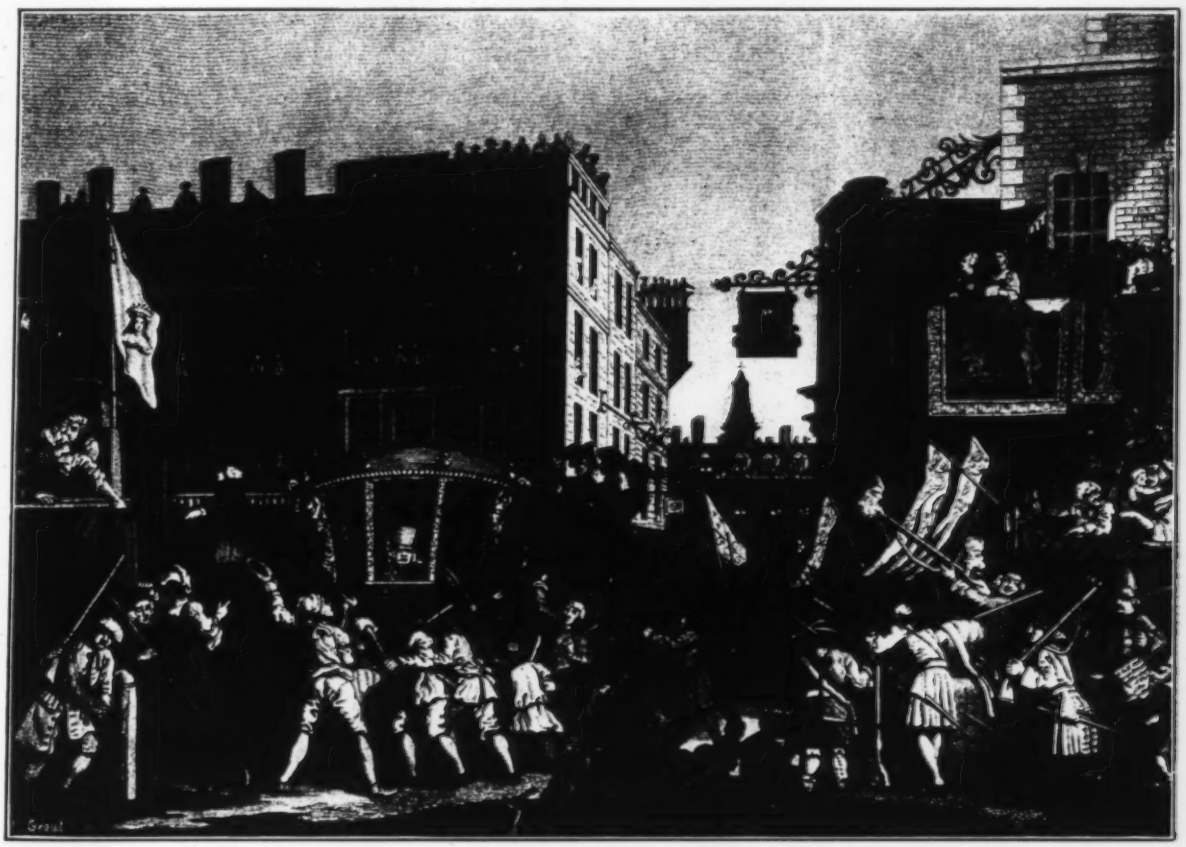
"London; that great sea whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
Yet in its depths what treasures!"

To-day no poet attempts to strain language into any direct expression of the vastness of London. One of the last and most memorable attempts to do this produced the omen of future failure. For, depend upon it, Byron's literary sense, no less than his sleepless satire, was responsible for the conscious rhetorical débacle in his famous Don Juan stanza. Byron had left London, never to return, in 1816. Seven years later he wrote the London passages in "Don Juan." His hero approaches London by road, in the old "grand tour" manner, and with a retinue befitting an emissary of Catherine of Russia, charged to negotiate a treaty concerning hides and train-oil with England. "A bull-dog and a bull-finch and an ermine" are his companions in his carriage, and secretaries and valets follow. At last they see London from Shooter's Hill:—

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!"

Moralising critics have ere now compared this picture with that in Wordsworth's sonnet, inviting us to condemn the mind which could produce the one picture and reverence the mind which felt the other. Such contrasts do not interest me; I do not understand them. I have use for both pictures. Nothing could be more graphic than Byron's as far as it goes. Its external truth answers in every detail to Turner's picture of London seen from Greenwich, now in the National Gallery. The picture was painted in 1809, the poem was written in 1822. In this interval London was growing out of its eighteenth-century snugness toward the amorphous vastness which was soon to compel the painter to set up his easel nearer to St. Paul's, and the poet to seek the whole in the part. I know of no better description of the southern suburbs in their birth—or rather their absorption and urbanisation—than that which Byron wrote in Genoa. In three racy, rushing stanzas he describes Don Juan's galloping progress to Westminster Bridge.

"Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees
(Like *lucus*, from *no* light); through prospects named



*After the Painting by Hogarth.* **The Industrious 'Prentice Lord Mayor of London.**

Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed
Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease
With 'To be let' upon their doors proclaimed;
Through 'Rows' most modestly called 'Paradise,'
Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl
Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
Here taverns wooing to a pint of 'purl,'
There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl
In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass
(For in those days we had not got to gas);

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach
Of travellers to mighty Babylon:
Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,
With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.
I could say more, but do not choose to encroach
Upon the Guide-book's privilege; The sun
Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge."

It is curious to see, from other sources, how accurately the poet who led through Europe "the pageant of his bleeding heart" described these London developments at the beginning of the last century. London was genuinely astonished to find itself going out of town, and sedulously laughed at the movement while joining in it. Even Cowper saw little but absurdity in the demand for "summer houses," and rallied the citizen who,

"gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust and calls it country air."

In a finished satirical poem, "The Cit's Country Box," from the pen of Robert Lloyd, which delighted the readers of the "Connoisseur" as early as 1757, the lawn of such a villa is thus described:—

"In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, sly *ha-ha*,
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two-fields' distance.
And now from Hyde Park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome:
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury."

For fifty years this expansion went on, and three years before he left London Byron must have read Horace Smith's lines on the very districts through which he was to make Don Juan enter London:—

"Saint George's Fields are fields no more,
The trowel supersedes the plough;
Huge inundated swamps of yore
Are changed to civic villas now.

The builder's plank, the mason's hod,
Wide, and more wide extending still,
Usurp the violated sod,
From Lambeth Marsh to Balaam Hill.

Pert poplars, yew trees, water tubs,
No more at Clapham meet the eye,
But velvet lawns, acacia shrubs,
With perfume greet the passer-by."

London as an architectural or material whole has, then, become too big for poetical treatment. But London as a great camp of men, and an inconceivable cauldron of human interests and passions, appeals to the poet as a background to some more intimate vision. Perhaps no poem conveys this impression with more incidental ease and lightness than Mr. John Davidson's "London," included in his "Ballards and Songs" of 1894:—

"Athwart the sky a lowly sigh
From west to east the sweet wind carried;
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill;
His light in all the city tarried:
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

'Oh sweetheart, see! how shadowy,
Of some occult magician's rearing,
Or swung in space of heaven's grace
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul's above the city rides!'

A rumour broke through the thin smoke
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,
The heart of London beating warm."

How remarkably this poem compares and contrasts with James Thomson's "Sunday at Hampstead." Here, also, a pair of lovers are looking out over London. But their mood is different:—

"Would you grieve very much, my darling,
If all yon low wet shore
Were drowned by a mighty flood-tide,
And we never toiled there more?

*Wicked?* There is no sin, dear,
In an idle dreamer's head;
He turns the world topsy-turvy
To prove that his soul's not dead.

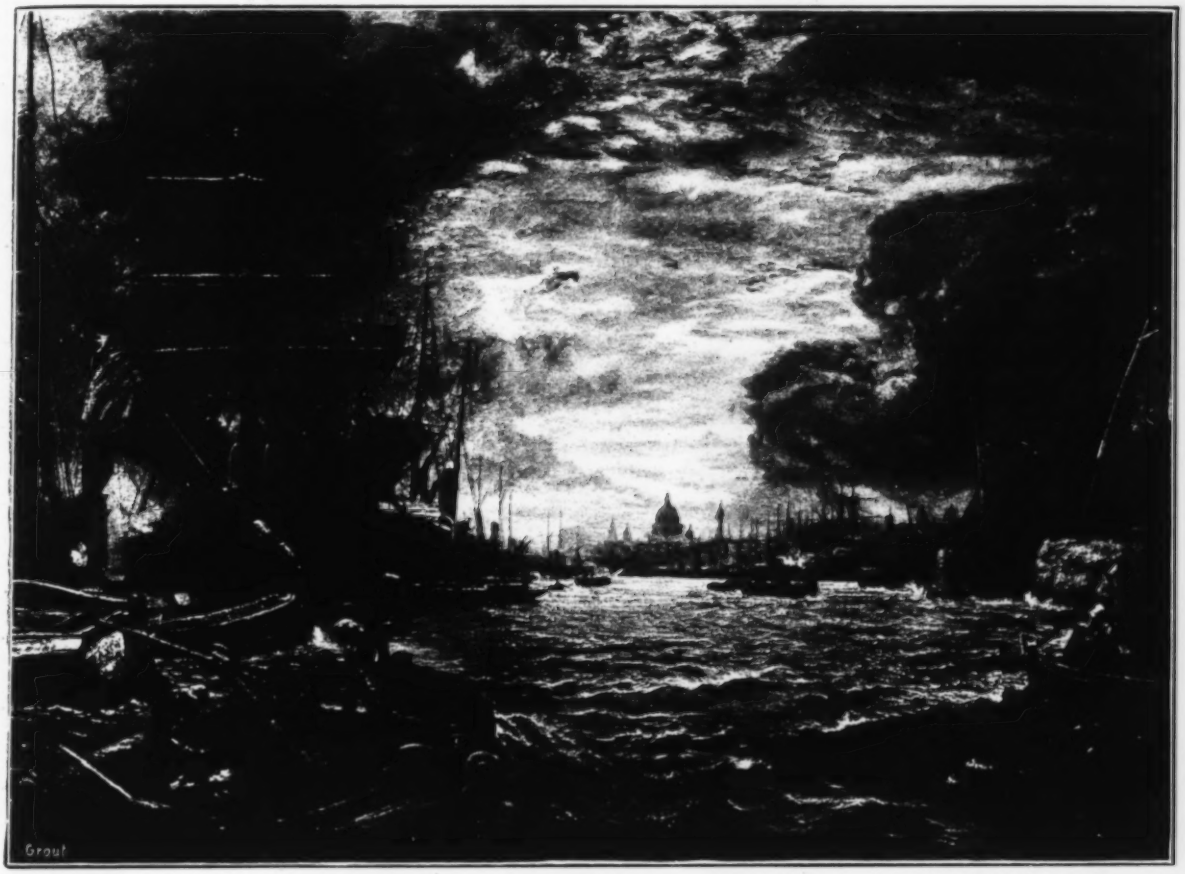
I am sinking, sinking;
It is hard to sit upright!
Your lap is the softest pillow!
Good-night, my Love, good-night!"

A wonderfully distinct and comprehensive picture is contained in Hood's lines on a May morning in London, to be found in "Miss Kilmansegg's Precious Leg":—

"Gold above, and gold below,
The earth reflected the golden glow,
From river, and hill, and valley;
Gilt by the golden light of morn,
The Thames—it look'd like the Golden Horn,
And the barge, that carried coal or corn,
Like Cleopatra's Galley!

Bright as clusters of golden-rod
Suburban poplars began to nod,
With extempore splendour furnish'd;
While London was bright with glittering clocks,
Golden dragons, and golden cocks,
And above them all,
The dome of St. Paul,
With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,
Shone out as if newly burnish'd!"

But, indeed, the vastness of modern London is the very atmosphere in which the modern poetry of London takes flame. Itself hardly to be uttered, it gives to every manifestation of London life that significance which is interesting to the artist. Observe, for example, how this vastness, not expressed directly, is




*From a Painting by Vicat Cole.*

**The Pool of London.**

*From a Painting by Constable.*

**Hampstead Heath, looking towards London.**

suggested in these lines by Mr. Arthur Symons, called "In the Temple":—

"The grey and misty night,
Slim trees that hold the night among
Their branches, and, along
The vague Embankment, light on light.

The sudden, racing lights!
I can just hear, distinct, aloof,
The gaily chattering hoof
Beating the rhythm of festive nights.

The gardens to the weeping moon
Sigh back the breath of tears.
O the refrain of years on years
'Neath the weeping moon!"

Here a night aspect of London is admirably caught—the clear air and the myriad lights, whose lines and movements suggest the immensity of the town. Let us set by it Mr. William Watson's vision of the river, not by night, but in the haze of dawn. A girl looks out from Westminster toward the Lollard's Tower:—

"Through tinted vapour looming large,
Ambiguous shapes obscurely rode.
She gazed where many a laden barge
Like some dim-moving saurian showed.
And 'midst them, lo! two swans appeared,
And proudly up the river steered.

Two stately swans! What did they there?
Whence came they? Whither would they go?
Think of them,—things so faultlessly fair,—
'Mid the black shipping down below!
On through the rose and gold they passed,
And melted in the morn at last.

Ah, can it be that they had come
Where Thames in sullied glory flows,
Fugitive rebels, tired of some
Secluded lake's ornate repose,
Eager to taste the life that pours
Its muddier wave 'twixt mightier shores?

We ne'er shall know: our wonderment
No barren certitude shall mar.
They left behind them, as they went,
A dream than knowledge ampler far;
And from our world they sailed away
Into some visionary day."

The London dawn can be clear as well as hazy, and for a great description of the light breaking over the vastness of London we shall turn for many a year to William Ernest Henley's "London Voluntaries," in which the material vision is described with consummate observation and command of words fusing into poetry:—

"And behold
A rakehell cat—how furtive and acold!
A spent witch homing from some infamous dance—
Obscene, quick-trotting, see her tip and fade
Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade!
And now! a little wind and sky,
The smell of ships (that earnest of romance),
A sense of space and water, and thereby
A lamplit bridge ouching the troubled sky,
And look, O look! a tangle of silver gleams
And dusky lights, our River and all his dreams,
His dreams that never save in our deaths can die.
What miracle is happening in the air,
Charging the very texture of the gray
With something luminous and rare?
The night goes out like an ill-parcelled fire,
And, as one lights a candle, it is day.
The extinguisher, that perks it like a spire
On the little formal church, is not yet green
Across the water; but the house-tops nigher,
The corner-lines, the chimneys—look how clean,
How new, how naked! See the batch of boats
Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-sprung beam!
And those are barges that were goblin floats,
Black, hag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!
And in the piles the water frolics clear,
The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
And we—we can behold that could but hear
The ancient River singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea."

But it is in the extent of its human crowd that London is greatest, and another living poet, Mr. Laurence Binyon, has placed the word "Consolation" above a poem in which these lines occur:—

"As I walked through London . . .
A sudden consolation, a softening light
Touched me. . . .
And to my heart I cried:
*Here can thy trouble find shelter, thy wound be eased!*
*For see, not thou alone,*
*But thousands, each with his smart,*
*Deep-hidden, perchance, but felt in the core of the heart!*
And as to a sick man's feverish veins
The full sponge warmly pressed,
Relieves with its burning the burning of forehead and hands,
So I, to my aching breast
Gathered the griefs of those thousands, and made them my own;
My bitterest pains
Merged in a tenderer sorrow, assuaged and appeased."

A worldlier pen long ago found in London's populousness, a cheaper kind of consolation: immunity from criticism. It was the gay and witty Luttrell who wrote:—

"But count the motes or specks who can
On this our huge Leviathan!
Or note, with curious pencil, down
The motions of this monster-town!
Weak is the voice of Slander here;
Not half her venom taints the ear.
Few feel the fulness of her power,
'Her iron scourge, or torturing hour';
And yet, so general is the scrape,
Few from her malice quite escape.
All, in a common fate confounded,
Are slightly scratched, none deeply wounded.
Such is the Town!—Do right or wrong,
None will abuse or praise you long.
The moments you enjoy or bear
Soon pass, and then—you've had your share."

When we come, as we must, to separate localities and phases of London, the variety of the poetical record becomes bewildering. Many a single street and object has now found its Laureate. Mr. Andrew Lang has put our thoughts of Cleopatra's Needle into most acceptable verse:—

"Ye giant shades of Ra and Tum,
Ye ghosts of gods Egyptian,
If murmurs of our planet come
To exiles in the precincts wan
Where, fetish or Olympian,
To help or harm no more ye list,
Look down, if look ye may, and scan
This monument in London mist!

Behold, the hieroglyphs are dumb
That once were read of him that ran
When seistron, cymbal, trump, and drum
Wild music of the Bull began;
When through the chanting priestly clan
Walk'd Ramses, and the high sun kiss'd
This stone, with blessing scored and ban—
This monument in London mist."

*From a Painting by Francis Wheatley, R.A.*

**"Primroses"; one of the Cries of London.**

*After the Painting by J. C. Horsley, R.A.*

**Milton Composing Samson Agonistes.**

*From a Painting by Wallis.*

Rischgitz Collection.

**The Death of Chatterton.**

Pall Mall's eulogists are Gay and Captain Morris, the one singing, "O, bear me to the shades of fair Pell Mell, Safe are thy pavements, and grateful is thy smell"; the other praying to be restored to its "sweet shady side." Mr. Dobson's song of St. James's Street is perfect. Piccadilly's poets are Arthur Hugh Clough and Frederick Locker-Lampson, not forgetting Hood in his tremendous description of Miss Kilmansegg's runaway horse in this street:—

"On and on! still frightfully fast!
Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past!
But—yes—no—yes! they're down at last!
The Furies and Fates have found them!
Down they go with sparkle and crash,
Like a bark that's struck by the lightning flash—
There's a shriek—and a sob—
And the dense dark mob
Like a billow closes round them!"

Bond Street's unchanging characteristics are registered by Lord Lytton:—

"Dear Street!—where at a certain hour
Man's follies bud forth into flower!
Where the gay minor sighs for fashion;
Where majors live that minors cash on;
Where each who wills may suit his wish,
Here choose a Guido—there his fish:—
Or where, if woman's love beguiles,
The ugliest dog is sure of smiles.
Dear street of noise, of crowds, of wealth,
Of all earth's thousand joys, save health;
Of plate, of books—and (I incline a
Little that way) of old Sevres china.
Of all, in short, by which pursuing
We glide entranced to our undoing!"

And many a locality, no longer extant or famous, has leapt into poetic distinctness if not distinction. Who has not sighed responsively with the lover who sang:—

"Oh, were I a quart, pint, or gill,
To be scrubb'd by her delicate hands,
Let others possess what they will
Of learning, and houses, and lands;
My parlour that's next to the sky
I'd quit, her blest mansion to share;
So happy to live and to die
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square.

And oh, would this damsel be mine,
No other provision I'd seek;
On a look I could breakfast and dine,
And feast on a smile for a week.
But ah! should she false-hearted prove,
Suspended, I'll dangle in air;
A victim to delicate love
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square."

But enough! The town is too vast, its poets too many. Yes, its poets are a multitude, and were so regarded by one of the truest and most fragile of their number, poor Amy Levy, who died in the flower of her youth and talent:—

"They trod the streets and squares where now I tread.
With weary hearts, a little while ago;
When, thin and grey, the melancholy snow
Clung to the leafless branches overhead;
Or when the smoke-veiled sky grew stormy-red
In autumn; with a re-arisen woe
Wrestled, what time the passionate spring winds blow;
And paced scorched stones in summer:—they are dead."

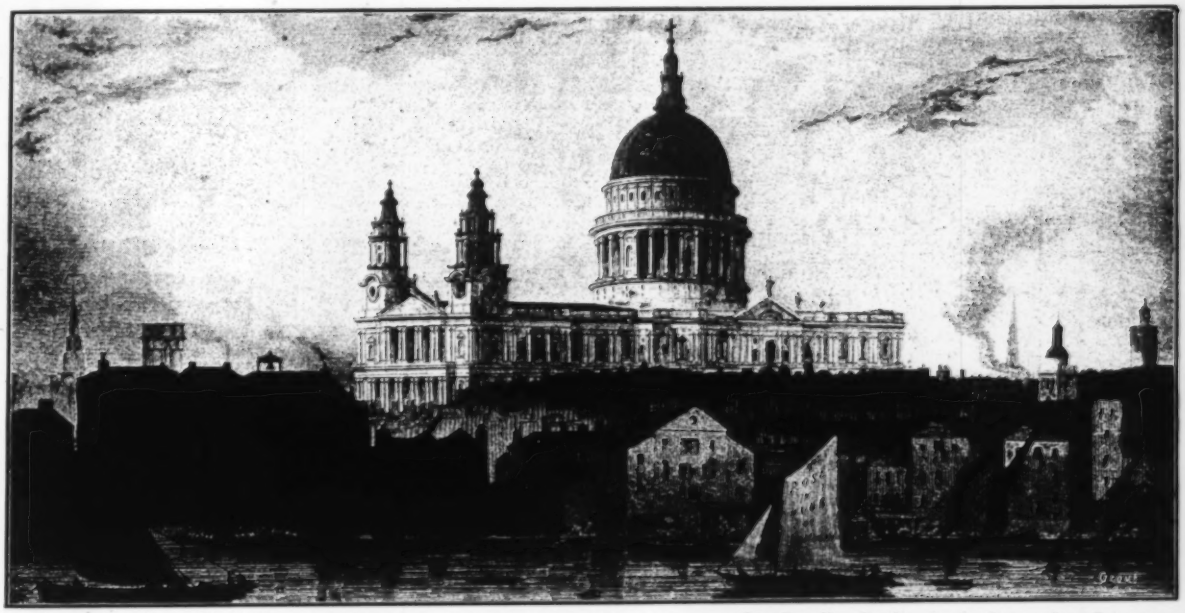
To present a critical philosophy of London poetry has not seemed possible. I have sketched some of its divisions, and have faintly indicated some of its responses to the growth of the modern Babylon. I will not weary the reader by plucking more ears of corn in the endless field, save to quote Thomas Hood's noble sonnet on London asleep—pre-figuring London dead:—

MIDNIGHT.

"Unfathomable Night! how dost thou sweep
Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide
The mighty City under thy full tide;
Making a silent palace for old Sleep
Like his own temple under the hushed deep,
Where all the busy day he doth abide,
And forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide
His dusky wings, whence the cold waters sweep!
How peacefully the living millions lie!
Lulled into death beneath his poppy spells,
There is no breath—no living stir—no cry—
No tread of foot—no song—no music—call—
Only the sound of melancholy bells—
The voice of Time—survivor of them all!"

*After the Painting by Samuel Scott*

**View of Westminster Bridge, 1769.**



*From a Drawing by Shepherd.*

**St. Paul's Cathedral, from the River.**

*From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner.*

**London from Greenwich.**

## THE THREE SHIPS.

*(To an old Tune.)*

I.

As I went up the mountain-side,
The sea below me glittered wide,
And, Eastward, far away, I spied
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
The three great ships that take the tide
On Christmas Day in the morning.

II.

Ye have heard the song, how these must ply
From the harbours of home to the ports o' the sky!
Do ye dream none knoweth the whither and why
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
The three great ships go sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning?

III.

Yet, as I live, I never knew
That ever a song could ring so true,
Till I saw them break thro' a haze of blue
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And the marvellous ancient flags they flew
On Christmas Day in the morning!

IV.

From the heights above the belfried town
I saw that the sails were patched and brown,
But the flags were a-flame with a great renown
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And on every mast was a golden crown
On Christmas Day in the morning.

V.

Most marvellous ancient ships were these!
Were their prows a-plunge to the Chersonese?
For the pomp of Rome or the glory of Greece,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Were they out on a quest for the Golden Fleece
On Christmas Day in the morning?

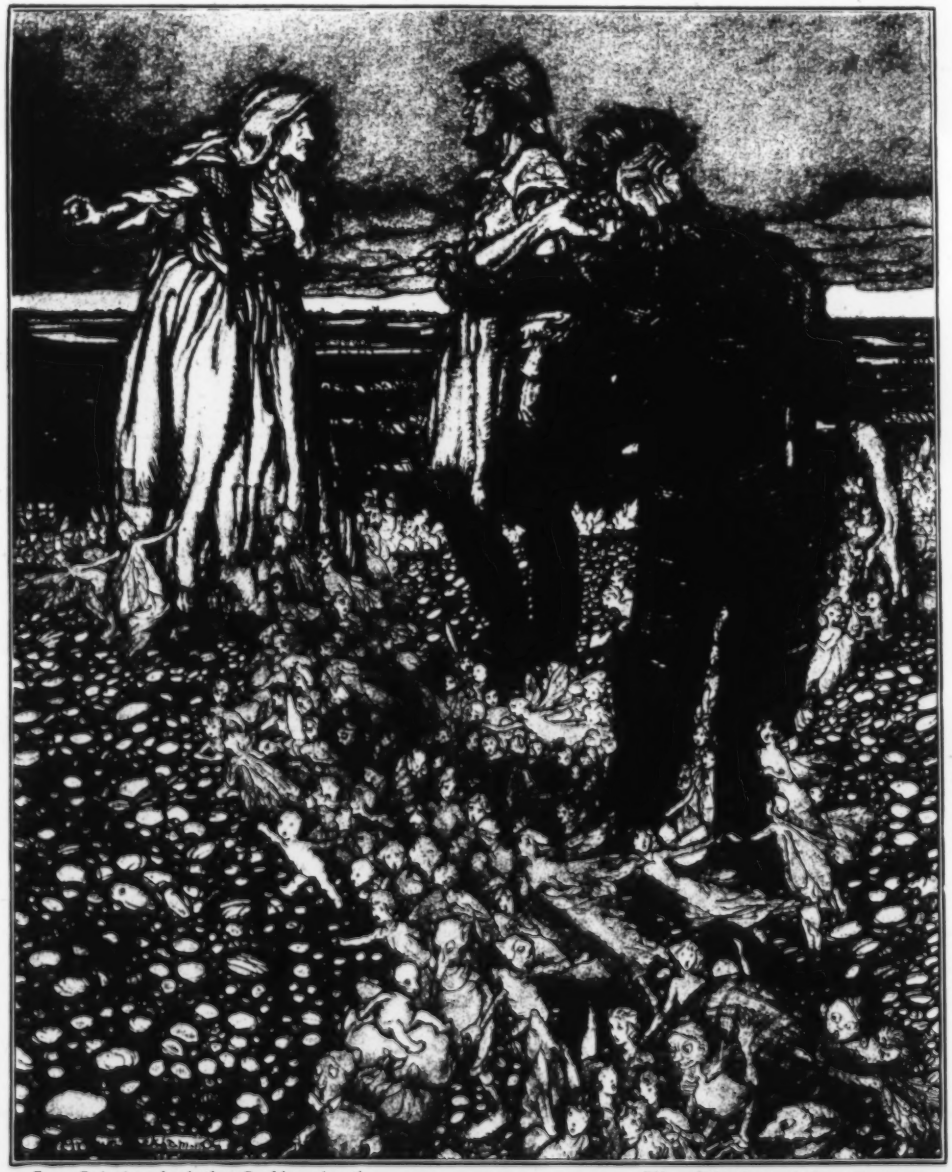
VI.

And the sun and the wind they told me there
How goodly a load the three ships bear,
For the first is gold and the second is myrrh
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And the third is frankincense most rare
On Christmas Day in the morning.

VII.

They have mixed their shrouds with the golden sky,
They have faded away where the last dreams die . . .
Ah yet, will ye watch, when the mist lifts high
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Will ye see three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning?

ALFRED NOYES.



*From Paintings by Arthur Rackham for the American Edition of "Puck of Pook's Hill."*

**The Flight of the Fairies from England.**

**"There's where you meet hunters and trappers for the Circuses, prodding along chained bears and muzzled wolves."**

(Reproduced by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., of New York, and of the Artist.)

# ARTHUR RACKHAM: PAINTER AND ILLUSTRATOR.

By A. L. BALDRY.

THERE is at the present moment a perceptible tendency among artists in this country to group themselves together under certain leaders and to sink their own individuality in an effort to imitate the men whom they have chosen to follow. If any of the larger exhibitions are analysed they will be found to contain a very considerable proportion of work that, though often clever enough in execution, is in inspiration purely secondhand, and in manner simply a repetition of what has been done before, and better done, by a few great craftsmen. These imitations are usually quite unintelligent, quite lacking in any significance or personal quality, and quite useless as expressions of any clear artistic idea. They do not represent the effort of some thoughtful worker to discover the underlying principles in the performance of the master whom he worships; they suggest no intention to evolve out of observation of the methods of the leader a new and appropriate scheme of practice by which the follower may in time attain a position of independence and be ranked himself among the great exponents of his craft. They have unfortunately a much less worthy purpose, for their object is merely to appeal to that section of the public which, because it is deficient in educated taste and subtle discrimination, is content to accept some fashion of the moment and to assume that everything which conforms to this fashion must necessarily be right.

*From a Drawing by Arthur Rackham.* **The Giant.**
(Reproduced by the courtesy of the Artist.)

But if the men who adopt this commercial policy of supplying what they believe to be in demand secure a certain amount of popularity by their imitative capacities, they undoubtedly put themselves in a position which brings them neither credit nor authority. They are undeserving of attention because they have nothing fresh to say, because at best they are nothing but reasonably skilful artificers who can reproduce with sufficient fidelity the patterns set before them. Artistically they are of no account, and their disappearance would not leave the world one whit the poorer. But the case is very different with an artist who has the courage of his own opinions and tries to express them in a manner appropriately personal. He has a definite value, for he aims not at being in a fashion but at creating one for himself. His time is not wasted in a struggle to find out what the public wants or in attempts to model himself incongruously upon some successful man with whom he has actually little or nothing in common. Instead, he seeks strenuously to use his own individuality, and, by the assertion of the creed he strongly holds, to compel the attention of the public. Primarily his idea is to please himself, and if he can keep his work at a sufficiently high standard, his independence has every chance of being rewarded by popular appreciation. It is obvious, however, that he must have a real endowment of artistic ability; mere insistence will not bring him recognition unless it is justified by very definite professional qualifications.

It is because Mr. Arthur Rackham possesses in an unusual degree this necessary endowment that he can be welcomed so heartily as a marked exception to the general run of modern artists. He is no imitator, no follower of a popular leader, no traveller along a beaten track which has been worn smooth by the feet of many patient plodders. He has chosen a way of his own, and with well founded confidence in his powers he is working out for himself his destiny in the art world. By what he has already achieved he has made quite clear that he has no intention of adopting borrowed plumes to catch the public eye, or of conceding anything to one of the convenient fashions which happen at the moment to be in vogue; and he has proved with equal distinctness that he is strong enough to take an independent course. His admirable originality and exquisite technical skill have, within the last few years, gained him an assured place in the front rank of our water-colourists and draughtsmen; and to this place he has come not by any fortunate accident, nor by the influence of powerful patrons, but solely by his own exertions.

For Mr. Rackham had no special advantages afforded to him at the outset of his career, and was not permitted to enjoy unusual facilities for acquiring a knowledge of

art. The associations of his childhood did not tend to develop in him any exceptional preference for artistic pursuits; he was not brought up in surroundings which were in any way abnormal or which were calculated to incline him towards serious speculations on æsthetic questions. Yet he began in very early youth to show the strength of his inclinations, and his tentative essays in drawing and painting were to him, while he was quite a young child, a source of constant pleasure. As he grew older he took himself more seriously, and though he received no regular education in art practice he imposed upon himself a more or less systematic course of training. In childhood he had amused himself with erratic fancies which expressed the imaginative bent of his mind, but later on he perceived the need of a surer and more practical study and of a better understanding of nature. So he gave all the time he could spare in the intervals of his school work to landscape painting, to sketching out-of-door subjects which he felt instinctively were likely to teach him the truths that must underly all imaginative art and give it the touch of reality required to make it credible. By binding himself down to such a course of study, and by facing, unassisted, the inevitable difficulties which have to be overcome by the worker in the open air, he showed plainly enough his determination to master the fundamental principles of the craft in which he wished to excel; and he showed, too, that he had no fear of the struggle upon which he was entering.

*By Arthur Rackham.*

**The Four and Twenty Tailors.**

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When his boyhood was past he was for a while engaged in pursuits in which art had no place. But he gave up none of his ambitions, and abated in no degree his intention to devote himself entirely, and at the earliest possible moment, to the profession for which he knew he was naturally fitted. Although he was occupied during the daytime he was able to attend in the evenings the classes at the Lambeth School of Art, where he had tuition from a very able artist, Mr. W. Llewellyn, and could obtain expert advice upon matters which it was necessary he should understand. This drilling was just what he wanted to put into proper order the many useful but somewhat scattered items of knowledge he had collected in his earlier investigations of nature's facts. It brought his ideas into shape, and saved him from the danger of wasting his energies ineffectually in ill-considered effort; and as his school studies came at the end of several years of self-training he was in a position to realise clearly just where they would help him best to solve those problems of practice which had previously puzzled him.

How much he gained in confidence and in command over his resources by this later training is suggested by the step he took in 1892, when he was just twenty-five years old. He abandoned then his other occupation, and decided to depend solely upon his art for the future. In arriving at this naturally serious decision he was, no doubt, encouraged by the fact that he had already achieved some measure of success as an artist, and that his works were finding their way fairly steadily into important exhibitions like those of the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

This evidence that the professional judgment on his performances was appreciative, and that he had at least made good his claim to be counted as something more than a man with possibilities, was sufficient to justify him in taking the chance that seemed to be open to him of making his way in the art world. That he has had no reason since to regret his action need hardly be said; his progress has been unbroken, and his advancement stage by stage to the position he now holds has been as steady as it has been rapid. Only ten years after he adopted the artist's profession he was elected into the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and under circumstances which showed in what estimation he was held by the members of that association, for he was admitted at the first time of asking—an honour that falls usually to those candidates only of whom the Society specially approves. With this approval from his brother artists has come, too, a marked accession of popularity with the great mass of art lovers, so that his reputation to-day is very securely established.

**The Rescue.**

*From a Drawing by Arthur Rackham.* (Reproduced from the *Studio*, by the courtesy of the Editor, of the Artist, and of the owner, Miss E. L. Turner.)

At first it was as an illustrator of books that Mr. Rackham found himself most in request. He executed a large number of drawings for the *Graphic*, *Black and White*, the *Sketch*, and other periodicals like the *Westminster and Pall Mall Budgets;* he did much work for magazines for children, like *Little Folks;* and he illustrated many books like "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and the "Ingoldsby Legends," which gave him ample scope for the exercise of his inventive originality and quaint humour. Later on he added to this list a series of illustrations to "Rip Van Winkle" and many designs for *Punch;* and quite recently he has been engaged upon pictures for two popular books, Rudyard Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill" and J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan," as well as further things for *Punch*. During the past fourteen years he has, indeed, done admirable service as an illustrator, responding always in a fashion wholly delightful to the demands made upon him by the subjects he has been called upon to treat, and missing no opportunity of introducing into his interpretations of these subjects a happy touch of personal conviction.

For there is in the whole of his illustrative work a peculiar quality which comes partly from his skilful management of technical devices, but in far larger measure from the mental attitude that he assumes in dealing with the pictorial motives offered to him. The exquisite grace of his draughtsmanship, and the wonderful sensitiveness he shows in his use of line, would make his drawings remarkable even if they were nothing more than examples of executive achievement—if they were simply plain and literal statements of incidents fully set forth in the words of the text before him. As a craftsman he has an extraordinary command over refinements of expression, a perfection of touch and a delicacy of hand which give rare distinction to everything he produces, and which, nevertheless, do not prevent him from attaining, when his subject requires it, the most satisfying vigour and decision.

But in addition to this executive skill he has a faculty for seizing immediately upon the imaginative possibilities of the material he is considering. His mind is as flexible as his hand, as ready to respond to every suggestion which has in it the germ of artistic development. An amazingly prolific imagination, an apparently inexhaustible power of inven-

tion which can play with equal power upon notes of tender and dainty beauty, dramatic force, and grotesque exaggeration, are among the most valuable items in his equipment; and he uses them with a readiness of resource which amounts to inspiration. In his "Peter Pan" illustrations, for instance, it is astonishing to see with what a wealth of fancy he has embroidered the threads of the story, and how his inventive capacities have responded to the prompting of the author's imagination. Yet his drawings for this book, like those for the other works with which his pencil has been engaged, are not in any way detached from the text; they enhance its interest and increase its charm by proving how great is its power to stir up thoughts in a receptive and delicately artistic mind.

It is easy to see, both in Mr. Rackham's illustrations and in the paintings which he has exhibited in the gallery of the Royal Water Colour Society, and elsewhere, how seriously directed his earlier studies must have been. If he had not acquired so solid a foundation of knowledge he could hardly have given himself the imaginative license which is now one of the most fascinating characteristics of a great part of his work. To travesty the human form as he does in his quaint gnomes and goblins, to play in a mood of jesting exaggeration upon shades of facial character, and to avoid always by perfectly judicious restraint a descent into the merely ridiculous, is possible only to an artist who has spared no labour to master realistically the facts of the normal world. He can give the fuller meaning to his perversions because they only clothe in a not too impossible disguise something which is actual enough and wanting neither in credibility nor in common-sense. Mr. Rackham in his most erratic moments never rebels against sane discipline; the fault of recklessness, of careless distortion of probabilities can never be alleged against him; whether he is purely a poet or frankly a humorist he remains always an artist, judicious, deliberate, and thoroughly under the control both of his intelligence and his taste.

All that gives distinction to his drawings is to be found quite as evidently in his paintings, with the important addition of colour charmingly felt and sensitively harmonised. As a colourist, indeed, he is particularly deserving of attention. That he often attempts vehement or sumptuous combinations can scarcely be said, but he handles with a singularly happy judgment subtleties and modulations of tints which, with all their complexity, fall together into absolute agreement. His paintings, in consequence, have a freshness of effect, a tenderness of quality, which appeal persuasively for approval; and his landscapes especially, by their reticence and gentle repose of manner, acquire a poetic meaning that is not to be found in more obvious transcriptions of nature. In most of his exhibited works there is apparent the same savour of fantasy which so pleasantly distinguishes his illustrations; he

*From a Drawing by Arthur Rackham.* **The "Sea-Serpent."**

(Reproduced from *Punch* by kind permission of Messrs Bradbury, Agnew and Co., Ltd.)

chooses subjects that lend themselves to whimsical treatment, and he lavishes upon them endless ingenuities of presentation. And he perfects them, too, by a precision of handling that is quite amazing in its accomplishment. It is an absolute revelation of dainty technique to see how he manages the intricacies of a pattern upon a piece of flowing drapery, how he draws and models some exquisite little figure, or how he elaborates to exactly the right pitch of completion the many small accessories which fill out his pictorial scheme, working always for the highest finish in every part, and yet with true artistic discretion making no parade of his labour.

To such a man a place among the leaders of our modern art can assuredly not be denied. He is decidedly not one in a company of followers at the heels of some master by whose personality he has been enslaved. If he has borrowed from any predecessor it has been simply with the idea of collecting the raw material with which he could construct something new and personal, material which he could so transmute that it could without question be stamped as his own. He has studied not the surface but the spirit of things, and all that he has seen has been viewed through the medium of his peculiar temperament; and it is by the right use of this temperament that he has reached the position in which he stands to-day.

# THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE.

By J. CHURTON COLLINS.

IT is a somewhat singular coincidence that this work by Professor Lounsbury should appear simultaneously with the edition of Shakespeare reprinted from the First Folio, and vindicating a return to the text of that Folio, just published by Messrs. Harrap. Such a coincidence brings emphatically before us a problem which must exercise all serious students of Shakespeare, namely, how far in the regulation of his text ought we to be guided by scrupulous adherence to what we find in the First Folio, and how far are we justified in admitting the conjectures of modern editors;—ought our principle to be tenacious conservatism or the hospitable reception of any obvious improvement of the original. In the ordinary texts of the dramas, such as that of the well-known Globe edition, a compromise, not always a happy one, has been adopted, and the editors have not hesitated to substitute conjectures even where conjectures were not needed. Thus in Macbeth where the Folio reads

"As thick as *Tale*
Came post with post";

that is, as fast as the messengers could be counted, they came up, a thoroughly Shakespearean expression, that text substitutes conjecturally the vapid commonplace "as thick as *hail*." Such deviations are mere impertinences, and cannot be too strongly reprobated. Undoubtedly a reaction is setting in against the unwarrantable liberties which have been taken with Shakespeare's text, and in favour of a conservative adherence to that of the First Folio.

Whether Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's literary executors, who edited the First Folio, were speaking the truth when they implied that they were printing the plays from Shakespeare's autographs is open to grave doubt, but this is certain, that the text as we find it there is the nearest possible approach we have, in the case of at least two-thirds of his plays, to what came from his pen. It follows, therefore, that that text should be regarded, to employ an expression of Porson, with almost superstitious reverence. Alteration and conjecture should be admissible under two conditions only, in the case of obvious misprints and palpable corruption. Over and over again have editors ignorantly altered the text when subsequent investigation and increased knowledge have shown that that text was perfectly sound. Thus in "Julius Cæsar" we find in the Folio

"Against the Capitole I met a Lyon
Who *glaz'd* upon me."

This has been variously altered into "glared" and "gazed," as the Globe edition reads, when "glazed" was after all perfectly right, the word occurring more than once in Elizabethan English, and meaning "staring steadily." So again in the "Winter's Tale" we find the expression

"Would I knew the villaine,
I would land-damne him."

the word "land-damne" having reference to a rustic custom of drumming a person out of a village; this the editors have variously altered into "laudanum," "half-damn," "geld and damn," and the even more ludicrous "Lord, damn him." These and similar impertinencies in varying degrees of absurdity are to be found by the score, nay by the hundred in Shakespeare's text. The more indeed serious Shakespearean study advances the more scholars are beginning to recognise the wisdom of adhering as closely as possible to the original text. The misfortune is that Heminge and Condell, or rather the printers to whom they gave their copy, should have given a handle to these abuses by the scandalously careless way in which they discharged the duty undertaken by them. Hunter has scarcely exaggerated when he said that "perhaps in the whole annals of English typography there is no record of any book of any extent and reputation having been dismissed from the press with less care and attention." Words, the restoration of which is obvious, left unsupplied; unfamiliar words transliterated into gibberish; clerical errors to be numbered not by the score or the hundred but by the thousand; punctuation as it pleases chance, verse printed as prose and prose as verse, speeches belonging to one character given to another, stage directions incorporated in the text; actors' names suddenly substituted for those of the dramatis personæ, acts and scenes either unindicated or indicated wrongly—all this makes the First Folio one of the most portentous specimens of editing on record. And yet side by side with this we find very many passages, and particularly the important and eloquent passages printed and punctuated with the most scrupulous care, and this is the case with whole scenes. Indeed by far the largest percentage of what deforms the volume consisted of mere printers' blunders. Many of these are remedied by merely separating or properly adjusting the letters, as in the "Tempest,"

"Urchins
Shall *for that* vast of night," etc.

"shall forth at"; in "Measure for Measure" *You shall find me y'are*, remove the comma and connect the letters, and we have the right reading "yare," *i.e.*, ready. Another very difficult passage in Henry V. (iv. iii. 115-18), "marke then abounding valour in our English," is quite clear, if in the word "abounding" we separate the "a" from the b and read "a bounding."

These delinquencies on the part of the first printers have not only made it imperatively necessary for Shakespeare's editors to introduce innumerable corrections of the text, but have unfortunately induced a taste for tampering with the text where there is no necessity for doing so. In some critics indeed this has become a sort of mania. What is justified solely by necessity is indulged in superfluously for the gratification of impertinent vanity. With such critics the question is not

* "The First Editors of Shakespeare (Pope and Theobald). The Story of the First Shakespearian Controversy and of the Earliest Attempt at Establishing a Critical Text of Shakespeare." By Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in Yale University. 10s. 6d. net. (David Nutt.)

*From a Drawing by Arthur Rackham.*

**Illustration to Mallory's "Morte D'Arthur."**

*From a Drawing by Arthur Rackham.*

**The Death of Balder.**

(Reproduced from *Little Folks*, by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., and the Artist.)

what Shakespeare wrote but what in their opinion he might or ought to have written.

The history of Shakespeare's text is, as everyone knows, briefly this. Of the thirty-six plays attributed to him in the First Folio twenty were, so far as we know, printed there for the first time, the rest had, with one exception, "Othello," appeared in Quarto during his lifetime. The relation of the Quarto to the First Folio, and of both to the original autographs, is a problem presenting insuperable difficulties. It is certain that in some cases the Folio was printed from some copy other than that followed in the Quartos. Eleven years after the publication of the First Folio, namely, in 1632, appeared the Second Folio, which is in the main a reprint of the First. In this some of the obvious errors of the First are corrected, but other errors not in the First are introduced. This was followed in 1663 by the Third Folio, which, in addition to the plays contained in the preceding Folios, contained "Pericles" and several additional dramas, all spurious with the exception of portions of Pericles. It is a corrected reprint of the Second Folio, but like its predecessor imports errors of its own into text. The Fourth Folio appeared in 1685, being in essentials little more than a reprint of the Third, but modernising much of the phraseology and adding further corruptions. Then in 1709 appeared the edition of the first editor in the proper sense of the term, Nicholas Rowe. Professor Lounsbury ignores Rowe, but he is hardly justified in doing so. Rowe did not do very much for Shakespeare's text it is true, but he did something. We owe to him the insertion of the Acts and Scenes where they had been omitted in the Folios, and of the dramatis personæ where they were wanting, several excellent corrections, and more than one happy emendation. Rowe was succeeded by Pope, and Pope by Lewis Theobald.

At this point Professor Lounsbury takes up the story. We have read his book with mingled pleasure and impatience. Its faults are irrelevance and diffuseness. The first three chapters have nothing whatever to do with his theme, and have apparently been introduced simply to swell the bulk of his volume. The controversy between Pope and Theobald is described with a wearisome particularity which serves no purpose, for it has been told at length more than once before, and to what has been told before Professor Lounsbury adds nothing new. No one cares to dwell unnecessarily on what is derogatory to a great man. That Professor Lounsbury has not been able to add anything to what is known about Theobald either as a private man or as a commentator or critic is to be regretted, and is most disappointing in a volume which seems, from its size, to promise so much; but this, perhaps, is not the fault of the Professor. With his general estimate of what Pope and Theobald respectively contributed to the text and interpretation of Shakespeare we entirely concur.

Pope undoubtedly mistook his vocation when he set up as an editor of Shakespeare. As Professor Lounsbury justly remarks, he really did take great pains with his work, but he had not the necessary qualifications and attainments. Of the work of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries he was lamentably ignorant; of philology in its application to Elizabethan English he was equally ignorant. What was worse, his ignorance made him desperate. Many of his corrections—for if he could not understand a word or phrase he substituted one which he could—are truly portentous. He finds, for instance, in "Timon of Athens":

> "I have retired me to a wasteful cock."

This he turns into "a lonely room." He finds in Richard III.:

> "And each day's hour wreak'd with a week of *teen*,"

this "teen" rhyming with "seen" in the preceding line, but not knowing the meaning of "teen," *i.e.* sorrow, he, boldly ignoring the rhyme, turns the word into "anguish." And these are, unhappily, typical of too many of Pope's corrections. But let us do him justice, and we are glad to find that Professor Lounsbury does so. We owe to him more than one most felicitous conjecture, as in "Twelth Night."

> "O it came o'er my ear like the sweet *south*
> Breathing upon a bank of violets"

for "sound." So in "Macbeth"

> "Tarquin's ravishing *strides*"

for "sides."

It would have been magnanimous in Pope, and it was a magnanimity which would have cost him nothing, had he acknowledged the justice of Theobald's strictures, and the merit of his corrections. But he was as sore on the side of his weakness as he was on that of his strength, and retorted in a satire which will last as long as the language in which it was written. Poor Theobald would not have lived in vain had he existed only as the butt of his brilliant opponent, or rather, as the inspirer of those inimitable delineations of mere philologists—of the race of whom it is written

> "Pains, reading, study are their just pretence,
> And all they want is spirit, taste and sense;
> Commas and points they set exactly right,
> And 'twere a sin to rob them of their might."

—which delight and instruct us in Pope's satires.

But Pope was unjust, so far at least as Theobald was concerned. Till a comparatively recent time his genius succeeded in robbing his helpless opponent of his just claim to the first place among Shakespeare's textual critics and commentators. Shakespearean scholars now know that Theobald's genius for conjectural emendation in its application to the text of the prince of poets rivals that of Porson's in application to that of the text of the Greek Dramatists. In both we find the same clairvoyant power of divination, the same exquisite sensibility to æsthetic propriety, whether of imagery or rhythm. We have only space to cite three or four. He finds in "Timon of Athens"

> "Those milk-paps
> That through the window Barne at men's eyes."

This he transmutes into

> "That through the *window lawn bore* at men's eyes,"

that is through lawn transparent as a window, comparing Ben Jonson's "transparent as the lawn I wear." Or take the following in Henry VI. Part II.:

> "To sit and *watch* me as Ascanius did
> When he to madding Dido," etc.,

*From a Painting by Arthur Rackham.*

**"Stop Thief!"**

(Reproduced by courtesy of *The Ladies' Field.*)

(Copyright reserved by the artist.)

*From a Painting by Arthur Rackham.*

**A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard.**

(Reproduced from one of the coloured plates in "Rip Van Winkle," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann and the artist.)

by the alteration of one letter the very tame "watch" is magically transformed into "witch." Again, in "Antony and Cleopatra":

> "Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream
> Goes to and back *lacking* the varying tide
> To rot itself with motion."

By altering the nonsensical "lacking" into "lacquying" he not only restores sense but magnificent onomatopœic rhythm. So in "Macbeth," by turning "scorched" into scotched, *i.e.*, "hacked" in the line

> "We have scorched the snake, not kill'd it"

we know he has restored what Shakespeare wrote. And need we say that we owe to him the noblest emendation on record. In Henry V., when Mrs. Quickly is describing the death of Falstaffe, she says:

"For after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen *and a table of green fields.*"

This last nonsense was no doubt to be accounted for by the fact that some words had been scribbled on the margin of the stage copy from which the Folio was printed, Greenfields being in all probability a man who supplied the stage with property, and this being some instruction about a table being supplied. Theobald not knowing this but seeing that the words made nonsense, by the alteration of one letter and the addition of another, flashed out the immortal

> "'A babled of green fields,"

which, if Shakespeare never wrote, can we doubt that he would have been proud to adopt.

In conclusion, we thank Professor Lounsbury for his learned and interesting book, not the first noteworthy contribution he has made to Shakespearean criticism, and may it not be the last.

# "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

## DECEMBER, 1906.

*Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to*

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C. N.B.—Contributors are requested to note the change of address.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—

"It would be an admirable exercise for Father Vaughan, next time he goes into retreat, to carry with him for his private study, a volume of Cardinal Newman's sermons."—*Daily Chronicle*, November 10th.

A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best list of eight volumes suggested for the perusal of:—

Lord Hugh Cecil and Dr. Clifford, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Bernard Shaw, the Kaiser and President Roosevelt, Mr. Justice Grantham and Mr. Will Crooks.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best list of twelve quotations from twelve English authors which best describe the authors themselves.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford, Essex.

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie."
—*Cymbeline*, II., 4, 144.

Other quotations submitted were:—

LETTERS TO A DAUGHTER. By HUBERT BLAND.

"The office becomes a woman best."—*Winter's Tale*, II., 2, 31.
(Miss H. M. BATCHELOR, 7, Lansdowne Road, Blackheath.)

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON'S "SPECIAL FREE OFFER."

"It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common."—2 *Henry IV.*, I., 2, 240.
(Mr. NEVILLE LLOYD-PARTON, 30, Riches Street, Wolverhampton.)

BUSTER BROWN'S PRANKS. By R. F. OUTCAULT.

"Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might answer thee profitably."—*Timon of Athens*, II., 2, 88.
(Miss ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.)

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF HENRY IRVING. By BRAM STOKER.

"Has led the drum before the English tragedians."
—*All's Well*, IV., 3, 297.
(Miss MAUDE REA, Abbeylands, Whiteabbey, Belfast.)

PUCK OF POOK'S HILL. By RUDYARD KIPLING.

"Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies."
—*Tempest*, IV., 1, 120.
(Miss HODSON, 21, High Street, Bognor, Sussex.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS was offered for the correct identification of opening sentences from eight famous novels. (See November BOOKMAN.) The eight novels are:—"Hard Times," "Esmond," "Destiny," "Woman in White," "Kenilworth," "Jane Eyre," "Master of Ballentrae," "Adam Bede."

Correct answers were received from the following competitors, to each of whom a prize of one novel will be forwarded:—T. A. S. BOWMAN, 36, Guthrie Port, Arbroath; H. G. STEELE, Yullie House, Carlisle; Miss WINIFRED HENDERSON, 18, Kensington Gardens Square, W.; Miss M. MACKECHNIE, 15, Queens Gardens, St. Andrews; M. C. FRASER, 3, Orr Square, Paisley; Mrs. BORTON, Landor House, St. Cross, Winchester; Miss

M. V. BARTY, Glenacres, Dunblane; Miss H. M. CAM, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey; Miss D. MILLINGTON, S. Audrey's Mill House, Thetford, Norfolk; Miss G. D. DURAND, Moulin Huet.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA offered for the best four quotations from Shakespeare applying to "The Times" Book Club dispute, from the points of view of (*A*) "The Times," (*B*) the Publishers, (*C*) the Authors, (*D*) the Public, has been awarded to Mr. CHARLES EDGAR, 5, Palace Road, Llandaff, Cardiff.

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"You never had a servant to whose *trust*
Your business was more welcome."
—*All's Well*, IV., 4, 15.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS.

"There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a *corner*."
—*Henry VIII.*, III., 1, 31.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!"
—3 *Henry VI.*, II., 5, 73.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC.

"The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him."
—2 *Henry IV.*, I., 1, 9.

This competition has proved the most popular we have yet instituted, and the answers reached a high level of merit. The following are a few of many ingenious quotations:—

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"I'll not budge an inch."
—*Taming the Shrew*, Induc. I.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS.

"I know a trick worth two of that."
—*Henry IV.*, Part I., II., 1.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."
—*King Lear*, III., 2, 59.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC.

"A plague o' both your houses."
—*Romeo and Juliet*, III., 1, 111.

(Rev. R. F. COBBOLD, Beachampton, Stony Stratford.)

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"Come and take choice of all my library."
—*Tit. Andr.*, IV., 1, 34.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS.

"If all were minded so, the times should cease."
—*Sonnets*, XI., 7.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"A plague o' both your houses!"
—*Romeo and Juliet*, III., 1, 111.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC.

"Now have you heard the fundamental reasons of this war."
—*All's Well*, III., 1, 3.

(Mrs. MACALISTER, Barrmore, Cambridge.)

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"If he overhold his price so much
We'll none of him."
—*Tr. and Cr.*, II., 3, 142.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS.

"We can afford no more at such a price."
—*Love's Lab. Lost*, V., 2, 224.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"My rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce and given away."
—*Rich. II.*, II., 3, 120.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC.

"Let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy."
—*Tam. of Shrew*, V., 1, 63.

(MARGARET A. M. MACALISTER, Torrisdale, Cambridge.)

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"I'll use the advantage of my power."
—*Richard III.*, Act III., Scene 3.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS.

"Oh, damned paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee!"
—*Cymbeline*, Act III., Scene 2.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"Flat burglary as ever was committed."
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act IV., Scene 2.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC.

"I have gained by it."
—*Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act II., Scene 6.

(Miss DAVISON, 9, Hughenden Avenue, Belfast.)

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; . . . they throng who should buy first."
—*Winter's Tale*, IV., IV., 606-608; 612.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS (TO THE AUTHORS).

"What is 't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends."
—1 *Henry VI.*, I., I., 220-223.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors."
—*Henry VIII.*, II., I., 137-139.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC (TO THE "TIMES").

"The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion?"
—*Othello*, II., III., 191-195.

(Mrs. CLAYTON, The Vicarage, Tilbury, Essex.)

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"Come and take choice of all my library."
—*Timon of Athens*, IV., 1.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS.

"We will proceed no further in this business."
—*Macbeth*, I., 7.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"A plague o' both your houses!"
—*Romeo and Juliet*, III., 1.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC.

"Embrace we then this opportunity."
—1 *Henry VI.*, II., 1.

(Mrs. A. THOMPSON, 26, Pinfold Road, Streatham.)

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"Though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt."
—2 *Henry IV.*, Act IV., Scene 2.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS.

"You have broken the article of your oath."
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II., Scene 2.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"I know my price."
—*Othello*, Act I., Scene 1.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC.

"The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all."
—*Coriolanus*, Act V., Scene 6.

(ROBERT M. STEUART, Gartmore, Carrick Road, Ayr.)

(*A*) THE "TIMES."

"Join we together for the public good."
—2 *Henry VI.*, Act I., Scene 1.

(*B*) THE PUBLISHERS.

"Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage."
—2 *Henry VI.*, Act I., Scene 1.

(*C*) THE AUTHORS.

"O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times."
—2 *Henry IV.*, Act III., Scene 1.

(*D*) THE PUBLIC.

"Stick to your journal."
—*Cymbeline*, Act IV., Scene 2.

(Miss CONSTANCE WHITNEY, 40, Rose Hill Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

IV.—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestions has been gained by Miss K. HUXLEY, Beaufort House, College Green, Gloucester, and Mr. CECIL VINCENT, Kendrick House, Brighton.

# New Books.

## LESLIE STEPHEN.*

"Reviewing," said Sir James Stephen, father of Leslie, "is an employment which I have never held in great esteem. It is generally a self-sufficient, insolent, superficial, and unedifying style of writing, and I had fully persuaded myself that I should never be enlisted in the Craft." But he was, and the irony of fortune provided this distinguished Edinburgh Reviewer with a son who spent over thirty years in the "superficial and unedifying" task of literary valuation, somewhat against the grain, but with acknowledgments from all sides that he had done his duty like a hero. May we not call the great Dictionary, of which he edited more than twenty volumes, itself an immense effort in criticism? And the 378 "lives" which he contributed to its pages, what are they but a critic's estimate of men and manners, deeply coloured by his acquaintance with books? So the whirligig of time has avenged us poor creatures on Johnsonian Sir James. And then, he was Leslie Stephen's father, which must be counted to him for righteousness. "My daily and nightly terror," the good man wrote in his journal, "is that they [his children] should be 'patent Christians'—formalists, praters, cheats, without meaning or even knowing it." We think with a smile of the admittedly truculent Fitzjames and the outspoken Leslie, as we transcribe these words. Surely, one half of Sir James's petition was granted. Whatever else his offspring turned out to be, "patent Christians" they were not, nor "formalists" and "praters." But Christians, minus a patent, if they had lived and died, one sees not that it would have limited their scope or thwarted their mental development. This was denied to the orthodox parent's prayers.

By remote descent Leslie Stephen was a Scotsman, his first notable ancestor migrating from Aberdeen to England in the mid-eighteenth century (James Stephen, 1733-1779). Law and literature have claimed for their own not a few of this masterful clan. "They were a strenuous race," observes Professor Maitland, who touches upon the "hot tempers" and "sensitive nerves" which distinguished them, as well as their "greediness for work" and "devotion to some cause." One chief cause, the abolition of Slavery, bound Sir James and his children to the Clapham Sect. Thus we find Leslie in the modern current of reform, which swept him along from old Evangelicalism into "seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt." We know where he began; we locate him in his environment; we are not surprised that he should have taken orders and discarded them; or flung away his surplice to write an "Agnostic's Apology." Leslie thought for himself, but he thought under conditions, by reacting upon which he moved on to what may seem their logical issue. At all events, he was neither insincere nor singular. Given the like premises many others would have drawn the same conclusions. He died an Agnostic; his pedigree from Calvin and the Evangelicals of Clapham, his date and contemporaries at Cambridge, throw upon that statement no flickering light.

I shall not be suspected of leaning towards Calvin's creed or recommending its fatal consequences, if such these are. Hence I may praise without stint all that in Leslie Stephen's biography charms and subdues the reader. Like his intellectual ancestor, David Hume, he was very perfect in his unbelief, yet by disposition soft-hearted, generous, fair, and attachable to a high degree. These mere adjectives tell us nothing; we must open the book, turn over the man's letters, and listen to his friends. Professor Maitland has been rightly copious in citation. He is modest and apologetic on his own account; but a few days after publication will have satisfied him, we may be sure, with his audience and their welcome. Two things, it appears to me, Professor Maitland has done. He has allowed a most winning character to make its impression direct, by this method which heaps up materials from a varied correspondence. And he has arranged the whole lucidly, so that, by omitting here a little and there a little, we can get a miniature such as Leslie himself would have looked upon with approval. Undoubtedly, these volumes now in fashion are too big. A short life and a perfect one would satisfy the critic better. Perhaps it would also give its hero the entrance into many a man's heart who will not do more than glance over five hundred great pages. Well, as Professor Maitland hopes, the artist may some day arrive who will, in a small compass, "illustrate his life by his books, his books by his life, and both by their environment." Meanwhile, the circulating library rejoices and art is not offended.

With Stephen's writings in particular the book deals no more than is inevitable. We do not want a judgment on them now. Whatever be their value, it is the man who stumbled, as he thought, into literature that we like to hear about, and of him we cannot be told too much. Leslie Stephen was, in old English phrase, a character. He had exactly the mingling of qualities which set men apart from their fellows, yet show them to be intensely human, and keep them alive to the end. As the French painter, M. Joppé, said—and we feel it must be so—"he never reminded you of anybody but himself." While inheriting the Stephen temperament, he was an original not to be mistaken for cousin or brother. It may be doubted if such a man could have sprung up except on this British ground. But more than that. He was, though from Aberdeen to start with, no Celt on the surface, not one whit romantic in his philosophy, neither idealist nor rhetorician; and he practised the national art of saying much less than you feel. Any French reader of his books would have called Stephen "phlegmatic." On the contrary, those short, sharp sentences, pulled up at every second line, betrayed a quivering nerve which answered to the faintest solicitations. Professor Maitland applies to him a saying about the famous Dr. Thompson of Trinity: "Men feared him as haughty and cynical. He was, in fact, very shy, very modest and diffident of his own powers, kind-hearted as a woman, and generous beyond his means."

We may go farther still, and set down his dogmatic nescience ("*agnosco*, I don't know," some one has pleasantly written, taking Latin for Greek) to a shyness of the mind, a dread lest he should be caught in the ridiculous position of having affirmed too much. But another ingredient flavours the draught bitterly. On page after page Leslie Stephen's deepest feeling hints itself by all manner of touches; he was a rebel against pain, not on his own account, for he stood his trials well, though keenly sensible of them, but in a Promethean, man-loving, man-pitying spirit. And the sight of the world's tragedy made him an Agnostic. The first time I heard his name this, or the like of it, was said to me, in the dark and painful hour between his two marriages. But he never broke into the defiant strain of Shelley or Prometheus, though some of his words are strong.

Always modest, he judged that his life was hardly worth telling. Professor Maitland has refuted him out of his own mouth. Were this book sifted as for a play, it would fall into five acts, each interesting. The sensitive, delicate lad, who goes through Eton, not without a little of Dobbin's misery; the rowing-man, wild pedestrian, genial tutor at Cambridge, who tears off his clerical bands fiercely, but finds he cannot be unfrocked, and rages in consequence; the climber of the Alps, who strides from peak to peak, attaches his name for ever to conquered heights, and christens the "playground of Europe"; the happy lover, son-in-law of Thackeray, journalist, editor, friend of Americans, in a moment desolate after eight years' honeymoon; the widower, who marries a widow and proves against all codes of sentiment how resourceful is life in the secret of love—would any story-teller ask more wherewith to round his romance? There is plenty thrown in besides; the gossip about well-known names which people crave and call literature; the epigrams and the fun; the notes of travel—these last sparingly given, for neither subject nor author will spread out into the picturesque—and letters in every shade, of which the earlier, gay, "slangy" (*sit venia verbo*), utterly unlike the don's dialect, yet somehow gentlemanly, as only an English University man could make them, sparkle and laugh and yield us a Stephen at his best. I commend the Epithalamium sent to young Oliver W. Holmes, on occasion of Leslie's engagement to Minny Thackeray. It is a perfect boy's letter; and Stephen was thirty-four.

* "The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen." By Frederic William Maitland. 18s. net. (Duckworth and Co.)

He would on no account be a sentimentalist. But his friends always went beyond friendship towards him, and there is something delightfully un-English in their correspondence or portraiture when Leslie Stephen becomes its subject. "The Egoist" compelled us long ago to care about "Phœbus Apollo turned fasting friar," and in Vernon Whitford to discern a choice, reserved, penetrating, constant spirit. Everyone will hunt out in the big book now before us Mr. Meredith's keen sayings and wish we had some of his letters. From Lowell the recluse at Elmwood, as from the Lowell who was an ambassador of both worlds and a pacific Lafayette, we have the brightest, kindest notes. Charles E. Norton, of course, will not be absent from a company so distinguished; he fills many pages in the fifth act. Carlyle, Ruskin, Froude, Henry Sidgwick glance in at intervals. Darwin is Stephen's greatest man, though Stephen knew next to nothing of biology, which he had never studied. Mr. Thomas Hardy sends some remarkable lines in prose and verse. Clearly such a volume requires no advertisement. As for the central figure, let us quote Mr. Meredith again: "One might easily fall into the pit of panegyric by an enumeration of his qualities, personal and literary. It would be out of harmony with the temper and characteristics of a mind so equable." To this we will add Stephen on himself—an inside view: "I am, like my father, 'skinless,' over-sensitive, and nervously irritable. I am apt also to be a little absent in mind, absorbed in thoughts about my books or my writings, and occasionally paying very little attention to what is passing around me. . . I am inclined, too, to be often silent—'You don't know how silent you can be,' she says in a letter. At the time of my nervous depression in particular I became fidgety and troublesome in a social point of view. I am, I think, one of the most easily bored of mankind."

Stephen idolised children, especially his own; he is not imaginable without a dog; he detested set dinners; would not discuss vintages; smoked day and night. He was long, lean, "harsh-featured" according to some; but Mr. Edmund Gosse describes him vividly: "He stood up silhouetted against the burning blue sky, with a tremendous light upon him. It was exactly like a Holbein—the magnificent head, with its strong red hair and beard, painted against the porcelain-blue sky." The frontispiece here, from a picture by G. F. Watts, renders a different Stephen, meditative, sad, strangely gentle, downcast in his looks—it is the "sunken brilliancy" of Mr. Meredith's drawing in "The Egoist." What a complex being is every man, and how little we understand one another!

WILLIAM BARRY.

## EMBERS OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

We have always regarded the "Periods of European Literature" with admiration and wonder: admiration at the polyglot learning displayed, and wonder as to the whereabouts of the public to whom such recondite erudition could make intelligible appeal. The range of literary information postulated is that of a Lord Acton of humane letters. Whereas, however, the research demanded for successive chapters of the Cambridge Modern History is conducted by several specialists writing from the meridian respectively of Rome, Vienna, Paris, Geneva, Madrid or Amsterdam, in "Periods of European Literature" the Letters of six nationalities are studied horizontally over a given period by one and the same investigator. The intensive brevity of the treatment, moreover, is suggestive less of exposition for learners than of advanced notes of reference for experts in comparative literature. And where are these to be found in the English-speaking world, except perhaps among post-graduate students in America, in whose published theses the allusive style and the assumption of literary omniscience is carried to such a baffling pitch of perfection. The vague outlines, the lack of unity in most of these volumes (Professor Ker's monograph on The Dark Ages is an exception), and the absence of definite information preclude their acceptance as works of reference of the encyclopædic order. The absence of biography and of background exclude them from the category of general or descriptive literary history of the Hallam or Sismondi pattern. We are driven to the conclusion that the series will have to create a public for itself in the future, among a class of literary students specialised to a higher power than any class with which at the present moment we have the privilege of being familiar.

*En passant*, it can hardly be denied that the kind of knowledge here purveyed accentuates the danger of loading the minds, or perhaps we should rather say the memories, of students with second-hand opinions of an abstract and dogmatic order—a danger which, it must be admitted, is too implicit in the whole theory of the higher literary instruction. The papers set on such topics carry a terrifying suggestion of paragons and phœnixes of adolescent learning. But O Sapientia! if the answers actually given could only be printed beside them! Would they not be reminiscent in the vast majority of cases less of phœnixes than of pies and jays?

In making these prolegomena, let it be understood at once that nothing is further from our intention than a wish to depreciate the contribution just made to this difficult series by Mr. Herbert Grierson. A late-comer among the contributors, he has had to deal with a difficult theme, a puzzling doctrine, and a cumbrous title. The fancy titles descriptive of "Augustan Ages" and "Transition" (as if every literary period was not one of Transition) have already been used up, and severe chronology, "The First Half of the Seventeenth Century," had to be resorted to *faute de mieux*. In few periods, we should imagine, is the frontier more formidable between the almost entirely unknown and the comparatively familiar. In this case, three chapters on the drama (of Jonson and Fletcher), the poetry (of Donne, Herbert, and Milton), and the prose (of Bacon, Taylor, Burton, and Browne), with which most of us are more or less conversant, are preceded by two highly-elaborate chapters (eighty-three pages) on Dutch Drama, Dutch Prose, and Dutch Verse.

> "O soete beecken! waer nevens in swang
> Te gaen eendraghtig plagh onse sang
> Hoogheffende 't doen
> Der helden koen
> Van overlang."

This may be delightful, nay exquisite, and it may also be as musical as Mr. Swinburne, but we are free to confess that we have to rely implicitly on Mr. Grierson's word that it is so, and with this *ipse dixit* conclusion, replete as these chapters are, apparently, with the choicest flowers of Dutch Renaissance—

> "de burgery te stichten
> En met de fackel van de duytsche taal te lichen"

we have to be, if not content, at least not overtly dissatisfied. Holland, as Mr. Grierson is prepared to admit, has no Dante or Shakespeare or Goethe, but it has a Vondel, a Cats, a Hooft, and a Jan Luiken, the Dutch Ronsard, after greeting whose

> "De dageraat begint te blinken," ending "Met zulk een vreugd gevoet,"

the author exclaims with a pardonable sigh, "With such music the great period in Dutch poetry ended." In partial apology for this protracted orgy of low German song, it is only right to say that in the preceding volume in this series the much more interesting Spanish Literature (of Lope and Calderon, Cervantes and Quevedo) of the period has been amply treated by Mr. David Hannay, who is probably one of the most competent living authorities on Spanish History and Literature. Mr. Grierson has accordingly attacked the Dutch portion of his subject with a clear conscience. From internal evidence (exclusively), we should judge that he has done it remarkably well. These chapters are undoubtedly the most original, and, in a way, they may even be pronounced the most stimulating portion of his book. The freshness of his material and the strength of his enthusiasm in writing about Vondel and his times go a long way to overcome our reluctance. Hitherto we are fain to admit that our knowledge of Dutch poets was mainly derived from the versions and notes in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe," the quality of the translations in which work suggests that the poetry of Holland was pervaded from the earliest times by a spirit of Leigh Hunt and Bowring. As a corrective to such an impression, Mr. Grierson's work is valuable. Such versions of his own as he gives us are excellent, and there is no reason to doubt that the author

* "Periods of European Literature. The First Half of the Seventeenth Century." By Herbert J. C. Grierson. 5s. net. (Blackwood, 1906.)

could, an he would, give us a luminous and most instructive monograph upon the great era of Dutch Letters, which coincided so closely with the great era of national independence and of national painting in the Low Countries. In such a work as the present, he has no room to develop the background indispensable to such a theme. The Dutch were the great Latinists of the age, and we would gladly have suffered more about Grotius and Heinsius and Vossius. For æsthetic criticism, too, the material to hand is ample, and as a relief to the offensive tyranny of Sainte-Beuve, there are many in England who would welcome the literary apophthegms of Busken-Huet with acclamation. The three English chapters (pp. 84-243) reach their natural climax in the account of Milton, which is broken up rather more than could have been wished, but is distinctly fresh and stimulating. It is interesting to find that the Dutch savants themselves are very sceptical as to the reality of Milton's obligations to Vondel. The two chapters devoted to French literature, on the other hand, strike us as rather dry and perfunctory. Mr. Grierson has great names to deal with in Corneille, Malherbe, and Pascal, but he can hardly be said to have made the most of his opportunities. Italian Literature, under the blighting influence of Spanish dominion, the inquisition and counter-reformation generally, had declined sadly in intellectual energy and initiative since the days of Machiavelli and Tasso, but it seems to us rather doubtful whether, even in its decline, something more could not have been made of this branch of the subject. The rise of the commedia delle arte at this period, for instance, is hardly touched upon. But the book is less adapted throughout to suit the meridian of Venice than that of Stellenbosch. There among our fellow-subjects who speak the Dutch taal it should meet with a cordial welcome.

"Maer ick helas! alleen
Blijf vol veranderingen."

And so, with the verses of Hooft's exquisite lyric upon our lips, let us cordially commend this learned little book to the individual fate to which, ere the beginning of created things, it had been predestined. PERISCOPUS.

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## FIONA MACLEOD'S NEW BOOK.*

This book has a very pathetic interest. Those who know the work of Fiona Macleod—and they are an increasing number, though such books as "hers" must always appeal to the minority who know the difference between beauty and prettiness—those who know the former works, we say, will greet with a joy, intense, though subdued, this beautiful gift from the grave. In an age of slip-shod, slap-dash work there is a great relief to be found in books like this, with its exquisite sense of style, its almost supersensitive feeling for the beauty of words. When we say this we do not mean merely that the writings of Fiona Macleod are eloquent and finely balanced. There is no mere cataract of beautiful words in them; but they have style in the Pateresque sense. She is, indeed, scrupulous and economical of force, as a worker in precious stones must be, where every word has its hard, gem-like value and soft, reflected lights.

The British public is a little afraid of such art as "hers," yet it has recognised that this work is full of a profound passion for the beauty of the world around us. No one can mistake this who reads the dedication of "Where the Forest Murmurs," to one "without whose encouragement and good counsel this volume probably would not have been written":—

"Then, perchance, it might have gone to that Y. Brasil Press in the Country of the Young, wherefrom are issued all the delightful books, which, though possible and welcome in Tir-na-n' Og, are unachieved in this more difficult world, except in dreams and hopes. It would be good to have readers among the kindly Shee . . . but, till one gets beyond the foam yonder, the desire of the heart is for comrades here. These hours of beauty have meant so much to me, somewhat in the writing, but much more in the long, incalculable hours and days out of which the writing has risen, like the blue smoke out of woods, that I want to share them with others. . . ."

"Till one gets beyond the foam yonder"! how unexpected and exquisite is that use of the word "foam"—and perhaps that strikes one first; but when one re-reads it how deep is its pathos!

In this book of nature-studies on such subjects as the Clans of the Grass, the Tides, the Wild Apple, Still Waters, the Tribe of the Plover, Summer Clouds and the Coming of Dusk there are some unforgettable pages. There are sudden, simple sayings in them that have a transcendent beauty, like that surely immortal one in the "Dominion of Dreams": "It is God who builds the nest of the blind bird." If there is any one sentence in the language more directly beautiful I do not know it.

It is curious, but not incomprehensible, how Fiona Macleod liked to hide the deeper feelings under a mask. There is a poem in this book called the "Hill-Water," which I can only compare with some of Rossetti's translations from the Italian poets, and it is prefaced thus:—

"For my own part, I find myself in so great agreement with a friend, who expresses better than I can do the love and haunting spell of the brown hill-water (which is neither a river nor exactly a stream, but with something of each), that I have been constrained to ask leave to let it appear here."

We see no harm in divulging now that this poem was written by William Sharp himself, and in adding that we hope it will not be long before his promised volume of poems sees the light.

The work of Fiona Macleod must not ever be confused with mere "Celtery." It is in the main-stream of English literature; or, to vary the metaphor, it is a garden where not only roses from Broceliande, but all roses, grow; roses from remotest Asia to Abyssinia and Barbary; even a handful from Hellas—a spray from Sappho, a wine-flusht cluster from Anacreon, a dew-wet bloom from Theocritus.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all the studies in this book is that entitled "The Hill-Tarn," which relates how a gillie climbed to an almost inaccessible mountain-tarn in midwinter, reaching it as a red fire of sunset flared along the mountain crests. The tarn was frozen deep, but was black as basalt. "At first he thought small, motionless icebergs lay in it, but wondered at their symmetrical circle. He descended as far as he dared, and saw that seven wild swans were frozen on the tarn's face." Some time afterwards the gillie repeated his perilous feat. They were still there, motionless, ready for flight, as it seemed. We can give no adequate idea of the picture Fiona Macleod gives of this coronal of white swans above the black face of that distant and lonely tarn, or of the symbolism into which the picture melts as into an eternal horizon, while in a dream one listens "to the rustle of unloosening wings, and sees seven white phantoms rise cloud-like, and like clouds at night drift swiftly into the dark, as the wild swans traverse obscure, forgotten ways to the secret country beyond sleep and dreams and silence."

The book ends with a fragment which is the last thing that Fiona Macleod wrote, and it is called "The Star of Rest."

"Rest—what an oceanic word! I have been thinking of this unfathomable, impenetrable word with mingled longing and wonder, and even awe."

Altogether the book is haunting and unforgettable; and we find it difficult to express our gratitude for it in merely critical terms. It is one of those pieces of nature-study which, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, have that rarest of all modern qualities—"healing power." ALFRED NOYES.

* "Where the Forest Murmurs." (*Country Life* Office.)

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## OWEN MEREDITH.*

To the true bookman a volume of literary letters is of more value than all the novels in Stationers' Hall Court; and these "epistolary remains" of Robert, Lord Lytton, will count as treasure-trove to many an eager reader. The material, which was, no doubt, voluminous, has been most tactfully arranged by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, who, by the good sense which marks her editorship, and the even better taste which everywhere illumines her own sympathetic comments, affords abundant proof that the genius of literature

* "Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton." Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. In Two Volumes. 21s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

by no means deserted her family in the first generation after that of the author of "Zanoni." The letters are indeed most admirably handled. In the earlier portion of the book, where explanation is more essentially needed, they are supplemented by a sufficiently intimate and informative biography, and throughout the two volumes the connecting links are invariably supplied with complete lucidity, and a thoroughly self-denying retirement of the biographer's own personality. Lytton and his friends are allowed to speak for themselves; and so effectually are all divagations and repetitions avoided that the correspondence retains the fullest interest of character and narrative, displaying, to more advantage than almost any book we can remember of recent origin, the anxieties and the compensations of the literary life.

We have spoken of these letters, and of Robert Lytton's life generally, as concentrated upon literary interests, not without running risks at the hands of the historical precisian. We shall be reminded at once that Lytton was by profession a diplomatist, and only in his leisure a poet, and that during his life he was far more conspicuous for his public services at Athens, at Madrid, at Paris, and, above all, for his much-discussed administration in India, than he could ever have hoped to be as an original writer. This indeed is true, if we content ourselves with a superficial estimate; but the real interest of a man's life lies upon the level of his soul's ambition—*Ubi thesaurus, ibi cor*—and few readers of these "Letters" will be ready to deny that to Robert Lytton the most actual side of life lay, not in drawing-rooms and in council-chambers, but in the secret and inspiriting haunts of the imagination. "This was the real life, and that the dream." That he served his country with singleness of purpose and high distinction is only another proof of the fact so often demonstrated, that the deeper a man's imagination may penetrate, the surer is his hold upon material circumstances. It is only in the world of comic opera that a poet's life is devoted to feeding on roses and lying among lilies. In the world of common experience it is the poet who most often has his hand upon the destinies of mankind.

And from the beginning Robert Lytton's heart was given over unreservedly to poetry: indeed, he would have adopted the literary profession altogether, had his father given him leave. But those were the days of the autocracy of the family arm-chair; and to the natural authority of Bulwer Lytton was added the true devotion of a son who believed in his father's advice as being, all things considered, the wisest in the world. So when his father, in answer to the young man's suggestion that he should like to abandon diplomacy for literature, replied that "All great natures must have some little dash of the former Stoic; all must do what they don't like," and that if he himself were doing what he liked, he would be writing new "King Arthurs" under the orange groves of Nice instead of toiling at journalism in London; when, in short, the son received the full douche of his father's worldly-wisdom, he at once accepted the situation as inevitable. "What you have said," he replied, "is quite enough. I shall only recur in thought to those suggestions for the future with regret that they were ever made." It was a filial submission, but one fancies that the regret must have been the other way. For literature, and poetry in particular, remained to the end the mistress of his life. Duty might draw him one way, and he never shirked her summons; but only too often "his eyes

> "Were with his heart, and that was far away."

If he regretted at all, it may be suspected that he regretted his allegiance to a career which drew him farther and farther away from his kindred inclinations.

For he loved poetry with all his soul: indeed, as one reads these letters, it is impossible to resist the impression that people really did care more for literature fifty years ago than they do to-day—cared for it, that is to say, with a more heart-whole devotion. There was probably never a time like the present for making a literary reputation, nor one in which people talked more about those who write; but fifty years ago, the Brownings, the Tennysons, the Lyttons, and all that devoted company, seem to have lived, not for what they could get out of literature, but for the disinterested love of literature itself. This impression is borne in upon one with peculiar emphasis, as one reads the letters that circle round the publication of Robert Lytton's early volumes. Alas! the fame of these books has long since withered in the shadow of forgetfulness; except for the careful student of the poetry of the century, hardly anyone now reads "The Wanderer," or "Clytemnestra," or "Lucille." But the tender grace of a day that is dead floats back upon us, as we read of the warm ambitions and high hopes with which these poems were launched upon the world; and an even surer sense of the sincere literary devotion with which they were written is instilled into us by a perusal of the absolutely frank and open criticism with which these eager spirits judged one another's children of the fancy. Mrs. Browning tells Robert Lytton quite unaffectedly that much of his discarded poem, "The Abbess," was a mere echo of other contemporaries; and he replies, with equal candour, that the poetical atmosphere of her "Poems before Congress" seems to him directly antipathetic to poetry. Nobody is offended by these honest opinions: each friend seeks the other's deliberate judgment. *O si sic omnes!* But such a spirit comes only of an undivided devotion to the artist's art for its own sake.

And what these "Letters" tell us of the artist, they repeat, with equal emphasis, of the man. Robert Lytton was clearly a man of great tenderness and deep concentration; and, much as he loved his art, he loved his friends no less. His family letters bear evidence to the truest affection; his entire sympathy with such of his associates as the Brownings, John Forster, and Mr. John Morley, shows him to have been capable, although naturally reticent, of wide spiritual expansiveness. It is possible that, like many men who are dominated by intellectual interests, he required frequent communion to keep that sympathy in full flower. The fact that, when he ceased to see Browning regularly, he ceased also to care very emphatically for his later work, seems to argue something of this need of stimulus and refreshment. But for the most part his loyalties, once aroused, were unassailable; and, devoted as he was in his relations as husband and father, he was equally devoted as a son. Here he must have had much to endure, for Bulwer Lytton was no easy master; yet in all the crises of his life the son always turned to his father, almost, as it were, for commands. It was at his father's wish that he first wrote under a pseudonym: it was only by his father's permission (when another Meredith, "an author in prose and verse, also a client of Chapman," objected to being forestalled) that he adopted his own name; it was to his father's criticism that he subjected all his work, and even brought his own domestic interests for advice and approval. A good son is apt to make a good father, and in Lytton's case the rule was abundantly proved true. The love of his children is indicated at every turn of this touching narrative: that which the fountain sent forth returned again to the fountain. Indeed, in many ways he must have had a happy life: for he made few enemies, and many friends; and, if he had to endure the sufferings common to all sensitive natures, he was at any rate granted the heights to recompense him for the depths.

It is probable that he was a little disappointed by the lack of general acceptance for his poetry, but he was too good an artist not to appreciate where the fault lay. Capable of deep emotion, and often visited by an access of genuine inspiration, he was too spasmodic in feeling to sustain a poetic flight, and too little self-conscious to elaborate. The careful artifice of Tennyson was impossible to him: if he did not get his effect at the moment, he had inevitably lost it for ever. "I keep the word 'if,'" he said, "for my epitaph": meaning that, if he had had the opportunity to be consistent to his ideals, he might have done more.

Well, it is the common epitaph. There are very few tombs upon which it might not be engraved. And, even if the "world's chariot-wheels," of which he wrote, ground out some of the divine spirit which animated him; and if the loss of dear ones and the menace of the years brought him his dark hours, as they do for all but the intellectually obtuse; he had nevertheless the unfailing consolation of the pursuit of beauty to enlighten him, and the solace of hope to lead him through the shadows.

> "The Now is an atom of sand,
> And the Near is a perishing clod;
> But Afar is a Faëry Land,
> And Beyond is the bosom of God."

This is the true light upon the hill-tops, which grows brighter as the journey closes, and beckons onward unto the perfect day.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

## RONSARD AND LA PLÉIADE.*

Although it would be excessive to say that the poetry of the Pléiade has ever (since perhaps its own day) been widely known in England, there have for the last thirty years and more been fair opportunities of knowing it, even for those who have home-keeping wits in the way of selecting books. In 1872 Mr. Lang's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" gave not a little of the best in English; and next year Mr. Pater's "Studies" dealt with the subject critically in the most attractive and stimulating fashion; while in the early eighties the present reviewer included some score of the originals in his "French Lyrics." Still, the whole works of the Pléiade group have never been very easy of access even in French editions: and it is quite possible that the singular conservatism of French literary criticism—a conservatism which has outlasted the Romantic movement itself—has had some prejudicial effect on the general estimate of the Prince of Poets. But in recent times both Ronsard and the Ronsardists have been championed from new sides both here and in France. Mr. Sidney Lee and others have maintained, with good if not perhaps with quite complete reason, that the influence of the school on Elizabethan poetry was much greater than used to be thought. While in France a march has, so to speak, been stolen by a wing of the conservatives themselves on their comrades in the contention that much of the best in the Malherbe-Boileau reforms was itself stolen from the Pléiade, and that the Pléiade was abused to cover the theft. There is, let it be repeated, much if not the whole truth in these apparently new views. It is well, however, to remember—first that the chief poet of the school to whom Elizabethan indebtedness has been made out is Desportes, and that Desportes simply ransacked Italian sources, which the English poets may have consulted for themselves; and, secondly, that Malherbe and Boileau did *not* take, but on the contrary rejected with scorn, the best parts of the Pléiade legacy, the charming coloured phraseology which such a man as Fénelon could regret bitterly, and the exquisitely varied metres which the men of 1830, under the influence of Sainte-Beuve in theory and Hugo in practice, were at last to revive. Mr. Wyndham, quite naturally, strengthens himself from both these new sources of alliance, but he hardly needed the reinforcement. To have no eye for the beauty of the Pléiade is to have no ear for poetry.

He has wisely combined all the three methods of exhibiting the subject to English readers. There is a critical Introduction of some sixty pages to begin with, and about the same amount, or a little less, of translation at the end; while the bulk and centre of the book are, as is proper, occupied with the originals themselves. These Selections are very good: though something from Tahureau might perhaps have been added, and it would certainly have been an advantage for most readers if very brief head-notes had been given to each author, with a modicum of information as to "Life and Works." But, on the whole, the best-informed and most whole-hearted lover of the school may be very well content with this ushering of it to more general knowledge. On what we may call Mr. Wyndham's own part of the book there is room, of course, for amicable differences. The plan of translating into "the original metres" has, of course, a specious appearance, and, what is more, it is a guarantee that the translator has not taken his work in a light or slipshod spirit. It is, moreover, infinitely preferable to the other plan, of translating into metres which simply "swear at" those of the original, as in the case of Tennysonian blank verse for Old or Middle English alliterative rhythm. But there is the danger—which is so great as to be sometimes inevitable and insuperable—that the same metre in different languages gives quite different effects. Mr. Wyndham has got the better of this danger sometimes, but not always. Instances of the former and happier case are his versions of Gilles Durant's most lovely "Le Soulcy" and "A Charlotte"; of the latter and not so happy, that of Passerat's famous "Villanelle." The clinging, plaintive grace of

> "J'ai perdu ma tourterelle,
> Est-ce point elle que j'oye?
> Je veux aller après elle,"

is probably irrecoverable when the seal of the language is broken and the essence has dispersed itself. It certainly does not seem to us to be recovered in

> "I have lost my turtle-dove,
> Is not that her call to me?
> *To be with her were enough.*"

But no wise man quarrels with another for not doing the impossible; it may be doubted whether any generous man quarrels with another for attempting it. In not a few cases Mr. Wyndham has commanded the success which he has nearly always deserved.

So one might find some knots in the reed of his Introduction, if the process were not nearly as idle as it is ungracious. It is certainly an over-inference from Puttenham's statement—"this metre of twelve syllables the Frenchman calleth a verse Alexandrine: and is with our modern rhymers most usual"—to say that "much English verse *has been lost* which was modelled on Ronsard's metre." Quite enough Alexandrines survive, in various adjustments, from the earlier Elizabethan period to justify the statement as it stands, especially if we note that Puttenham does not say "*the* most usual." And when we find various-lengthed lyric in the "Kalendar" and elsewhere, to go to the Pléiade for its suggestion is to ignore pure English patterns from the beginning of the fourteenth century downwards. But this is mere cavilling. The general tendency of the essay is the thing: and that is quite right. The Pléiade had its faults—faults obvious enough and perhaps numerous enough. But it had—both from the critical and the creative side—the merits which every great school of literature and of poetry ought to have, and which its successor in its own country, for a century and a half, most fatally and conspicuously lacked. The critical merit was that it regarded literature, both national and general, as a whole; that its enthusiasm for the ancients did not interfere with its enthusiasm for Italian; and that its enthusiasm for both of these did not prevent it from endeavouring to preserve and utilise those older riches of French which were soon to be so recklessly thrown away. The creative merit was that it knew *both* the secrets of poetic charm, the fire and the honey which ought to characterise the wine of poetry. To read the best of the Alexandrines of Agrippa d'Aubigné (on whom, by the way, Mr. Wyndham does not draw) and then those of Boileau or even of Racine, to read such things as those two poems of Durant's above mentioned, and then any French eighteenth-century lyric, is one of the most extraordinary experiences of the kind possible in literature. We cannot quite parallel it even in our own Augustan and Elizabethan periods, because the continued repute of Shakespeare and Milton made it impossible to "take the light out of Heaven," as regards language and versification, to the same complete extent. Mr. Wyndham's book will give many people, who would not and, indeed, could hardly have had it otherwise, the opportunity of making this curious experience in part, and may encourage some to follow it up afterwards; while to those who merely confine themselves to itself, it ought to provide both instruction and delight in ample measure. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

* "Ronsard and La Pléiade." With Selections from their Poetry and some Translations in the Original Metres. By George Wyndham. (Macmillan and Co.)

## THE FUTURE IN AMERICA.*

For a work of this kind it would be hard to find any other writer quite so well qualified as Mr. Wells. He has become confirmed in the prophetic habit, and in America he finds a specially favourable field for its exercise. The whole of his previous training had been in a sort a preparation for his recent visit of observation. He approached the New World with an almost perfect equipment in the way of interest in and sympathy with its aims and achievements. It is true his visit was brief, as he takes frequent opportunities of reminding us. But we are now educated up to the point of admitting that there is a value in the rapid impression produced by a three months' active tour. It is different from, but not necessarily inferior to, the reasoned statement of the results of long years of observation. Each kind of estimate of a nation's activity is valuable in its own way, and neither can take the place of the other. The man who writes after a residence of thirty years in a country has to pay for his fulness by a loss of freshness, and by the omission

* "The Future in America." By H. G. Wells. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

of many important points that have lost their power to attract the attention of the observer through the dulling influence of familiarity. Mr. Wells tells us that he did not go to America merely to look about him. He went rather to seek answers to various questions that had been pressing upon him for years. He was thus in a particularly favourable frame of mind to approach his subject. But one rather gathers from the book that the ready-made questions had to be recast. However well prepared the visitor to America may be, he almost invariably finds that the conditions are different from those he had expected. He cannot complain that anyone has misinformed him on any point. Things are just as people have told him, but somehow they strike him as different.

The element of size is, of course, of fundamental importance in any estimate of things American. Here Mr. Wells seems to differentiate unfairly against the forces of nature as compared with those of civilisation. "A hundred tons of water," he tells us, "is just as stunning as ten million. A hundred tons of water stuns us altogether, and what more do you want?" Yet when he comes to deal with the vastness of New York or Chicago, he cannot but feel impressed by the mere immensity of things. One is stunned no doubt at the first encounter with the American rush, but by and by the threshold of stun rises, and we are able to take in a much wider range before the next stun appears, and therein lies the justification of the distinction implied in the book. As a matter of fact, we are explicitly told that Mr. Wells' main interest is in the reaction of intelligence upon what is non-intelligent. "My hero in the confused drama of human life is intelligence." He finds the continent flooded with intelligence, but is surprised at certain remarkable gaps. In a striking chapter on State-Blindness he works out the contrast between the keen intelligence of the individual within the range of his own interests, with the widespread failure to grasp the meaning of the State as a whole. "It is a matter of something wanting, that the American shares with the great mass of prosperous middle-class people in England." Here as elsewhere the author is eminently fair, and admits that this State-blindness is world-wide—only in America the conditions make it much more aggravated and much more dangerous.

Mr. Wells feels that the Americans are too optimistic about the Immigration question: "Every American above forty, and most of those below that limit, seem to be enthusiastic advocates of unrestricted immigration." They maintain that the offspring of the immigrants are the best citizens. But Mr. Wells has his doubts. He contrasts the kind of immigrants now entering the States with those of former years, and is not happy. "England no longer supplies any great quantity of Americans, Scotland barely any, France is exhausted; Ireland, Germany, Scandinavia have, it seems, disgorged nearly all their surplus load and now run dry." The supply is limiting itself to Eastern Europe, and it took a visit to the central school of the Educational Alliance to restore Mr. Wells' spirits. There he saw the immigrant children in the process of being Americanised by flag-saluting and oath-taking. He admitted to his young lady guide that it was the most touching thing he had seen in America, and adds, to show that he was not merely carried away by a momentary impression, "And so it remains."

He is not too sure about the American schools, however —"which are as backward in some States as they are forward in others." He thinks that the Americans need to be convinced "that their belief in the superiority of their public schools to those of England and Germany is an illusion, or at least that their schools are inadequate to the task before them." Of the American Universities he is more hopeful, though here too he has a useful criticism to offer. He finds "that the disposition of the university founder is altogether too much towards buildings and memorial inscriptions, and all too little towards the more difficult and far more valuable end of putting men of pre-eminent ability into positions of stimulated leisure." What a happily-turned phrase the final two words make!

One of the main charms of the book is the conspicuous honesty of the writer. One cannot help feeling that one is getting the precise reaction that events produced on the author. He tells us exactly how things struck him, even when it demands a little courage. Not every writer would have the courage to acknowledge that he had read the *Princess* as a boy, but "had honourably forgotten the incident." It is true that it gives him an opportunity of gratifying the desire, in which he glories, to gird at schoolmasters. "It is the mistake of the scholastic mind all the world over, to learn too thoroughly and carry too much."

The buoyant hopefulness of the Americans is not reflected in the general tone of this book. Mr. Wells finds it hard to lay his finger on any definite signs of decay, but he cannot help reminding us that developments in America need not necessarily be in the direction we should all like. There is such a thing as retrogression. To be sure at the present moment the country can receive three-quarters of a million additional workers each year without a fall in wages. But how long will this last? Mr. Wells seems to see in the future a gradual cleavage appearing between the two classes, the rich and the poor, the rich becoming richer and the poor poorer. In his own graphic way he speaks of the great fortunes "taking on immortality and declining to disintegrate when their founders die." Not that he cherishes any rancour against the multi-millionaires. He treats them as he would the trade winds. They are natural phenomena. The same tolerance is shown in the chapter on Corruption. It is to some extent a matter of naming, and it is very difficult indeed to say where keen business passes over into dishonest dealing. Though Mr. Wells has "ranged through all the scale between a buoyant optimism and despair," he has come to believe that the average citizen is not a rogue: he is "fundamentally honest, but a little confused ethically."

More lamentable are the facts of child-labour. In the States it appears that there are over 1,700,000 children under 15 engaged in regular work. This Mr. Wells considers "the weakest spot in America's fine front of national well-being." The explanation of the toleration of the abomination of "nocturnal child employment" is to be found in the "great theory of the liberty of property and the subordination of the State to business, upon which American institutions are based. That theory has no regard for children. Indeed, it is a theory that disregards women and children, the cardinal facts of life, altogether. They are, in America, *private things*."

The general effect left after reading the book is that the author is disappointed, though he is extremely reluctant to admit it. It is true that in the very remarkable chapter, "Two Studies in Disappointment," we have two cases of extreme harshness, only one of which could have happened among ourselves. If the facts of the MacQueen case are as stated, it is inconceivable that the man could in this country be kept in prison as he has been. As to the Gorky affair, it is probable that we would be better to make no comparisons, though we cannot but sympathise with the attitude adopted in the volume. In the chapter on the Tragedy of Colour, we are brought face to face with a problem that is easier to solve in direct ratio to our distance from the colour belt. Mr. Wells' attitude is the only one that will be tolerated in this country, and perhaps as onlookers we may have a better view of the game than those actually engaged. But we must have, as he has, deep sympathy with those who are called upon to deal with the problem that is so well named by the chapter heading. Various solutions are suggested in the volume and their difficulties pointed out, but the end of the chapter leaves the negro waiting "for finer understandings and a nobler time."

In some of his works Mr. Wells has gone too far into the future, according to his critics. In this book he appears to have gone hardly far enough. One feels that there is almost too little prophecy. One is called upon to put on one's own mantle and prophesy for oneself. Indeed, after reading the book one feels a strong inclination to read the future, an inclination that is the direct outcome of the vivid impression made upon the mind by the author. The book is intensely interesting. The subject grips one. The style is an admirable illustration of the author's favourite adjective as applied to style—"prehensile." JOHN ADAMS.

## LUCAS MALET'S SAINT AND SINNER.*

Holding her mask in one hand, Charles Kingsley's younger daughter presents to the expectant British public the long-

* "The Far Horizon." By Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

promised successor of "Sir Richard Calmady." I say expectant, for Lucas Malet is a shining figure in latter-day romance—or call it realism if you prefer that label—and beyond question her work is literature. Incidentally she has told us what art should achieve, "things of beauty and moment holding in them the promise of enduring result." Does "The Far Horizon" answer this high demand? A second wise word, from the lips of Poppy St. John, who knows her business well, may give the critic pause, for "a play's the same as a ship, if there's any real art in it. It needs time to find itself." Every new creation needs time. And this exceedingly original book is a creation from first to last.

I am going to praise it, but we will skip the advertisable epithets. Lucas Malet does not cater for the bookstall, even because she overflows with epigram, is brilliant to the dazzling-point, and strikes out right and left. Of "Sir Richard" I said that it called for almost as much courage in the reader as it showed in the writer, if it was to be justly judged. Here, too, courage, though of a somewhat different type, will be in request. There is nothing physically disagreeable, or Victor Hugo-like, attaching to the story. But its name prepares us for the unusual, the exotic, and especially the un-English. A tale of London, observe, yet with outlooks towards the infinite. Real as the Fulham Road, but romance in the heart of it. Like Flaubert's miracle of the commonplace, it sketches a "Sentimental Education"; then it soars up to heights and lights transcending our thickest fog or shooting down rays on grimy November. It is made from materials vulgar enough to defy the cynic. And it challenges his admiration as true to the letter. I could fancy it in French when I consider its brevity, workmanship, language, audacity, and distinction. But no French author living could have written it. For one thing, the idea is essentially humorous, a tragi-comedy which dares to smile in the very crisis and sharp touch of emotion, whether stirred by heaven or earth. Now what is that idea?

Maupassant gives somewhere the last reflections of a bank clerk, who, meditating in the Champs Elysées on his years of monotonous drudgery, goes home and commits suicide. It is a powerful conception. Lucas Malet fixes on the like person just as his bank dismisses him to old age and loneliness—why should his end not be the same? Dominic Iglesias, however, replies to Maupassant in the only effective way. He finds love, duty, religion, and a beautiful death quite simply, without heroic adventures, in the London we know. He is altogether, perhaps, the most impressive Spanish gentleman our literature holds—though a superannuated clerk. Lucas Malet believes, I should say, that character creates destiny and the personage makes the situation. Also that contrast is the secret of power. Accordingly, her pensive Spaniard, whose life has been a long renunciation, meets the actress Poppy St. John, and they take up their parts.

We can imagine (but had better not) how Maupassant would have executed his puppets with a cruel gaiety, trampling human nature into the mud. Far otherwise here. Poppy St. John is all a woman of the boards should, and should not, be—amusing, wilful, passionate, changeable—a genius, an infant, a *gamine*, abounding in "patter" and good sense, with painted cheeks, wistful eyes, and a heart of gold. Those who know the stage will pronounce her life-like. She has a husband—in the middle distance—who writes unsuccessful plays; again we must borrow from the French, for de Courcy Smyth is *un raté*, one that talks but cannot do, and goes out evilly. She has also an Alaric Barking, son of the bank where Dominic toiled; he is the average young man about town, sensuous, not ill-natured, whom Poppy quits at the right hour, letting him go back to virtue and Chester Square. Thus briefly summed, the tale is far from pretty. But, anyhow, in her own language, Poppy has "cleaned the slate." She keeps it clean. She becomes great in her profession; but what is more to the purpose, her delightful and generous character, rescued from base elements by Dominic's friendship, comes into the light, and will carry her safe to the end, as we hope.

Poppy is real, though on the stage. A group for which we must ever be thankful to Lucas Malet, the Evergroves of Trimmer's Green and their acquaintance, sold us by way of escape from matter for farce, and it is not wanting. The Bryce family at home, its conventions and theories of gossip and its match-making, with Dominic Iglesias to fix our standard of romance and Poppy our standard of passion, invited the Comic Muse, but will probably declare this drawing a caricature. What would Miss Austen have said? I think the immortal Jane could not but have doated on Serena. Serena is perfect in her genteel imbecility, her imaginary love-affair with Iglesias, her musings and spitefulness; she deserves a place in "Pride and Prejudice." But Trimmer's Green altogether has something of the "Keepsake" about it, and is a satirical Watteau.

I come back to Iglesias, greatly original, and, so far as I can tell, unique. To have made his acquaintance is to know him once for all. I grant my own bias, if need be. Those who in youth have had Spanish friends will feel as I do, and recognise Lucas Malet's intimate touch, firm as Velasquez, laying on a deep, true colour, which is splendid and likely to last. If only the islander at home could seize our point of view! For this it is which baffles certain of us, when we write English, and happen to be a little cosmopolitan—we find ourselves judged by Trimmer's Green. Dominic, a Spaniard on the father's side, Irish through his beautiful, suffering mother, bred in the hot air of revolutionary plans, alien to the English Church and State—how shall we make his rare qualities felt in the London fog? Here again the tragi-comedy strikes home. Yet his London, the huge monster, is not a despicable thing. Perhaps no feature of this admirably woven tissue will be more apparent to artist-eyes than its London in all weathers—visual as Flaubert could render the lines, in a sense photographic, but with mystery toning the crudeness.

Given, then, a superannuated bank clerk, an actress *en retraite*, not precisely innocent, and her drunken husband, who composes worthless plays, out of such matter to create "things of beauty and moment, holding in them the promise of enduring result"! Has it been done? I think so. Moreover, if Poppy St. John is not Browning's childlike Pompilia, yet Dominic both resembles and surpasses Caponsacchi. Marriage between them was not the solution, nor could it be. There is a divine friendship possible to men and women. This poor actress, who weeps over Dominic's coffin, the paint still on her cheeks, might say, even as Pompilia when the end has come—

> "Through such souls alone,
> God stooping shows sufficient of His light
> For us in the dark to rise by. And I rise."

WILLIAM BARRY.

## A HOUSE REPEOPLED.*

The reviewer who, in technical language, is called upon for a "headed" review is often enough in sore straits to find a title. Authors and publishers are familiar enough with the same difficulty, for it is only one book in a thousand that immediately suggests and insistently demands an obvious title. Miss Constance Hill's new work is one of the rare exceptions, and we claim no credit for discovering a title which probably only the author's modesty prevented her from using. "A House Repeopled" is not only the title which will leap to the lips of every grateful reader of this delightful book, but it is also, we prophesy, the unanimous finding of the jury of critics. In "Juniper Hall" Miss Hill revealed to us a new literary *genre*. It was not biography it certainly was not "book-making." We had to find a new name for a new thing, and fall back on some such clumsy device as calling it biographical reconstruction a ponderous label to affix to a marvel of literary daintiness. In these days a literary discoverer is not usually long without industrious imitators. The moment a claim is pegged out, there appear a hundred gentlemen who write with ease all pushful and eager to "jump" it. To the best of our knowledge, Miss Hill's claim has been left quite undisturbed "Juniper Hall" has had no worthy rival, and its author has only now been excelled by herself.

As they turn the pages of this work, readers who are well acquainted with Madame D'Arblay's Diary will at once greet many familiar extracts. They may be pardoned if they turn to their books and judge of the book as a whole by the effect of the book as a whole, and as we read and

on, we become increasingly aware of the skill with which Miss Hill has blended old and new wine and made of them an exhilarating vintage. Miss Hill proves herself a careful student of all the published Burney literature. She has had access also to a considerable quantity of Burney MSS. The union of knowledge and opportunity has produced a volume that will delight every lover of eighteenth-century literature.

Though it is a book difficult to classify, its scope may easily be defined. It chronicles the history of the Burney family during their nine years' residence in St. Martin's Street, from 1774 to 1783. This may seem a narrow subject for a book, but Miss Hill has so handled it that we applaud her selection as a stroke of genius. The period fortunately covers the most interesting years of Fanny Burney's life; it draws upon the most fascinating pages of her Diary. It was during this time that Fanny took the English reading world by storm with "Evelina" and "Cecilia." The Burney family was then at the height of its prosperity. The old house in St. Martin's Street, once occupied by Newton, was then the shrine of every European musician and singer, all eager to meet the famous author of the "History of Music." By means of judicious extracts from the diaries of Fanny Burney and her sisters, and by innumerable side-lights derived from a scholarly knowledge of relevant contemporary literature, Miss Hill has repeopled the old house, and has given us the best and truest picture we know of a very charming eighteenth-century household. How charming it was may best be told in Johnson's words: "I love all that breed whom I can be said to know; and one or two whom I hardly know, I love upon credit, and love them because they love each other." "'Tis a sweet family," said Mrs. Thrale, and the great singer, Pacchierotti, adds his naïvely-worded tribute, "Sense and wit inhabit here; sensibility has taken up her abode in this house."

It was a very merry and lively house whose history Miss Hill so pleasantly chronicles. Its visitors included all the great names of the day. Garrick would call before the young ladies were "up," and the afternoons were constantly

**The House in St. Martin's Street.**

(Reproduced from "The House in St. Martin's Street," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

**Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and James Boswell at a meeting of the "Turk's Head Club."**

*After Nollekens.*

(Reproduced from "The House in St. Martin's Street," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

intruded on by great singers and ardent suitors. The two people who attract us most in Miss Hill's narrative are not, however, of the great literary luminaries of these great Georgian days. It is good to hear once more of "Daddy" Crisp, surely one of the most charming letter-writers of his own or of any age. His letters to Fanny Burney are models of sound sense and playful humour and chivalrous friendship. No young writer ever had a better adviser than the "hermit of Chesington," whose own literary career was so unaccountably "snuffed out by an article." After but one meeting, Johnson passed on him a worthy eulogy. "Sir," he said to Mr. Thrale, "it is a very singular thing to see a man with all his powers so much alive, when he has so long shut himself up from the world. Such readiness of conception, quickness of recollection, facility of following discourse started by others, in a man who has so long had only the past to feed upon, are rarely to be met with." The most amusing of all the visitors at St. Martin's Street was the famous singer, Pacchierotti, whose broken English set the table in a roar. The Burney sisters undertook to teach him English, with the result that he was able to write this little *cartel* to Sheridan:

"Pacchierotti sends his compliments to Mr. Sheridan, and is very displeased to be obliged to call him a Rascal; but his conduct is in everything so irregular he can give no better title to it. Pacchierotti has Words. Dr. Johnson and he were thinking, when I was at their house, to make a Comedy."

Having written a letter to Fanny Burney [illegible] declined Sheridan's request. "Oh, no! She cannot do it. She forbids me publishing me. She knows [illegible] She will have [illegible] and indeed she is very right. I could not do [illegible] to her own friends. Sheridan depended [illegible] Pacchierotti [illegible] Nothing would [illegible] Burney [illegible] Johnson [illegible] Burney [illegible] He was [illegible]

promised successor of "Sir Richard Calmady." I say expectant, for Lucas Malet is a shining figure in latter-day romance—or call it realism if you prefer that label—and beyond question her work is literature. Incidentally she has told us what art should achieve, "things of beauty and moment holding in them the promise of enduring result." Does "The Far Horizon" answer this high demand? A second wise word, from the lips of Poppy St. John, who knows her business well, may give the critic pause, for "a play's the same as a ship, if there's any real art in it. It needs time to find itself." Every new creation needs time. And this exceedingly original book is a creation from first to last.

I am going to praise it, but we will skip the advertisable epithets. Lucas Malet does not cater for the bookstall, even because she overflows with epigram, is brilliant to the dazzling-point, and strikes out right and left. Of "Sir Richard" I said that it called for almost as much courage in the reader as it showed in the writer, if it was to be justly judged. Here, too, courage, though of a somewhat different type, will be in request. There is nothing physically disagreeable, or Victor Hugo-like, attaching to the story. But its name prepares us for the unusual, the exotic, and especially the un-English. A tale of London, observe, yet with outlooks towards the infinite. Real as the Fulham Road, but romance in the heart of it. Like Flaubert's miracle of the commonplace, it sketches a "Sentimental Education"; then it soars up to heights and lights transcending our thickest fog or shooting down rays on grimy November. It is made from materials vulgar enough to defy the cynic. And it challenges his admiration as true to the letter. I could fancy it in French when I consider its brevity, workmanship, language, audacity, and distinction. But no French author living could have written it. For one thing, the idea is essentially humorous, a tragi-comedy which dares to smile in the very crisis and sharp touch of emotion, whether stirred by heaven or earth. Now what is that idea?

Maupassant gives somewhere the last reflections of a bank clerk, who, meditating in the Champs Elysées on his years of monotonous drudgery, goes home and commits suicide. It is a powerful conception. Lucas Malet fixes on the like person just as his bank dismisses him to old age and loneliness—why should his end not be the same? Dominic Iglesias, however, replies to Maupassant in the only effective way. He finds love, duty, religion, and a beautiful death quite simply, without heroic adventures, in the London we know. He is altogether, perhaps, the most impressive Spanish gentleman our literature holds—though a superannuated clerk. Lucas Malet believes, I should say, that character creates destiny and the personage makes the situation. Also that contrast is the secret of power. Accordingly, her pensive Spaniard, whose life has been a long renunciation, meets the actress Poppy St. John, and they take up their parts.

We can imagine (but had better not) how Maupassant would have executed his puppets with a cruel gaiety, trampling human nature into the mud. Far otherwise here. Poppy St. John is all a woman of the boards should, and should not, be—amusing, wilful, passionate, changeable—a genius, an infant, a *gamine*, abounding in "patter" and good sense, with painted cheeks, wistful eyes, and a heart of gold. Those who know the stage will pronounce her life-like. She has a husband—in the middle distance—who writes unsuccessful plays; again we must borrow from the French, for de Courcy Smyth is *un raté*, one that talks but cannot do, and goes out evilly. She has also an Alaric Barking, son of the bank where Dominic toiled; he is the average young man about town, sensuous, not ill-natured, whom Poppy quits at the right hour, letting him go back to virtue and Chester Square. Thus briefly summed, the tale is far from pretty. But, anyhow, in her own language, Poppy has "cleaned the slate." She keeps it clean. She becomes great in her profession; but what is more to the purpose, her delightful and generous character, rescued from base elements by Dominic's friendship, comes into the light, and will carry her safe to the end, as we hope.

Poppy is real, though on the stage. A group for which we must ever be thankful to Lucas Malet—the Lovegroves of Trimmer's Green and their acquaintance—yield us, by way of opposition, matter for irony, and it is not wanting. The British family at home, its conventions and illusions, its gossip and its match-making, with Dominic Iglesias to fix our standard of romance and Poppy our standard of passion, invited the Comic Muse, but will probably declare this drawing a caricature. What would Miss Austen have said? I think the immortal Jane could not but have doated on Serena. Serena is perfect in her genteel imbecility, her imaginary love-affair with Iglesias, her musings and spitefulness; she deserves a place in "Pride and Prejudice." But Trimmer's Green altogether has something of the "Keepsake" about it, and is a satirical Watteau.

I come back to Iglesias, greatly original, and, so far as I can tell, unique. To have made his acquaintance is to know him once for all. I grant my own bias, if need be. Those who in youth have had Spanish friends will feel as I do, and recognise Lucas Malet's intimate touch, firm as Velasquez, laying on a deep, true colour, which is splendid and likely to last. If only the islander at home could seize our point of view! For this it is which baffles certain of us, when we write English, and happen to be a little cosmopolitan—we find ourselves judged by Trimmer's Green. Dominic, a Spaniard on the father's side, Irish through his beautiful, suffering mother, bred in the hot air of revolutionary plans, alien to the English Church and State—how shall we make his rare qualities felt in the London fog? Here again the tragi-comedy strikes home. Yet his London, the huge monster, is not a despicable thing. Perhaps no feature of this admirably woven tissue will be more apparent to artist-eyes than its London in all weathers—visual as Flaubert could render the lines, in a sense photographic, but with mystery toning the crudeness.

Given, then, a superannuated bank clerk, an actress *en retraite*, not precisely innocent, and her drunken husband, who composes worthless plays, out of such matter to create "things of beauty and moment, holding in them the promise of enduring result"! Has it been done? I think so. Moreover, if Poppy St. John is not Browning's childlike Pompilia, yet Dominic both resembles and surpasses Caponsacchi. Marriage between them was not the solution, nor could it be. There is a divine friendship possible to men and women. This poor actress, who weeps over Dominic's coffin, the paint still on her cheeks, might say, even as Pompilia when the end has come—

> "Through such souls alone,
> God stooping shows sufficient of His light
> For us in the dark to rise by. And I rise."

WILLIAM BARRY.

## A HOUSE REPEOPLED.*

The reviewer who, in technical language, is called upon for a "headed" review is often enough in sore straits to find a title. Authors and publishers are familiar enough with the same difficulty, for it is only one book in a thousand that immediately suggests and insistently demands an obvious title. Miss Constance Hill's new work is one of the rare exceptions, and we claim no credit for discovering a title which probably only the author's modesty prevented her from using. "A House Repeopled" is not only the title which will leap to the lips of every grateful reader of this delightful book, but it is also, we prophesy, the unanimous finding of the jury of critics. In "Juniper Hall" Miss Hill revealed to us a new literary *genre*. It was not biography, it certainly was not "book-making." We had to find a new name for a new thing, and fall back on some such clumsy device as calling it biographical reconstruction—a ponderous label to affix to a marvel of literary daintiness. In these days a literary discoverer is not usually long without industrious imitators. The moment a claim is pegged out, there appear a hundred gentlemen who write with ease, all pushful and eager to "jump" it. To the best of our knowledge, Miss Hill's claim has been left quite undisturbed. "Juniper Hall" has had no worthy rival, and its author has only now been excelled by herself.

As they turn the pages of this work, readers who are well acquainted with Madam D'Arblay's Diary will at once greet many familiar extracts. They may be pardoned if they lie in their haste and judge of the book as *crambe repetita*. The effect of the book is cumulative, and as we read on and

* "The House in St. Martin's Street." Being Chronicles of the Burney Family. By Constance Hill. With Illustrations by Ellen G. Hill. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

on, we become increasingly aware of the skill with which Miss Hill has blended old and new wine and made of them an exhilarating vintage. Miss Hill proves herself a careful student of all the published Burney literature. She has had access also to a considerable quantity of Burney MSS. The union of knowledge and opportunity has produced a volume that will delight every lover of eighteenth-century literature.

Though it is a book difficult to classify, its scope may easily be defined. It chronicles the history of the Burney family during their nine years' residence in St. Martin's Street, from 1774 to 1783. This may seem a narrow subject for a book, but Miss Hill has so handled it that we applaud her selection as a stroke of genius. The period fortunately covers the most interesting years of Fanny Burney's life; it draws upon the most fascinating pages of her Diary. It was during this time that Fanny took the English reading world by storm with "Evelina" and "Cecilia." The Burney family was then at the height of its prosperity. The old house in St. Martin's Street, once occupied by Newton, was then the shrine of every European musician and singer, all eager to meet the famous author of the "History of Music." By means of judicious extracts from the diaries of Fanny Burney and her sisters, and by innumerable side-lights derived from a scholarly knowledge of relevant contemporary literature, Miss Hill has repeopled the old house, and has given us the best and truest picture we know of a very charming eighteenth-century household. How charming it was may best be told in Johnson's words: "I love all that breed whom I can be said to know; and one or two whom I hardly know, I love upon credit, and love them because they love each other." "'Tis a sweet family," said Mrs. Thrale, and the great singer, Pacchierotti, adds his naïvely-worded tribute, "Sense and wit inhabit here; sensibility has taken up her abode in this house."

It was a very merry and lively house whose history Miss Hill so pleasantly chronicles. Its visitors included all the great names of the day. Garrick would call before the young ladies were "up," and the afternoons were constantly

**The House in St. Martin's Street.**
(Reproduced from "The House in St. Martin's Street," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

**Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and James Boswell at a meeting of the "Turk's Head Club."**
*After Nollekens.*
(Reproduced from "The House in St. Martin's Street," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

intruded on by great singers and ardent suitors. The two people who attract us most in Miss Hill's narrative are not, however, of the great literary luminaries of these great Georgian days. It is good to hear once more of "Daddy" Crisp, surely one of the most charming letter-writers of his own or of any age. His letters to Fanny Burney are models of sound sense and playful humour and chivalrous friendship. No young writer ever had a better adviser than the "hermit of Chesington," whose own literary career was so unaccountably "snuffed out by an article." After but one meeting, Johnson passed on him a worthy eulogy. "Sir," he said to Mr. Thrale, "it is a very singular thing to see a man with all his powers so much alive, when he has so long shut himself up from the world. Such readiness of conception, quickness of recollection, facility of following discourse started by others, in a man who has so long had only the past to feed upon, are rarely to be met with." The most amusing of all the visitors at St. Martin's Street was the famous singer, Pacchierotti, whose broken English set the table in a roar. The Burney sisters undertook to teach him English, with the result that he was able to write this little *cartel* to Sheridan:—

"Pacchierotti sends his compliments to Mr. Sheridan, and is very displeased to be obliged to call him a Rascal—but his conduct is in everything so irregular he can give no better title to so great a Breaker of his Word. D—n him and his way of thinking, which I wish it may bring him to the Gallows."

Having written a letter to Fanny, Pacc. (as they called him) declined Susan's revision. "Oh, no!—She—*come si dici?*—She forbade me—prohibited me—hindered me—to show it to anybody. She will have it all my own nonsense and indeed she is so *agréable*, I could not decline to prove to her my *bestiality*." Susan objected to the last word, but Pacc. insisted. "Oh, *bestiality*, it is a charming word." Another time, having written to Fanny and fearful of the errors he had made, he said, "I am indeed a truly beast; my memory is withered, faded." Poor Pacc.! He loved Fanny Burney in vain. He was a true gentleman as well as a great

artist. After a long and brilliant career, he died with the hope on his lips that he might be "admitted to one of the humblest choirs in heaven." The glimpses we have of him are all loveable and contrast favourably with the occasional appearances of his fellow-countryman, Piozzi. "Piozzi could never understand the English ladies' custom of being denied to visitors when calls were paid at inconvenient hours, and used to complain to Susan when he suffered that '*cativa sorte del not à tom.*'"

A very interesting chapter of this book is devoted to "The Witlings," Fanny Burney's unpublished comedy. "Daddy" Crisp and Dr. Burney condemned it, and many hard things have been said of it since. Miss Hill arrives at a kindlier verdict, and the scenes she quotes leave us entirely of her opinion. A curious fact, which she does not note, is that the play was finished in the same year as Sheridan's *The Critic*. The resemblance is very striking, "Dabler" and "Codger" being very near kinsmen to "Sir Fretful" and "Sneer." The resemblance is almost greater than a common obligation to "The Rehearsal" can account for. But anyhow, it was assuredly a very promising first attempt at comedy, and for once we doubt the wisdom of "Daddy" Crisp's judgment. Fanny Burney, we take it, with a little practice and a little wholesome advice and encouragement might have adorned the English comedy of manners. A "damned" tragedy made "Daddy" Crisp a hermit. We have grave doubts that the same misfortune blinded him to the promise of "Fannikin's" play.

To lay down this book is like being forced to quit a delightful and congenial company. We leave it with the same regret with which Miss Hill left the house which she has so vividly repeopled.

"There are its three lofty windows overlooking St. Martin's Street, and there is its carved chimney-piece, around which the Burneys and their friends so often sat and talked, and where the words of Garrick, and of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of the great Dr. Johnson were heard. And then, opening out of the drawing-room, is the library, or music-room, with the two harpsichords, upon which Hetty and her husband played their brilliant duets; and where the soul-stirring tones of Pacchierotti's voice were so often heard.

"As we turn away we catch a glimpse of Dr. Burney's study.

"And now we are descending the wide oaken staircase, and it seems as if the strains of music were following us. We pause for a moment on the threshold, and then, as we pass into the outer world, the door of the house in St. Martin's Street closes behind us."

J. H. LOBBAN.

## A ROMANCE OF BUSINESS.*

That the life of a draper should be faithfully told, and, in the telling, should prove something of a romance, is surely an achievement. Mr. H. G. Wells has done it, and done it finely in "Kipps" and in "The Wheels of Chance." But Mr. Wells draws cheques upon the Bank of a Great Imagination—and the ledgers of that bank are not open to public inspection—so that it is not always possible to compare the amount of the cheque with the balance. Mr. Hodder Williams, on the contrary, draws cheques upon the Bank of Solid Facts, and an overdraft is easy of detection. When, in going back to the boyhood of his subject, he has, to an extent, to depend upon imagination, he shows himself an accomplished literary craftsman. Chapter I., in which he pictures young George Williams as a lad of fourteen, driving with his father from Dulverton to Bridgwater to make his start in the world, is a beautiful piece of work, upon which the writer may deservedly be congratulated. Thereafter Mr. Hodder Williams settles down faithfully to follow the footsteps of the young apprentice from the little drapery shop in Bridgwater to an illustrious resting-place in the Cathedral of the nation, where Sir George Williams, the honoured of his Sovereign, the beloved of thousands, and the founder of a great institution, was laid on the 14th of November, 1905, amid unique manifestations of public mourning and public respect.

It is not necessary here to recapitulate the story of the life which Mr. Hodder Williams has so vividly told, for the outlines of that life are known to all. The fact that some of us have become a little impatient of laudatory lives of eminent public men, written by near relatives who seek piously and perhaps pardonably to extol, if not to exaggerate the virtues of the departed, makes Mr. Hodder Williams's task the harder, and it is paying him only a deserved compliment to say that this biography is penned with conspicuous fairness and with no trace of partisanship or bias.

Apart from its singular interest as the life of one of the most representative men of his day, Mr. Hodder Williams's book is an event of importance to all students of the religious progress of the last half-century. For it is practically an authoritative history of the Young Men's Christian Association, from the time when that great movement was no more than a dream, a hope, a prayer, in the heart of its founder, down to the present day, when the names on the roll fall not far short of three-quarters of a million, and when its associate branches, all over the world, number 7,773.

Of the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Hodder Williams is no mere eulogist. Intensely sympathetic, even enthusiastic, as he is, he does not hesitate to speak plainly in regard to past narrowness and past mistakes, which, but for Sir George Williams's wisdom and tact, might seriously have limited its influence. A young man himself, Mr. Hodder Williams's sound common-sense, and—what is less common than sense—his sense of humour make him recognise that the day of tea and texts and seed-cake is gone, and that the old Mutual Improvement Societies (how it carries one back to the last century to read of associations so named, and of the once popular Penny Readings!) are out of date. The reproach which has been brought against the Y.M.C.A. in the past—that it got hold of the steady young men who were not likely to go wrong, while those who were most in need of help against the temptations of a great city were left out in the cold—no longer exists. It is a reproach which, if Mr. Hodder Williams's wise concluding words be taken to heart, will never again be heard. He has told this story of a noble Christian life with sympathy, understanding, judgment, and marked literary ability, and in so doing has rendered service to the cause of Christianity, and has written a book which every young man, whether a member of the Association or not, would do well to read.

Let me close this notice of a helpful, stimulating, and profoundly interesting volume by quoting the touching passage in which, for the last time, we see Sir George Williams among his familiar City surroundings. On the day before he left for Torquay, where he was so soon to die, he walked slowly through the warehouse, his eyes lighting up as he recognised the faces of men and women with whom he had been long associated in daily work. "We must be faithful to the end," he said, taking the hand of an old business friend.

"It was his last message to the City he had loved so long and worked for so faithfully," writes Mr. Hodder Willaims. "The slight, bent figure walked down Paternoster Row. Men turned as they saw the fine, strong, white face, its deep thoughtful lines more marked than ever, the eyes sunk under the heavy white brows. And thus he passed out of sight of the business he had built and the scene of his labours for God and for man—and turned Amen Corner."

"And turned Amen Corner"! Is it not a beautiful touch, for this the last picture which his biographer gives us of Sir George Williams in the flesh? It is only a seemingly casual mention of a City corner that is hemmed in between shop and warehouse and mart, and around which busy City men constantly and restlessly dart. Yet as we read of the bent and feeble form of the little, white-haired, and aged Christian turning Amen Corner, it seems to us as if, in turning Amen Corner, he walked straight into the presence of the Saviour whom he had so faithfully followed and loved—as if to the beautiful life which was one long prayer God Himself had breathed a silent and final "Amen."

COULSON KERNAHAN.

* "The Life of Sir George Williams." By J. E. Hodder Williams. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

## THE "OCTAVO" FOLIO.*

The title of this edition does not quite correctly describe it. The first Folio does not present the complete works of Shakespeare. Here the first Folio text is used as far as it is

* "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare." Reprinted from the First Folio. Edited by Charlotte Porter and H. A. Clarke. With an Introduction by John Churton Collins, M.A., D.Litt. 13 vols. 8vo. 42s. and 84s. (George G. Harrap and Co.)

available; passages found only in the Quartos are added in brackets. "Pericles" is given in the first Quarto text, and the Poems are printed in each instance from the earliest printed text. In foot-notes a selection of various readings may be found; the meanings of some obsolete words are set down in the margin. A glossary to each play is appended at the end of the volume in which the play appears. A short introduction to each play deals with the argument, the sources, the duration of the action, the date of composition, and the early editions. The second volume opens with a brief biography of Shakespeare; the first contains a general Introduction by Professor Churton Collins. Each volume has a frontispiece. The whole work is well planned and well executed. The editors are American, and are, I believe, engaged in producing an edition similar to this, but with a large body of notes and illustrative comment appended to each play. I much regret the absence from the present edition of such notes, for a reprint of the first Folio becomes doubly useful through scholarly annotation. It should, however, be mentioned that the American edition will cost the purchaser, if I am not mistaken, double the price of this English form of the work. The type is excellent, and I trust that the accuracy of the reprint may be relied on. It is, perhaps, too much to expect infallibility throughout a reprint in thirteen volumes. The size of the volumes is convenient for working purposes. The reader can take his first Folio where he can "lean and loafe at his ease, observing" both his Shakespeare and "a spear of summer grass." Had the edition been published in Ireland we should have named it appropriately the Octavo Folio.

Such, I think, is an accurate description of what this edition offers. I am not one of those who hold that he who does not read Shakespeare in the text of the first Folio shall without doubt perish everlastingly. I am, indeed, heretic enough to believe that a good modern text, such as that of the Globe or the Oxford Shakespeare, approximates, in everything except the spelling and the punctuation, far more closely to what Shakespeare wrote than does the first Folio. And I should not venture to suggest that this edition, even with its supplementary lines and passages added from the Quartos and its selection of various readings, can possibly furnish the general reader with all that is necessary for the intelligent study of the plays and poems. But such a handy reprint, with the added textual information supplied by the editors, should serve to increase the number of students who care to try the edge of their wit on the original texts, and it is a highly convenient aid to such study. Only let the reader not suppose that he can dispense with the Quartos or with the work of editors and annotators. Above all, let him not suppose that he can dispense with the most valuable of all editions from a textual point of view—the Cambridge Shakespeare.

Out of the same mouth—that of Professor Churton Collins—proceedeth blessing and cursing. And when St. James declared that "these things ought not so to be," he cannot have been thinking of our mingled feelings called forth by the text of the first Folio. We must needs bless Shakespeare's friends and fellows, Heminge and Condell, and bless even the printers of a volume to which we owe the preservation of much of the poet's noblest work. We must needs—but a quotation from the general Introduction to this edition will make it needless for me to unpack my heart with words and fall a-cursing like a very Professor:—

> "At its worst, the first Folio exhibits all the defects peculiar to the first uncorrected proofs of an impression set up from a manuscript exceedingly difficult to decipher by an unusually careless and incompetent compositor—words, the restoration of which is obvious, left unsupplied; unfamiliar words transliterated into gibberish; whole lines dropped out; lines transposed; verse printed as prose, and prose as verse; punctuation as it pleases chance; speeches belonging to one character given to another; stage directions incorporated in the text; actors' names suddenly substituted for those of the dramatis personæ; scenes and acts left unindicated or indicated wrongly. All this and more, contribute to make it too often one of the most exasperating examples of typography and editing in existence."

This seems to me to be not too strongly expressed; but Professor Collins goes on to say that, "oddly enough, side by side with this, we find indication of scrupulously careful printing," and especially in many of the "great passages," such as Portia's appeal to mercy, Antony's harangue in "Julius Cæsar," and the famous soliloquy of Hamlet. As we must use modern editors in numberless instances to save us from the errors of the Folio, so we must often use the Folio to save us from the ignorance or indiscretion of modern editors. Dr. Collins gives some happy examples of the justification of the Folio text in passages that had for long troubled the commentators, and occasioned needless conjectural readings. To the well-known quotations illustrating Hamlet's "tickled o' the sere" I may add the following from Nicholas Breton's "Pasquil's Foole's-Cap"—"Whose tongue grew all too glibbe upon the seare." In this instance, as Professor Collins says, the Folio text awaited an interpreter for some two centuries.

A protest against the editorial tampering with the original texts is fully justified, but some of the sins charged by Professor Collins upon modern editors are not palpable to me. "In 'Hamlet,' I. i. 115," he writes,

> "Shark'd up a List of Landlesse Resolutes

appears [in the Globe edition] as 'lawless,' thus turning distinction into vapid commonplace, and spoiling the rhythm." The vapid commonplace and the spoilt rhythm (which my ear is too dull to detect) are those of no modern editor, but of the second Quarto of "Hamlet," and here the second Quarto is supported by the first. "So," goes on the critic of the Globe text, "'Dread my Lord' (I. ii. 56), the ordinary Elizabethan phrase, appears as 'My dread Lord.'" But, again, the Globe gives the reading of the second Quarto, and a glance at a Concordance will show that this, of the two, is the more frequent form of expression with Shakespeare. "What mighty contests rise from trivial things," says Pope in his "Rape of the Lock." A letter *d* added in the Globe text to a passage of "The Tempest" excites the critic to boundless scorn, and scorn is a valuable asset which it might be wise to economise.

> "A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
> To an unsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
> (Now uselesse) boile within thy skull."

The Globe "boil'd" seems to the Professor an almost incredible crime, and yet one which the annals of humanity do in fact include. "It will scarcely be believed that the Globe editors have substituted for this the inexpressibly ludicrous correction of Pope." The correction is that of Pope's predecessor Rowe, and is accepted by that reverent handler of the Folio, Dr. Furness, whose amiable smile is excited by the reading approved by Dr. Collins. It will scarcely be believed (for I must try to lash myself into a towering rage) that neither Dr. Collins nor Dr. Furness has thought it necessary to cite the words of the Shepherd in "The Winter's Tale"—"Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?"

The Folio text should make any reader not scorn but value aright the services of every editor and almost every commentator on Shakespeare. Perhaps even from Andrew Becket, whose "edition" of Shakespeare, referred to by Professor Collins, I had never heard of (and suppose to be non-existent), from Becket, a critic whose brains were critically boiled, something may be gleaned. Certainly from W. Sidney Walker's "A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare," described by Professor Collins briefly as an "atrocity," not a little but very much may be gathered. That admirable student of Elizabethan literature was not an editor; he made ingenious and learned notes which were published after his death; and, while the text of Shakespeare should be treated with a careful conservatism, notes, it seems to me, may often be hazardous with advantage. The excitement which tempts a critic to draw his bow at a venture may sometimes send an arrow through the joints of the harness of a textual problem. His work is subject to the test of time, and all he can look for is that a little good grain may be sifted from the chaff. As to Sidney Walker, the words of Mr. Sidney Lee do not err by excess of praise. "Walker's two Shakespearean works," he writes, "mainly deal with minute points of Shakespearean prosody and syntax, but they embody the results of very vast and close reading of Elizabethan literature. The wealth of illustrative quotation has rendered them an invaluable quarry for succeeding Shakespearean commentators." And if I am grateful to Sidney Walker, let it not be supposed that, in spite of my little wrangles, I am not grateful to Professor Collins for his learned and interesting Introduction to this edition. All true Shakespearean students are bound to one another by the brotherhood of the blood. EDWARD DOWDEN.

**"Isn't it awful," she cried, "the mayonnaise won't may."**

(Reproduced from "The Story-Book Girls.")

## "THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE STORIES.*

Three books which may be allowed a few words of special notice at this season are those which gained the three prizes specially offered by THE BOOKMAN for Christmas gift-books. Widely different in style and subject is each story from the other two, for while "The Best Story for Boys" is historical and dashing, quickening the pulses and stirring the blood, "The Best Story for Girls" is a bright story of home-life of the present day, appealing to the sense of humour and touching the heart; and "The Best Book for Little Children" takes us right away from home or history either, into the realms of Fairyland. Assuredly nothing could be more fortunate than the variety which happened to be in the aims of the victorious trio.

Mr. W. J. Marx, in "For the Admiral," has written a splendid story, a story to which one may give genuine and generous praise, about the time of the war in France, in 1586, when, after a peace which was no peace, the King withdrew the privileges he had granted to the Huguenots, and they in their turn were fighting the treacherous Guise and the influence of the Queen-mother, for the sake of their religious rights. The story, which has much of that stateliness coupled with vigour which distinguished the earlier books of Stanley Weyman, begins with the sheltering of a wounded messenger in the castle of Sieur Le Blanc. This messenger, ill as he is, is insistent that he must continue his journey, until at length Sieur Le Blanc succeeds in convincing him of the uselessness of the attempt, promising that his own young son and a trusty servant-man shall together convey the important letter to Admiral Coligny. Exhausted and faint, the messenger at last yields; and with the early start on the morrow of young Edmond Le Blanc and Jacques begins a series of breathless situations and thrilling adventures.

All these are told in such a natural, realistic manner that the centuries are bridged, the period becomes as enthralling to us as if it were our own; and the old struggles of Henry of Navarre become again as exciting and important as though our own rights were at stake. Mr. Marx carries us straight into the midst of live, speaking, acting, anxious people. The hero, Edmond Le Blanc, tells the story himself, but a second hero is Roger Braund, a Devon youth, and a third is Felix Bellièvre, a merry French boy. Incident follows incident without any sign of forced excitement, but with all the effect of being told by one who was taking part. The fording of a river, with the enemy following; the storming of a height; the tracking of a single spy or the charging of an army—always the same thorough *aliveness* is felt; and the pulses of any normal boy will quicken as he reads. We will not tell the actual story of the personal affairs of Mr. Marx's little group of men and women in the midst of the great events, but seldom may history be said to have shed her two first letters with better effect, and become instead of the history, the story of the Huguenots.

In Miss Christina Gowans Whyte's book, "The Story-Book Girls," we find a tale of home-life, which is better than anything of the kind we have read for many years. Here again reality and naturalness are among the chief qualities, and incidents of many kinds brighten every chapter. But instead of high historical events, we begin with the doings of a pleasant family of four sisters and one big brother, the Leightons, the brother at college and the eldest girl "coming-out." The cheerful home-life has its

**With a roar of cheering and a hurricane rush, the foe dashed forward.**

(Reproduced from "For the Admiral.")

* "For the Admiral." By W. J. Marx. Illustrated. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"The Story-Book Girls." By Christina Gowans Whyte. Illustrated. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"The Adventures of Merrywink." By Christina Gowans Whyte. With Illustrations by M. V. Wheelhouse. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

joys and excitements, its trials and its problems; and it has—to the four girls at least—one big interest, the emulation of another family of girls, richer, more fashionable, whom, in the privacy of their own discussions, the young Leightons call "the story-book girls."

Before the tale has advanced very far, accident makes the two families known to one another; and the homely refinement of the one and the more luxurious refinement of the other, bring about many amusing and touching situations. The two groups of young people and their several friends are skilfully delineated. Indeed, it is by her great care in characterisation that Miss Whyte has lifted her book from the "ordinary" to the "specially good." She has given to it all the attention and thought which goes to the making of a good novel. She has not underestimated her task: she has grasped the fact that a good story for girls is among the things which are the most difficult to do well; and recognising this, she has succeeded in bringing to it that rare charm, which a generation or so ago came as an astonishing delight to girls, in a handful of books from America. Few English writers have ever succeeded in rivalling the "Katy" of Miss Coolidge, the "Marches" of Miss Alcott, or the "Gypsy" of Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Miss Whyte has done this, and in so doing has achieved a triumph.

Triumph of another kind, too, Miss Whyte has achieved, for in addition to her book for girls she has written the letter-press of the prize "Book for Little Children"—"The Adventures of Merrywink." Her tale of the fairy baby, born with a beautiful clear star shining on his forehead (a sign that he was the long-foretold baby who should grow to be the second King in Fairy-land), is a tale full of glamour and fun, original fairy-doings, adventures, and incidents which followed on the fact that his parents, in their dread lest the present King of Fairy-land should learn of the birth of his rival and seek to kill him, hastened as fast as a butterfly could carry them, to a safe hiding in the Silver Mountains. In his mountain home the baby grew to be a youth of a hundred years old (a mere trifle in fairy age), and went with other suitors, a fairy diamond in his hand, to seek in marriage the Princess Floto, daughter of the reigning King. How the little lady's insolence to his rivals angered him; how he refused her hand when she would have chosen him; how, in bowing his farewell, he inadvertently revealed to the assembled Court the shining star on his forehead; and how, in the perils which followed, the repentant Princess Floto sought him, and shared his distresses—all these things Miss Whyte tells in most charming fashion.

But undoubtedly the chief attraction of this handsome volume lies in the same story as followed in pictures by Miss M. V. Wheelhouse. Of Miss Wheelhouse's work it is difficult to speak too highly. The firmness and force of her larger designs and the exquisite delicacy of her fine work are worthy of whole-hearted admiration. The minutest chain of diamonds, the cobweb delicacy of the border of a robe, the pattern of a brocade, the scales of a suit of silver armour, the edging of a fairy's wing, each is done with a sureness and lightness of touch almost fairy-like in itself. Generous, too, she has been with her fairy scenes; full-page coloured pictures, full-page black and white pictures, and countless pictures in the text, will delight hundreds of children, both those who read for themselves the story of "Merrywink," and those who, as yet unable to read, can follow his adventures with their eyes while they listen to them with their ears.

Bright scarlet, delicate blue, and gaily-decorated white covers—each handsome volume will be a treasure to its own particular public. And THE BOOKMAN heartily wishes future success to the winners of its three prizes.

**With her own hands she had baked a butterfly pancake.**

(Reproduced from "The Adventures of Merrywink.")

## ENGRAVERS AND THEIR WORK.*

In these days of photo-process work there is a danger that the artistic qualities of the older methods of engraving may to some extent be lost sight of. There have been a number of works dealing with the technicalities of engraving, but the subject has rarely been treated from the historical and artistic side. We therefore welcome the publication of two books which cover this ground. Mr. Salaman's work, "The Old Engravers of England," is limited to copperplate engraving in its three methods of line, mezzotint and stipple. On the other hand, Mr. Hayden's volume, "Chats on Old Prints," traverses the whole field of engraving on copper, wood, steel and stone. The former book, as the author claims, is in the main a social history of engraved portraiture, but the art itself is not lost sight of, and many facts are brought together which could otherwise have only been traced by the student with the aid of many reference books.

Copperplate line engraving in the first few years after its introduction into England in the 16th century was principally used for reproducing maps. Benjamin Wright (better known, perhaps, in Italy than in England), William Hole and Ralph Agas, whose name, by-the-by, Mr. Salaman spells with two "g's," may be cited as the more important workers in this direction. The latter name is associated with the great Elizabethan map of London, which Mr. Salaman does not mention, and which forms a valuable record of the city before the great fire. It was published in facsimile by Mr. W. H. Overall in 1874.

The history of copperplate engraving in England, it is true, is practically the history of portraiture, and includes a long line of portraits of celebrities, commencing with that of Queen Elizabeth, by William Rogers. In the latter half of the 17th century line-engraving was superseded by the more artistic mezzotint, with its greater depth of colour, a process which consists in covering the copper plate with a uniform burr which, by the aid of burnishers and gravers, is removed where necessary to produce lights. The invention of this process was ascribed on insufficient evidence to Prince Rupert, who is supposed to have discovered it by observing the action of rust on a gun barrel. Mr. Salaman gives a full account of the true story of the birth of the art, and gives the credit where it is due, to Colonel Ludwig von Siegen. Prince Rupert introduced the process into England, and

* "The Old Engravers of England in their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art, 1540-1800." By Malcolm C. Salaman. 5s. net. (Cassells.)

"Chats on Old Prints." By Arthur Hayden. 5s. net. (T Fisher Unwin.)

several mezzotints from his hand are still extant. The new style almost superseded the old for portrait work, and mezzotints are perhaps the most valuable of all engravings. The third process, stipple-engraving, well known to us by the work of Bartolozzi and others of his school, was not, like mezzotint, a fresh discovery, but was simply a new development—the breaking up of the line into dots—and this dotted line had been used in the early stages of engraving. The descriptions of these three great divisions of copperplate engraving in their relation to England are very complete in Mr. Salaman's book, not only as regards the process, but also as regards the engravers and the prints they produced. It is difficult at any time to write a book on portraiture without dropping into anecdotage, but the author seems to have hit the happy medium, and the work can be read profitably either by those interested from the technical point of view or by the general reader.

Mr. Hayden's book, as we have said, covers a wider field, and is intended to serve as a complete guide for the collector. It ranges with Mr. Hayden's previous works on Old China and Old Furniture. The author describes the various processes with a view to their identification, and gives enlargements of portions of prints reproduced by the half-tone process. The idea of this is excellent, but we are a little doubtful as to whether the result is quite as effective as it might be. Beginning with a description of the art of etching, with notes on the famous etchings of Hollar, Rembrandt, and the later masters, Mr. Hayden takes his readers through the history of wood-engraving—which he resolves into a three-fold disquisition on Dürer, Bewick, and the illustrators of the sixties—line engraving, stipple- and steel-engraving. He then devotes a chapter to the line-engravers of the 19th century, and gives a useful list of those who reproduced Turner's work. Chapters on mezzotint, aquatint and colour prints, and lithography conclude the main body of the work. The author has added a table of engravers showing the contemporaries in other countries of the great English masters.

*From a Line Engraving by William Hogarth.* **Southwark Fair.**

(Reproduced from "Chats on Old Prints," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Hayden's chapter on aquatints and colour-prints is rather superficial when compared with the more elaborate sections of his work. He denounces, rightly enough, the absurd inflation in price of the colour-print, but, like many other writers on the history of colour-printing, he appears not to understand the full possibilities of the art. To mention only one point: he ignores the fact that aquatints are well known in as many as eight or ten colours. We do not minimise the possibilities of the three-colour process, but we think Mr. Hayden makes a mistake in relegating to the past, as he does, the extremely beautiful and delicate wood-block colour work used in Kate Greenaway's books, amongst others, which were printed by that master of the process, the late Edmund Evans, whom the author does not even refer to by name.

The statement that "the advent of the three-colour photographic process has put an end to book illustration by any other means" *may* become true in the future, but at present three-colour work is not sufficiently reliable to be used in the most artistic productions.

It would have been well if, in mentioning the work of George Baxter, a warning had been given by the author to the collector, that reprints exist of many of Baxter's oil colour prints by his licensees which are not equal to his own and are not so valuable.

We should like to point out in Mr. Hayden's bibliography that Mr. Martin Hardie's recent "English Coloured Books" is called "English Illustrated Books," and placed in the general section; and in the section on etching we note that Mr. William Strang's name is misspelt Strong. In the section on mezzotint we do not find mention of Mr. Cyril Davenport's monograph, published in the Connoisseur Series.

The illustrations in both volumes are very numerous and well selected; but it is impossible to reproduce all methods of engraving satisfactorily by the half-tone process. As aids to identification by the collector, however, they are of no little value.

ROBERT ALEXANDER.

## MAITRESSES-EN-TITRE.

Ten years ago, or less, the world was sensibly shocked by the appearance of a book on "Twelve Bad Women." The world was not thought to contain a dozen really bad little women in those chivalrous ante-suffragette days. But we are now surfeited with naughty women, or as we must call them, euphemistically, "ladies of tarnished reputation." Ever since Mr. Fyvie gave celebrity to his "Famous Women of Wit and Beauty" (O, gorgeous galaxy of Georgianas!) the libraries have with one accord manifested this beautiful spirit of compassion for the fallen Eve. Chesterfield and spade-work are quite out of fashion. A shady reputation is *de rigueur*. The *armoires* of Henri IV. have been ransacked. Not satisfied with a rival Milton in Klopstock, the Germans have set up a rival Pompadour, and there are credible rumours of a German Lucrezia Borgia and even a German Messalina. A western suburb of this metropolis already takes credit for a Messalina Avenue. That "interesting female," as Dr. Lingard calls the venerable Joan of Arc, is "a back number." Jane Shore is now "on the line," and, as a creditable *pièce de sensation* for 1907, we are expecting Lola Montès, Barbara Villiers, Mme. de Montespan and Cora Pearl arranged as a Pas-de-Quatre. Such books ought to be illustrated through the medium of *eaux-fortes*, with double tissues. It is a delicate fancy meanwhile, and much to be commended, which has picked out the title to Mary Craven's "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns" in the key, or perhaps more strictly we should say the type, of sky blue. The pictures (there are 22 of them, portraits, and they have the semblance of autotypes) are positively charming, and the letterpress, perhaps as a makeweight, like the letterpress of the *Studio*, a trifle insipid, nay at times, can it be believed, almost dry. Miss Craven is one of those writers who never seem to have enough space, and occupy much of that by telling you that it is of no use telling you such and such a thing, because you are sure to know it. Like the chronicler who omitted to mention Roland, and how he blew his horn,

* "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns." By Mary Craven. 21s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"Court Beauties of Old Whitehall." Historiettes of the Restoration. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

and what the Paladins did at Roncesvalles, because—*quia vulgata sunt*. The good Gunnings, poor lost Perdita, and Catholic Mme. Carwell are, of course, in evidence; but dear Lady Anne Damer is but a counterfeit beauty in our eyes, though she may well have been better beauty than sculptress. The sun-prints from her statues that we have seen would certainly not need the superscription "*non me Praxiteles fecit*." But has woman of fashion ever done anything else but be fashionable really well? To revert to the graphic presentment of these *grandes petites dames*, how beautiful they look in their bravery of brocade and chiffon and curls. Beauty like theirs is genius! How difficult to select amid such a starry galaxy! The agony of choice engenders an almost unconscious sympathy for poor Bluebeard. But the frontispiece is probably right. Lucky Gainsborough to have painted this peerless beauty and to have caught the evanescent charm of expression so divinely. Lucky Lord Rothschild to possess such a portrait. "By heaven, she is a dainty one!" For the next beauty-book we would suggest as a frontispiece Watteau's *L'embarquement pour la Cythère*. Failing this happy isle, where we should dread to be confronted with the legend, "*Ici on parle français*," we can recommend to the reader who wishes to pursue the train of thought an electric tram-ride to Hampton Court, where, in William the Third's bed-chamber, he may perceive beauties rising tier above tier to the ceiling like cherubim and seraphim. He may then retrace his steps by Old Whitehall to meditate on the beauties of those purlieus, where old Pepys was so overbalanced by the spectacle of the pretty Barbara's frilled smocks drying on the privet hedge of the Privy Garden. It is a profoundly satisfying reflection to the patriot that the most travelled monarch our country has ever known, after the most wide and varied experience abroad, was so agreeably impressed upon his return in 1660 by the beauties of England and Wales that he vowed solemnly that he would never abandon them, and, what's more, he kept his word. In more recent times a notorious wit declared that he would rather have discovered a famous beauty than the American continent. Nowadays our women pride themselves pre-eminently upon their political sagacity and learning. Will they be celebrated in guinea illustrated volumes two hundred years hence? We wonder.

The "Court Beauties of Whitehall" are very inferior as fashion-plates to the "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns." This is presumably as it should be, for Lely is by admission not a patch on Gainsborough—but then, as a makeweight, there is the vivacious and gallant Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge to entertain us in French and English, the language, if not of Cythera, at any rate of the *entente amicale*, par excellence! Well may he say in his jaunty manner, "How the ice cracks under us"! When I have given a specimen, you will all be a-tiptoe to hear more of this naughty, peeping, bilingual, but totally unvenomous gossip.

"La Belle Stuart! The glamour of the Restoration is in that romantic name. At the sound of it our thoughts at once rush back to childhood, when we learnt English history out of story-books and picture-books; and old and half-forgotten tales of the merry monarch, and the gay doings of cavaliers with periwigs and swords, and maids of honour all lace and perfume, crowd upon the memory. La Belle Stuart! To the very children of the Board Schools—if imagination be a faculty looked upon with favour at those practical seats of municipal learning—must come visions of a far-off romantic time. And even now in maturer life, when the naughty gossip of Mr. Pepys and Hamilton's wit have torn off the magic veil that hid the truth from us, the name still fascinates, and our fancy delights to be lured back from the utilitarian virtues and Philistine vices of to-day to the *joie de vivre* of the Restoration. No, we have not the heart to scold La Belle Stuart; for childhood's sake she is still dear to us. But enough of reflection. To the story, and as the giant Moulineau said on a similar occasion, 'Bélier, mon ami, commencez au commencement.'"

And then we learn in rapid succession of the fair prude's exquisite breeding and *air de parure*, her beauty, statuesque, *éblouissante*, her fondness for hunt-the-slipper, etc., etc., and so on and so forth concerning the gay Hortense (fresh as a peach from the pages of Mme. de Motteville), plump Barbara, "La Belle H.," the lovely J., "Wanton Shrewsbury." Naughty, saucy wantons—so charming, so perfectly charming! Like Oliver, we demand more. More Beauties, please, Mr. Editor; we doubt if these will stay our Beauty-hunger until Christmas.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

## A NEW "Q."*

Before many weeks are over, we take it that Mr. Quiller-Couch will be tired of learning from the communications of various press-cutting associations that he has played the sedulous ape to Cervantes, Le Sage, and Sterne. His obligation to the last is too obvious to escape the hastiest reviewer, who will at once recognise joyfully the pedigree of "my father," Sir John Constantine, and "my uncle," Gervase. The knowing reader, who remembers that Mr. Quiller-Couch is a scholar as well as a teller of tales (the two titles daily become less synonymous) and also a brilliant parodist, may be pardoned if he suspects more irony in this delightful book than was intended by its author. Mr. Quiller-Couch, it is easy to see, chafes against the cast-iron restrictions of the present-day novel. His book is like no other novel of the year, if we except the work of Mr. W. J. Locke, who is also impatient of the conventions that would reduce contemporary English fiction into the two categories of quasi-historical romances and studies in so-called psychology, the latter term being an amusing euphemism for pornography. Whether consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Quiller-Couch here sets up the standard of revolt. "Sir John Constantine" is an historical novel, but it reverts to the humour of Sterne and avails itself of the free movement of the picaresque romance of the author of "Gil Blas." We welcome it, therefore, for the double reason that it is in itself a witty and entrancing novel and that it breaks through some deadening conventions and borrows freely from the methods of the old masters.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's later works have all shown symptoms of this revolt. The machine-made plot has driven him naturally enough into the licence of the picaresque romance. His protest is brilliant, and our only regret is that it is not more complete. The story of Sir John Constantine is laid in Cornwall and in Corsica, and we are tempted to describe the two portions respectively as courageous and conventional. Mr. Quiller-Couch has never written anything better than the former. He makes every character live, and a merrier, more quixotic company we have never encountered in fiction. Sir John himself is such a person as lady readers will pardonably call "an old dear," and the astonishing history of the Mayor of Falmouth is a real accession to English humour. The adventures of Sir John in his endeavour to place his son on the throne of Corsica are told in many pages of thrilling interest and of a literary quality now rare to seek. But as compared with the first half of the book, the latter is conventional, though Mr. Quiller-Couch at the very end somewhat sternly unfurls again his standard of revolt by refusing to consider a happy ending.

The ordinary historical novel of to-day need not detain the most conscientious reviewer for more than three or four hours. In that time he ought to be able to pass the most exacting examination on its subject matter. "Sir John Constantine" is of a different quality. It is written with distinction and must be read leisurably. For we do not read it or devour it for its plot, but we linger over it for its scholarly writing and its rich and subtle humour.

The story of "Sir John Constantine" is wine that needs no bush. But the older masters, such as Fielding and Sterne, practised ever a splendid lavishness of wit, and Mr. Quiller-Couch's scholarly archaicism is nowhere seen to better advantage than in his very brilliant preface. His desire is to describe for us in this story the gallant spirit of quixotry and chivalry that "sent our fathers like schoolboys to the crusades." Mark the neat apologue with which the preface ends!

"An acquaintance of mine near the Land's End had a remarkably fine tree of apples—to be precise, of Cox's Orange Pippins—and one night was robbed of the whole of them. But what, think you, had the thief left behind him, at the foot of the tree? Why, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles."

RANGER.

* "Sir John Constantine." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

# Novel Notes.

**GROWTH.** A Novel. By Graham Travers (Margaret Todd, M.D.). 6s. (Constable.)

Dr. Todd does not seem to have travelled far—from a literary point of view—since she wrote that highly successful tale of woman-student life, "Mona Maclean." This latest work from her pen is also of student life, and the scene is Edinburgh, the time "recent." The leading character is one Dugald Dalgleish, a divinity student, and his development is shown forth with much skill and at inordinate length. Church as well as college life occupies a large share of the book, and there is an interesting (as well as painful) account of a discipline case and its consequences. That there could have been such a case at the period of which Dr. Todd writes may surprise English readers—yet the writer is not availing herself of the novelist's licence. The tale is pleasant and quiet, the plot being slight, and should prove very popular with women, who, however, may object to the dulness of much of the conversation. A hospital nurse plays an important part, and so does a doctor of a type seemingly much admired by Dr. Todd—the big, strong, silent doctor, whom we have met before in her pages. It is curious, by the way, that an author who has written so much should pepper her paragraphs with italics, and employ quotations (in many foreign tongues) in quantities that are ludicrously large. Also, one is surprised to find a multiplicity of such phrases as "he responded grimly," "she said nobly," "he answered stoutly," and "he said simply." The adverbs suggest the amateur.

**THE BELOVÈD VAGABOND.** By William J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

"An artist," said Paragot, "is the man who has the power of doing up his soul in whitey-brown paper parcels and selling then at three-halfpence a piece. . . . I myself was once an artist: now I am a philosopher: it is much better." We can but quote; the book is written in a style so exquisitely appropriate that it can best be described in snippets from itself. "Paragot's way was different from anyone else's. Its glorious lunacy lifted it above ordinary human methods. . . . The grandeur of Paragot lay in the fact that he never repented [of his generosities]. He was fantastic, self-indulgent, wastrel, braggart, what you will; but he had an exaggerated notion of the value of every human soul save his own. . . . 'I am Paragot, my son,' he would say, 'a film full of wind and wonder, fantasy and folly, driven about the world. I do not count.'" We meet the Belovèd Vagabond as president of a disreputable eating club in Covent Garden. For the undersized, underfed gutter-snipe, Augustus Smith, he pays half-a-crown to "the worst washerwoman that ever breathed gin into a shirt-front." He renames the boy Asticot—little maggot—and sets out to educate him upon the continent of Europe. The story of their wanderings and fiddlings, of Paragot and of his love for Joanna, *aux petits pieds si adorés*, is told by Asticot in such a glow of admiration and gratitude that the Belovèd Vagabond's bohemianism is idealised, even as his drunkenness is idealised in the Palace of Dipsomania that he draws on the marble-topped table of the Café Delphine. Clever foils to Paragot are provided in the persons of Blanquette de Veau, who has the direct, unimaginative common-sense of a French peasant girl, and in the respectable English friends of Joanna. Above them all the Belovèd Vagabond stands out, with his two great renunciations and his fantastic goodness. We cannot recollect a more charming, nor, for all his idealisation, a truer English picture of the Latin Quarter and its artist tribe. There is wit, humour and tenderness in the book. It contains the bohemian contribution to the philosophy of life. We have greatly enjoyed reading it.

**CHIPPINGE** By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

A contemporary novelist describes the vocabulary of a brainless sporting peer as confined mainly to the simple adjectives of praise and blame, "ripping" and "rotten." If the said peer were to take up this novel he would in all likelihood admit that its title rhymes excellently and aptly with the former epithet. And yet Chippinge was a rotten borough. Mr. Weyman makes it the headquarters of a story which opens with the passing of the Reform Bill in 1831, and lies in the pulsing period of Brougham, Byron, and the Bristol Riots. Arthur Vaughan, the hero, begins by having an interview with Brougham, by meeting his fate in the person of a pretty school-teacher on the coach, and by championing the Whig cause at Chippinge in opposition to his uncle, the local magnate. The two threads of politics and love are thus twisted into the romance, with Mr. Weyman's customary skill. Both serve to bring out not only the life of the time, but the testy, defiant character of Vaughan. He develops, as the various adventures and misadventures untwine themselves, and the struggles of an honourable but impulsive man in the difficult position created by his public and private affairs, are excellently drawn. Mr. Weyman's canvas is ambitious. But he has not allowed it to be crowded with scenery or lay-figures. "Chippinge," apt as it is to the present political situation, and full as it also is of archaic detail, is a full-blooded romance, which could only have been written by one who has mastered the craft of the historical novel.

**THE MAN APART.** By Ralph Straus. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Cedric Readham whilst at college was a member of the "Openhearts," a society antagonistic to the Church, and had, moreover, been guilty of writing a couple of "objectionable" novels entitled "The World's Woman" and "God the Jester." Owing to these facts he is placed in the unenviable position of "The Man Apart," in the novel of that name by Mr. Ralph Straus, whose first serious effort at fiction we believe the book to be. Such youthful misdemeanours of the 'Varsity man, however, are really hardly serious enough to bear the penalty the author attaches to them in his story. Like many another young writer, Mr. Straus takes himself and his own experiences a little too seriously, and does not take his readers quite seriously enough, so intent is he on saying what is interesting to himself rather than to them. Mr. Straus is a clever writer, but as yet he shows few signs of using his gift to the best advantage. "The Man Apart" is admittedly dull; there is hardly an interesting character in it, and not a single episode or situation is thoroughly convincing and at the same time shows novelty of idea. Yet the book must not be wholly condemned, for its author has a power of pen which may lead him to do some good work later on, when he has ceased to regard the small things of life as those that really matter, and when he has discovered how to disclose the heart of humanity beneath the superficial externals of character-drawing.

**THE HEIR** By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The heir of Miss Gregg's new novel is Maurice Teffany, a Cambridge undergraduate who, by sheer force of will, never having written verse before and feeling no inclination to do so, has composed the English Prize Poem and is seen in the first chapter reading it to an enthusiastic audience in the Senate House. His subject is "The Fall of Czarigrad," and there is present an eminent scholar, Professor Panagiotis, who has written a famous history of that fallen empire. The story as told in the verses is crude and bald but curiously realistic, and affects the professor much as if it had been "the unadorned narrative of an eyewitness." He is introduced to Maurice, is puzzled and interested by him, and ends in discovering that he is the man he has long been seeking all over the world; that, in short, he and his sister are the last surviving descendants of "John Theophanis, Roman Emperor, who died gloriously on the walls of Czarigrad," and that he therefore is "at this moment the rightful Emperor of the East." After some hesitancy, Maurice and his sister set out with the Professor to claim the inheritance, and the story is of the picturesque and perilous adventures in which that quest involved them. It is a cleverly written romance, that interests no less by the excitement of its incidents than by the vivid individualities of its people.

**ROSEMARY IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A charm and glamour of the nature which Ouida knew so well how to weave into her novels is never absent from the writings of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, and in "Rosemary in Search of a Father" it forms a distinct and important element. The book describes the most perfectly happy Christmas that could possibly be spent by three people who love one another—not a Christmas in England, musical with

joy-bells and sweet with aromatic Christmas-trees, but in the Riviera, where the weather is "blue and gold" and it is possible to dream of moons of honey and roses and love. Owing to Rosemary such dreams come true, for her quest is wonderfully successful and she finds a lover for Angel and a "fairy-father" for herself who excels in forethought the most painstaking fairy-godmother who ever brought good fortune in her train. Chapter I. of the book, which tells of a white girl on the terrace and a rose girl at the casino, foreshadows difficulties and complications, but the authors know so well by long experience how to blend and combine their light and shade, that in the end the former is always strong enough to dispel the latter. Rosemary is a story of the very brightest order, and has only to be read to be found thoroughly enjoyable. In its way it is fully equal to any book these very popular authors have given to their readers.

**PAUL.** By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Wm. Heinemann.)

The relations of the husband, the wife, and the wife's friend, in this powerfully-conceived novel, resemble at first those in "Daniel Deronda"; but while Theodore Bechaith, with his wizened, curt figure is a first cousin of the detestable Grandcourt, Paul Norris, his secretary, is too vital and human to treat Norah as Deronda behaved to Gwendolen. The secretary kills the husband in a motor-accident, accidentally in a sense, but not quite unwillingly. Only the night before, Bechaith had succeeded in his devilish design of compromising Paul and his wife, after months of inhuman delight in playing upon their nerves and innocent affection. Over his fate the reader can shed no tears. But the evil he did lived after him. The brooding memories of the accident, acting as a sense of honour, threaten not only to come between Paul and Norah, but to drive the former to the consolations and ruin of a drunkard. On the psychological phases of his experience Mr. Benson has spent very considerable pains, and these chapters form the most subtle part of the book. Eventually, matters are righted, after a somewhat prolonged and sombre interlude. The concentrated poignancy of the plot is relieved, however, by three delightful feminine characters, a lady novelist who scourges society, a Canon's wife who would have out-talked Mrs. Proudie herself, and a Mrs. Mundy, whose pessimistic views of life in general "produced lamentations compared to which those of the prophet Jeremiah might be considered hymns of praise." These ladies are more living than Norah, who scarcely is equal to her rôle. Mr. Benson, in fact, has given his strength to the delineation of the two men who occupy the foreground of his story, and the result is a study in masculine temperament which is often of engrossing interest, but which, on the whole, despite some melodramatic effects, must be pronounced subtle rather than passionate. The descriptions of Italian scenery are vividly written, and the style of the book evinces both care and skill.

**THE PRIEST.** By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Begbie's book is likely to excite considerable controversy, but all critics are agreed upon one point, the audacity and originality of the plot. The Bishop of Warborough, handsome and popular, a capable organiser and a fine speaker, the most picturesque figure on the episcopal bench and a strong candidate for the primacy, had in his younger days marked leanings towards Romanism. Indeed, such was his youthful zeal and indiscretion, that he was induced to join a secret society of Catholics, who had taken Anglican orders with the object of preparing the way for a union with Rome, or rather for the absorption of the Anglican into the Roman Church. The Bishop soon outgrew his youthful folly, but he had sown his wild oats, and the fatal record of his membership remained in the secret archives of the society. None of the members could touch him without at the same time betraying the society, but unfortunately the existence of the society was known, or at least suspected, by the wife of a former member. This woman, who had drifted into the shadiest section of the smart set, succeeds in stealing the membership roll, and having secured evidence of the Bishop's complicity, boldly demands as the price of her silence that the Bishop's wife shall become her social sponsor, and so rehabilitate her before the world. It is a piquant situation, and though within the limits of this notice we cannot do more than indicate the salient features of an elaborate and well-constructed plot, we have no hesitation in saying that, whatever else may be said about this much-discussed book, there can be no question about Mr. Begbie's boldness. He is not afraid of a strong situation, and he handles his big scenes with the ease and mastery of a practised craftsman. Regarded merely as fiction, "The Priest" is a sufficiently powerful piece of work to demand attention; but although this is not the place to discuss questions of ecclesiastical government, it is idle to ignore the fact that the book is of more than merely literary interest. It is not merely a great novel; it is a studied and deliberate indictment of Ritualism. No doubt many will say that the whole idea is impossible. The mere suggestion of a secret society will be indignantly denied. To these critics Mr. Begbie would reply, if we understand him rightly, that there is no single Romanist practice mentioned in his book which cannot be proved from the evidence of the recent Royal Commission to exist in the Anglican Church to-day. Granted that these practices exist, as there is incontrovertible documentary evidence that they do, Mr. Begbie offers a hypothesis to explain their prevalence. It is only a hypothesis, and may be proved to be mistaken; but in face of the evidence it demands at least careful consideration. Mr. Begbie has performed a public service in drawing attention in this dramatic fashion to a question which is vital to the national life of to-day.

**A LITTLE BROWN MOUSE.** By Madame Albanesi. With Illustrations. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Two things are always to be found in a novel by Madame Albanesi—a pastoral setting which is almost an idyll in itself, and a fragrant love-story in keeping with the setting. In this volume the pretty English farm which Corinthia, in America, inherits unexpectedly, forms the pastoral setting. And the love-story is Corinthia's own when she comes to England in her enthusiastic, unconventional way, to enjoy for a while the sweets of possession. Corinthia both receives attention and admirers, but it is on a lonely little girl, "the little brown mouse," and a lonely, harsh, distinguished-looking man who works as an independent labourer on a near plot of land, that her deepest affections rest. The little brown mouse loves her in return; but the lonely man has a story and is churlish. The man's story it is the right of Madame Albanesi to tell, and she tells it with that genuine literary skill which has long made her a favourite with a double public—the readers who simply enjoy a charming story, and those who demand clever writing and a right sense of responsibility in the matter of technique—who, in fact, require that a novelist shall have a literary conscience and shall not pander. Madame Albanesi leaves her readers feeling newly convinced by her character-drawing that there are honourable men and women in the world; and by her book as a whole that she is among the trustworthy few among writers who set themselves a high standard and endeavour to keep to it. An enjoyable, wholesome, praiseworthy novel is the result, engrossing and cheerful, and fragrant as the country she depicts.

**HOLYLAND.** By Gustav Frenssen. Translated by Mary A. Hamilton. 6s. (Constable.)

"Jörn Uhl" was distinguished work. It presented with great ability a piece of German provincial life, and breathed philosophy both true and wholesome. But Frenssen makes "Holyland" a medium for revealing his "rational" standpoint towards Christianity, and his sense of the misery of the world as it is to-day. Fielding, Scott, or Thackeray, had they desired to do the same thing, would have found a better way. The people in "Holyland" do not attract us; they are vague, inconsistent, gloomy, episodic like the plot. Their dull hopelessness is true of no life. Free-thought and disregard of conventions would, as the author seems to imply, scarcely help them to realise better conditions. The fancy mingled with the realism is far-fetched. The narrative is often difficult to follow; and the translator, finding this so, inserts at the beginning a list of the *dramatis personæ*, with an indication of their relations to one another. No such device appears in the German edition. We are quite ready to admit that, despite its faults, the book contains some good things: for instance, the adventures of a small sailing-boat in a storm at sea, and the discussion at the office of the local paper between the editor and his assistant respecting the items of news that are to be inserted.

Knowing well what this distinguished author can do, we venture to conclude with the hope that he may leave aside polemics, and continue to tell stories, and illustrate human life and character as he has done in his two best books, "Jörn Uhl" and "Die Sandgräfin."

**THE DOCTOR OF CROW'S NEST.** By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Great as Mr. Ralph Connor's popularity already is, we cannot doubt that his new novel will bring him a great accession of admirers. It is a pleasure to record of a writer whose position is assured that, not content with equalling his past achievements, he has strenuously and successfully endeavoured to excel his previous best. We have no hesitation in prophesying that "The Doctor of Crow's Nest" will leap into a great and immediate popularity. The qualities of pathos and description which have made "The Sky Pilot" one of the most popular novels of a generation are here as clearly marked as before. But they are reinforced by a new and profounder insight into the depths of human passion. It is a story of brotherly love and self-sacrifice. Barney Doyle, the miller's son, until he met the pretty schoolmistress from Virginia, had no ambition in life but to enable his brother to obtain a college education. When his own ambitions were now awakened, his loyalty to his brother remained unchanged, and it was by working double time that he too was at last able to enter the university and qualify as the doctor of Crow's Nest. The story of the two brothers runs anything but smoothly, but all the tangles are eventually cut by Barney Doyle's invincible steadfastness and determination. This is a fascinating and wholesome book, with matter for tears as well as laughter. In "The Doctor of Crow's Nest" Mr. Connor has given us the best Colonial contribution to English fiction.

**PERIWINKLE.** By Lily Grant Duff. 6s. (John Murray.)

This is the story of an Italian foundling, reared in England, and out of touch, all through her bright, chequered life, with the conventional standards of religion and morality. Periwinkle is a whimsical, irresponsible creature, half an elf, half a *gamine*, apparently without a soul, and yet intensely trusted by a few loyal friends of both sexes. She is full of vitality and fascination. Like many other heroines of modern fiction, she runs away from her husband, whose very care for her and respectability of character are resented as an interference with her freedom. Her subsquent life with Tommie and her maternity help to mature her. But after his death the shadows deepen. Yet, in the presence of death as in the state of social outlawry, Periwinkle is represented as essentially pure and even religious, after her fashion, though the scene in which she visits Sephard the painter is both gratuitous and improbable. The authoress has drawn her heroine with real skill and insight, and, although the conventionalities of moral conduct are transgressed, the book has a good tone. As a study in feminine character of a somewhat rare type it is both daring and suggestive. The semi-mystical prologue and epilogue are evidently intended to give a keynote to the story; but, from the artistic standpoint, they might have been omitted.

**CHECK TO THE KING.** By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

We were glad to recognise in the hero of this admirable romance the Captain Lesterne whom we first learned to admire in "The Adventures of an Equerry." In his new book Mr. Gerard braves all the dangers attending a sequel and successfully evades them. The Captain is still Marlborough's faithful and devoted henchman, and we follow him in this book through the eventful times that preceded and followed the Revolution. By a bold stroke of invention Mr. Gerard attributes an important part in the downfall of King James to the intervention of Mistress Dorothy Lisle, a niece of the celebrated Lady Alice Lisle, who died the victim of his bigotry. Mistress Dorothy was also like to ruin Captain Lesterne's own romance, for at Marlborough's order he served her so faithfully as to excite and almost to warrant the jealousy of his true love, Lady Lettice Cawston. It is a brave story of adventure, and in the end the Captain vindicates his loyalty alike to his commander and his mistress. The plot is well contrived, and a happy ending is the rightful culmination of a story that ever grows in interest.

**BURNT SPICES.** By L. S. Gibson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is an extraordinarily clever book, brilliant, subtle, interesting, and, to our mind, objectionable. Its title is excellently descriptive. It is a book of incense, of women whose natural minds have been distorted by the artificial life of towns, of bizarre vices, and grotesque emotions, of telepathic hauntings, and psychic influences, of morbid passions, and all those things that fade into anæmic phantasmagoria when seen from the sane standpoint of the open air. It is a town book, a piece of exotic imagining that we could not read without disgust in the country. Now that is an interesting test of a book, and, we like to think, a valid one. A book whose mental attitude is unbearable in the sunshine, a book that it is impossible to enjoy out on the countryside, is like an effeminate townsman who is frightened of a ditch, nervous of gamekeepers, and better out of existence. In spite of all the ingeniously misdirected energy of the book, we look in vain for its excuse.

**THE SINEWS OF WAR.** By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

"The Sinews of War" is a tale of crime and mystery, so frankly and unblushingly impossible that it defies all criticism. It is a kind of homicidal extravaganza, a gorgeous medley of triumphant and audacious absurdities, ridiculous but irresistible. There is the philanthropic son of a defunct bookmaker, who endeavours to atone for his father's pernicious example by keeping a lodging-house off Kingsway for impecunious but respectable people. It will be no surprise to the hardened novel reader to find that, in spite of threepenny reproductions of the old masters in every cubicle, the tenpenny table d'hôte attracts at least five notorious criminals. Then there is the famous music-hall artiste who disguises herself in male attire and succeeds in persuading the detective and the reader that she is a young mechanic. As the famous lodging-house was only two minutes from the Strand and the Actors' Mile, this must be regarded as a triumph of "make-up." But the crowning absurdity is undoubtedly the murderer who, in the interval of sandbagging detectives with the neatness and efficiency of the true artist, gives evidence at the inquest disguised as a woman whom the victim was to have married. The doom of this versatile criminal is due to an unfortunate and unaccountable lapse into sentiment, perhaps the wildest improbability in the whole story, which induced him quite unnecessarily to spare the life of an amateur journalist and ex-professor of jiu-jitsu. The authors appear to tire rather towards the end, and the book tails off, but the earlier chapters are entertaining and original. It is difficult to detect Mr. Phillpotts' work, but there are some chapters which are unmistakably due to Mr. Bennett. No one can describe opulence with such unction as the author of "The Grand Babylon Hotel." Presumably two authors were required for the work on the same humanitarian principle which forbids any one man to be burdened with the composition of an entire musical comedy. It is a laudable principle which might well be extended to reviewing. A book like this needs a whole syndicate of critics to do it justice.

**REZANOV.** By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Murray.)

Gertrude Atherton never produces unworthy work; and the high standard she has set herself is well maintained in "Rezanov." Perhaps the author may take it as no compliment if we say that had there been no name on the title-page one would have had no clue that the book was the work of a woman. She eschews the ordinary and irritating tricks of the ordinary woman-novelist, for she is skilled in her craft, knows how to use her tools in true workmanlike fashion. The scene is again California, but is an earlier California than she has given us before—the California of the days when it was still Spanish. Rezanov, the chief character, comes to San Francisco as representative of the Czar (for diplomatic purposes that are of interest, but need not here be described), and falls in love with the daughter of the leading resident. The matter of religion proves a bar to the union; and how Rezanov sought to remove that bar, and what was his end, provide the most readable parts of a most readable book. The atmosphere of old California is caught with the author's accustomed charm and skill: Rezanov is a powerfully-drawn character: and there is a masterful description of a ride across Siberia.

**THE OLD COUNTRY.** By Henry Newbolt. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

It is a little difficult to know how to describe such a book as "The Old Country." It can scarcely be classed as a novel; Mr. Newbolt calls it on its title-page "a romance," and a romance it is, but not in the everyday acceptance of the word. The quotation from Sir Thomas Browne that precedes it gives some indication of its scheme: "He who hath thus considered the world, as also how therein things long past have been answered by things present, how matters in one age have been acted over in another, and how there is nothing new under the sun, may conceive himself in some manner to have lived from the beginning and to be as old as the world." There is a delicate and charming love story running through the book, which is filled with the twilight atmosphere and shining golden mists of a strange and beautiful phantasy. Coming from his birthplace in Canada to stay with the Earnshaws at Gardenleigh in the West Country, Stephen Bulmer learns from Aubrey Earnshaw to realise that "in Eternity there is no distinction of tenses," and that "the past is all men's fatherland"; he gains from her a curiously personal knowledge of the ages gone in which his ancestors had part, and realises them so vividly that the sense of time dies in him, and he passes from the present day back into the pulsing, vigorous life of the fourteenth century, and finds it little other, except in externals, than the life of modern years whose memories he carries back with him. National politics and religion play some part in the story, and it is shown how the religious and political questions of the moment are but old, old questions repeating themselves in a new disguise, and that "there is nothing new under the sun." The whole romance is like a dream in which you may see men of different centuries mingling and living and working together without any sense of unreality or incongruity. It is a remarkable and very original piece of work, brilliantly imagined and written, and of quite unique interest.

**HIGHCROFT FARM.** By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (Cassell.)

We find Gerard Emery, a despised orphan, hoeing his uncle's wheat in the Ten-acre, on a Yorkshire farm. We see him among his relations, the proud Harringtons. We follow him to London, where he becomes an educational publisher's hack, and we leave him, a full-fledged novelist, kissing the Lady Andalusia Trewithen. The relatives provide the comedy of the book, an artist uncle and his ward the mystery. Gerard Emery himself tells the story in a rather boastful tone, which may perhaps be excused so successful an orphan. It appears to us that all the characters are exaggerated, drawn with a very free hand and lacking the finer touches; but taken not too seriously, they are certainly amusing. An obvious affection for the Yorkshire countryside raises the descriptive portions above the level of the rest of the volume. Parents and guardians who have reason to fear that their charges are giving way to literary aspirations should read "Highcroft Farm" themselves—and then lock it up. All's well that ends well, in a novel of this sort, at any rate. And there be many who will call it a good, old-fashioned story with no nonsense about it. The illustrations do not add to the book.

**SMOKE IN THE FLAME.** By "Iota." 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The sketches of Irish character and breezy opinions on things Irish in "Iota's" new novel are shrewdly clever and delightfully amusing, but are calculated to stir some little resentment in the breasts of people of that nationality. Major Ffrench, the stiffly proud and impecunious Irish gentleman, with his shabby furniture, his mortgaged estates, and his gentle, exquisitely tactful wife, who is secretly accepting monetary help from the wealthy, cousinly distiller whom he despises, is a notable creation; as also is his stout, practical little English agent with his matter-of-fact conviction that "In Ireland, ma'am, nothing is incredible. Nothing is moral and nothing is immoral. It's all Ireland." The main interest of the book gathers about the Major's daughter Alison, and her love for the two men who love her, and the difficult and heart-rending ways in which she sought to make her choice between them, and how it was that, after all, the happier lover came to find her and his unsuccessful rival laughing together. It is a brisk and thoroughly interesting story, and its dialogue sparkles with smart, epigrammatic sayings.

**THE HEARTH OF HUTTON.** By W. J. Eccott. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There is no character in "The Hearth of Hutton" who stands out as quite such a strong and vivid piece of portraiture as was De Blangy in Mr. Eccott's "His Indolence of Arras"; but the characterisation here is uniformly good, and the story, which is of the stirring and ill-fated rising under the Young Pretender, is imagined and written in the true spirit of high romance. It was greatly daring, and is not easily made believable, that the beautiful, scornful Mrs. Hylton should be piqued into flouting her husband and for a time deceiving him and a former lover of hers as to the paternity of her child—"A grim comedy, mistress," as her husband tells her, after she has come to her senses and, learning to love him, has tried to make him believe the almost incredible truth, "which has cost four men their lives, and is like to cost me mine." There have been many romances woven round the figure of Charles Edward Stuart, but none that has been fresher, or more picturesquely realistic than this: it is constructed with a ripe and cunning craftsmanship, and written with a raw strength and simple directness that are admirably suited to its theme.

**LAWFUL ISSUE.** By James Blyth. 6s. (Nash.)

Mr. Blyth has produced another remarkable book—a worthy successor to "Juicy Joe" and "Celibate Sarah." The scene is again East Anglia, a country of which Mr. Blyth has much intimate and peculiar knowledge, but the characters are not "humble" folk—as are the majority of the characters in the other two volumes—but "county" people. That Mr. Blyth invariably succeeds in presenting them as educated men and women is problematical; and that he wants to is also doubtful—every now and again one gets the impression that his "county" people are merely our old friends the Blyth marshmen dressed in the style of fashion and given high-sounding names. In a sense the book is a sermon, and the text is the Deceased Wife's Sister. What are the conclusions of the preacher may be left for the reader to discover. The central figure is a weak, vain, vacillating woman, who has married her sister's widower, a gentleman farmer and stock-raiser in the county of Daneshire. The development of this woman's character, under the belief that her marriage is a sin against God and a thing accursed, is shown with great skill, and particularly subtle is the analysis of her emotions. The thing is not tiresomely done, nor do Mr. Blyth's disquisitions impede the flow of a strong story. Passages such as this abound: they are characteristic of the "directness" of Mr. Blyth—a directness that occasionally shocks:—

> "Why it should be considered reverent to wear silk or black twill, according to sex, on the seventh day of the week, is difficult to understand. . . . In cases where a bath is taken once a week only it may be a compliment to the clean body to adorn it with clean and little worn clothing; but it would hardly do to suggest this as a reason in thousands of middle-class households, where the Sunday costume is inevitable. Can it be that anyone *can* think that the Deity likes to see new bonnets in His house? Of course one may admit that women preen themselves for mutual rivalry in their pews. But surely rural man doesn't put on a black coat and a top hat on Sunday only so that others of his sex, or even of the other sex, may admire them!

The minor characters are well done, but readers may not share Mr. Blyth's admiration for the beer-drinking, ham-eating mother-in-law whose judgment is never at fault. She is of the well-known "homely" type, and as a figure in fiction she is tiresome. Mention should be made of a scene in which a child dies. It shows Mr. Blyth at his most frankly brutal—and also, it may be, at his best.

**AS YE HAVE SOWN.** By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

When the title of this novel is put alongside of its subject, aristocratic society in London, it is not difficult to guess the drift or colour of the story. The writer is under no crude illusions as to the type of fiction to which these pages belong. The so-called "smart set," it is frankly pointed out, are not representative, nor are the aristocracy, trained to leisure and lack of responsibility, invariably objects at which the lower classes are to hold up hands of horror, even in print. Yet pigs in clover many of them are, "carefully bred swine—excellent of their class!" Certainly, the fast, unclean, self-indulgent circle of plutocrats described in this book compare unfavourably, not only with the older aristocracy but with

the Leroys, who form a charming type of the British middle class. Patricia Mornington, born in the former circle, is too good and grand for it, and the plot turns on the hardships and dangers of her relation to the various members, clean and unclean, of her environment. The book is written with a sort of searching, half-satirical force, and some sound philosophy of life. Its grammar is not always impeccable. But it is at least free from the shrill, sentimental tones and from the prurient curiosity which usually disfigure the society novel. Those who do not mind the unpleasantness that clings more or less to the subject may appreciate the vivacity and shrewdness that mark the author's treatment of the more respectable characters.

# The Bookman's Table.

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD DURHAM.** By Stuart J. Reid. 36s. (Longmans.)

If the phrase had not been used with such reckless indiscrimination we should say that Mr. Reid in writing this valuable book had not only performed a public service, but had also filled a distinct gap in our biographical literature. We are compelled, therefore—and the compulsion is willingly accepted—to go further and to say that no student of Imperial ideals to-day can possibly afford to neglect reading this tribute to the memory of one of the greatest of constructive British statesmen. To refer to Lord Durham merely as the man who drew up the famous Report upon Canada would be to do a gross injustice to the man who played so great a part in carrying the Reform Bill of 1832, and who served his country so well as Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg. At the same time, it is with the Dominion of Canada that the first Earl of Durham's name will ever be linked, and upon this period of his career, therefore, we must lay most emphasis. In the space at our disposal it is useless to attempt even to outline all that Lord Durham did in the five brief months of his dictatorship in Canada, and we shall, we think, do less injustice to our subject if we simply endorse the generous verdict of Sir William Butler, "that Lord Durham accomplished more in the making of Canada—in laying the foundation of the present state of prosperity and happiness—than had been achieved by all the Governors and Governments of seventy years before him." How Lord Durham was induced to accept his onerous task when his health had already broken down, from the most public-spirited motives; how he was sacrificed by treacherous colleagues to the venom of a political opponent, and, finally, how he died, broken-hearted, at the age of forty-eight, is a pitiful story which need not be repeated here. "Le jour viendra" is the proud motto of the Lambton's, paraphrased unconsciously perhaps, in the words of the dying man, "Canada will one day do justice to my memory." Canada, it may truthfully be said, has already done justice to her great Governor. If only Downing Street may be persuaded to take to heart the obvious moral of this tragedy and to show in the future a greater trust in the man on the spot, then the premature death of Lord Durham may, perhaps, prove to have done as much for the Empire as any of his acts. To have learned that lesson is the only possible justification for so great a sacrifice.

**POEMS BY WALTER DE LA MARE.** 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Among those who are alive to the freshest and sweetest voices of our time, Mr. De la Mare has already made some way by his "Songs of Childhood." In those poems he owed a debt to no one except the debt which all good writers owe to such of their predecessors as have shown them that only through absolute sincerity can beauty be won. In that, his first book, he showed a freedom from any sort of convention which was astonishing. He had apparently come at once into possession of a direct style that expressed new and beautiful things with often admirable simplicity. But, though satisfying in itself, that book justified the forming of further expectations. Here in these new "Poems" is a happy answer to these expectations. There is no repetition, no imitation or recollection of even what was most haunting in his early work, but a clear advance in experience, with which his style has kept pace. The best of his poems are fleeting moments, sudden perceptions, piercing ejaculations that reveal an individual character moving in a world that is rich in beauty and experience. And yet, short and exclamatory as many of the poems are, they have a reassuring basis of serious and brave thought; in fact, there is so much of this that at times we have a feeling that the poet rather clouded his effect by his intellectual activity. We do not quote from his work because we could not hope to suggest in any way the whole of the man, for of fifty poems all are strangely different and have only one thing in common—truth.

**MR. W. M. ROSSETTI'S REMINISCENCES.** Two Vols. 42s. net. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

We have long believed Mr. Rossetti's first published little book on Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" to be one of the most remarkable pieces of criticism in modern times. It had an extraordinary "aloofness," an extraordinary justice, an almost mathematical precision, and an analytical power which we know not where to find, except in books of pure science. The same qualities are manifest in this latest work. Consider, for instance, the following passages: "Several months after I had written the above, I was reading Mr. J. W. Mackail's 'Life of William Morris'—a most interesting book, which would make one love the man if one had not done so before. In Vol. I., p. 303, I find that Morris, writing to a lady on 26th March, 1874, expressed himself as follows, as a tag to a 'growl' against some of the conventions of society: 'Do you know, I have got to go to a wedding next Tuesday; and it enrages me to think that I lack courage to say, "I don't care for either of you, and you neither of you care for me, and I won't waste a day out of my precious life in grinning a company-grin at you two." Next Tuesday was 31st March, and that was the wedding day of Lucy Brown and myself, and Morris was bidden, though not to the wedding itself, still to the extra quiet wedding breakfast which succeeded it. . . . So I see that the bridegroom whom the latter referred to was no other than myself. That Morris did not care for either of us (he gave us as wedding present a *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493) cannot now be helped; he was mistaken in thinking that I did not, in all reasonable measure, care for *him*." Now that, with all its scrupulous little parentheses, is a very remarkable example of Mr. Rossetti's detachment; and the reader can judge for himself how valuable a record these volumes must be when it is stated that they are written throughout with the same scientific accuracy and calm. In another passage Mr. Rossetti says that of all the men he has known "I regard Morris as the most remarkable man all round." His comparison of the work of Burne-Jones with that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, greatly to the advantage of the latter, is marked by such absolute justice and almost more than human "aloofness," that it puts an end to all doubt about the matter, like the blow of a headsman's axe. Sometimes this "aloofness" produces an almost humorous effect; but it always carries that sense of overwhelming accuracy with it which one associates with the blasting utterances of an *enfant terrible*. It may well be said that some of Mr. Rossetti's dry remarks can only be matched in Rousseau's Confessions. The account of Christina Rossetti's love-affairs is in every way an extraordinary one for a brother to write, and it is the one passage which we think might have been excised. On the other hand, Mr. Rossetti's account of his dedication of her poems to Mr. Swinburne is noble in its independence and in its lofty indifference to the adverse and impertinent criticisms which were made upon his action. But to survey the book thoroughly in the space at our disposal is almost impossible. We can only conclude by saying that it is invaluable to all who wish thoroughly to understand a great artistic revival in a country where such movements have an august rhythm that allots well-nigh a century to each, but assigns no period to their fame.

**HEROES OF EXILE.** By Hugh Clifford. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Hugh Clifford is one of those writers whom the future literary historian will be tempted to classify under the heading of "the Imperialists." He owes something to the great head of the school, but he has withal a fine individuality, and his differentiation is that he is more of the man of letters.

While Kipling is the keenest of observers and the deftest recorder of impressions, Mr. Clifford is, in the present volume at least, the man of documents. His last book, indeed, might be described as Kipling coloured by research. With the pioneer and the exile in the uttermost parts of the Empire he has a fine sympathy that enables him to rescue sometimes, as he says, "from half a page of crabbed print in some neglected chronicle," a story of high endurance or strange adventure that would be magnificent fiction were it not stern fact. Such is the tale of Ferâo Lopez, the first exile of St. Helena. Lopez was one of those renegades to Islam who suffered cruel mutilation at the hands of Dalboquerque on the surrender of Benastarim. Disfigured and maimed, he set out to return to Lisbon, but at St. Helena his courage failed and he escaped to the woods. There he lived in solitude, with the companionship of a cock, that he rescued when it fell overboard from a passing ship. Mr. Clifford enters into the mind of the outcast and traces the healing influence of the great solitude upon this broken spirit, until at length Lopez took courage to quit the isle and, like another Tannhäuser, went to Rome to seek pardon of the Pope. The whole romance is splendidly picturesque. The same touch informs the other sketches. The story of Ross and the Cocos Keeling Islands, The King of the Sedangs, Time and Tobago, and of Jose Real the Filipino, run a dead-heat for power of fascination, and Mr. Clifford makes us his debtor for many treasures rescued from oblivion.

**HILLS AND THE SEA.** By H. Belloc, M.P. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is a collection of Mr. Belloc's contributions to daily and weekly papers. Many were probably written in haste to be read in haste. Yet Mr. Belloc has never written so fast but that he has by accident or design left something of his brilliant, gasconading mind somewhere among the words. For he has, what other authors struggle to make, and what all authors who are to live even for an hour must have, a spirit of joy, audacity, energy, which seems to get into his writing without effort. But this spirit is an elusive thing, and we should say that Mr. Belloc is not always himself aware of its presence or, at any rate, of its absence. Thus it has got into one paragraph of his description of the ancient town of Lynn, and has not manifested itself at all clearly in the rest:—

"Where else, thought I, in England, could you say that nine years would make no change? Whether, indeed, the Globe had that same wine of the nineties I could not tell, for the hour was not congenial to wine; but if it has some store of its Burgundy left from those days, it must be better still by now, for Burgundy wine takes nine years to mature, for nine years remains in the plenitude of its powers, and for nine years more declines into an honourable age; and this is also true of claret, but in claret it goes by sevens."

There are whole pages, *e.g.*, in "The Canigou" and "The Guns," where we at least have failed to see anything but an effort to capture this spirit of joy, for it is not there, though doubtless it was in the writer. And then again, as in "The Onion Eater," "At the Sign of the Lion," "The Return to England," and "The North Sea," the spirit has alighted on every word, blessing it, and making the whole a thing which we must compare with the most vivid moments of our own life if we are to get anything like it for intensity and movement and a reminder that we still live. We will not attempt to capture it by a quotation. For it is a book to be taken in deep draughts, a quart before going to bed, as Mr. Belloc told the House of Commons that he drank good beer. Yet again there are other papers, like "The Fall of Leaves," where it seems impossible to put down the writer's obscurity and his utter ineffectiveness in description to anything but hurry. We may almost say that in them he is imitating his best self, a difficult thing, at short notice.

**SIGISMONDO SANDOLFO MALATESTA, LORD OF RIMINI:** A Study of a XV. Century Italian Despot. By Edward Hutton. (J. M. Dent.)

Mr. Hutton belongs to the straitest sect of the Paferesque which will spare no pains in the quest of an idea to fit some desirable word. The quest of ideas to fit words is a much more difficult one than the quest of words for ideas, and all honour is due to those who make it their religion. Mr. Hutton, by the way, has achieved some beautiful effects, for example, in his "Cities of Spain," by this astonishing method. That book really compares well with all but the best of his master's work, though not with that of the finest artist in this school, Mr. Symons. In his new book he has not been so rigid as usual, because in it he pretends to be simply the translator of a (fictitious) Renaissance Italian, Piero Sanseverino, who wrote an account of the life of his patron, Sigismondo Malatesta of Rimini, brigand and humanist, A.D. 1417-1468. His object has been "to give an impression of the first part of the fifteenth century without using a single incident that was not authenticated," and in spite of the fiction to retain all the integrity of the historian, yet so that the work should be one not of science but of art. And he writes, as we should expect, from the point of view of one who calls Italy "our second Fatherland"—a stale, derivative homage which Mr. Hutton's refinement might have refined away. He tells us perhaps nothing which could not be learned from books accessible to the curious general reader; he has done no remarkable research. He stands or falls by the life with which he has informed the fairly well-known political and psychological history of the age. It was certainly a great opportunity. Sanseverino is a gentle, receptive spirit aloof, who finds concentrated in Sigismondo the strife, or as some may think, the amazing marriage, of olden brutality and new humanity in the Renaissance; and he has watched Sigismondo curiously. There are some fine chances for an artist, and Mr. Hutton has seen them, in the boy Sigismondo's visit to the room where his ancestor murdered Paolo and Francesca; in the opulent, various environment of a fifteenth century prince; in the finding of an ancient little marble hand on the seashore; in the old man's credulous scepticism about astrology; in the three days' *Festa* when the people abandon themselves in the streets to the tune of a folk-song which Lorenzo afterwards crystallised; in the discourse of Messer Leon Battista Alberti; in the building of the Temple to the divine Isotta; in the wars that were like the quarrellings of ownerless hounds; in the reverent inurning of the ashes of Gemisthus Pletho during an expedition in the Morea; in the spirit of those times which sought to reconcile "the love of Madonna, whose son was Love, and the love of Aphrodite, whose son was Love also." And certainly Mr. Hutton is to be praised for the ingenuity with which he has interwoven so many characteristic acts and emotions of the Renaissance. His book gathers up these things as no other has yet done in anything like this short space, and his illustrations are finely chosen and reproduced. Yet of that vitality which he desires there is hardly a trace. It seems to us always to be manifestly a great reader's self-conscious attempt to do a thing impossible to him. The swords here do not cut; the blood is not hot; ginger does not burn the mouth; the rose is a word and not a flower. For Mr. Hutton is without dramatic sympathy, without gusto, and without life, except when he is frankly, as in "Cities of Spain," recording his own impressions.

**WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN.** (March 28. to July 14, 1888.) By Horace Traubel. 12s. 6d. net. (Gay and Bird.)

A Boswellian record of rather less than four months' daily conversation with Walt Whitman, contained in a large volume of 473 pages, with innumerable marginalia—at first sight it seems a very bad case of Much Ado. And a preface in the worst American staccato style, does not mend the impression.

"My story is left as it was originally written. I have made no attempt to improve it. I have taken nothing off and put nothing on. I know that it has defects. I am not ashamed of defects I know that it has virtues. I am not proud of virtues. Here is the record as it virginally came from my hands in the quick of the struggle it describes."

Walt Whitman did not know that the record was being kept, but he did know that Mr. Traubel, who is one of his literary executors, would write of their talks together. "Be sure," he said, "to write about me honest: whatever you do, do not prettify me." We have a deal too much prettification in our biographical literature, and act too frequently as if discretion were indeed the better part of truth. Praise, therefore, is due to Mr. Traubel for carrying out so faithfully his master's command, though it may be observed that a better arrangement of subject-matter would hardly have been disobedience. Honest records of Walt Whitman's life cannot fail to be worth writing. He was one of those poets whose

work demands a knowledge of their personality. If in this volume there seems overmuch talk about his health, and about his work and its reception, we must remember his brave struggle against paralysis, "the almost death-like pall over his consciousness," brought about by his devotion to the wounded soldiers; and we must remember also that it is precisely those parts of his conversation which would appear the most important to a disciple. "I am myself of late years," said Whitman, "more inclined to sit still, exploiting and expounding my views, than was the case back in the past when I was physically up to more." Those to whom the "Leaves of Grass" were a revelation, and who love the Good Grey Poet, will welcome this volume with its photographs, and facsimiles, and letters from well-known writers, both English and American. The literary criticism in it makes good reading, for though Whitman often founded his hasty opinions on insufficient data, he had for the primary things of life an uncommonly acute eye, and he was quite unaffected in his judgments by the literary bell-wethers.

**SOME LITERARY ECCENTRICS.** By John Fyvie. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Fyvie in a pleasantly diffuse, well-informed way, adds to the gaiety of spare half-hours and, incidentally, of nations. His literary eccentrics are all excellent examples of their type, and the author writes of them *con amore*. His method, indeed, makes one forget that the book is, with three exceptions, a collection of magazine articles. The persons represented are Thomas Amory, Thomas Day, Beckford, Walter Savage Landor, Hazlitt, "Old Crabb," Charles Babbage, Douglas Jerrold, George Wither, James I., and Sir John Mandeville. Many quite well-informed readers, doubtless, will require to be told that Day is the author of "Sandford and Merton," that improving scripture which is unfortunately too much neglected of the younger generation. Day, had he lived in these times, would have been called "strenuous." Once he set about adding to his house on his own plans. He prepared himself for his task by a three-weeks' study of Ware's "Architecture," and then went to work to build, forgetting such minor details as windows, and gravely asked the mason whether these might not be cut out after the walls were up. In this, by the way, he had a famous rival in Archibald Simpson, the architect of the older part of Marischal College. That artist, when engaged on the later addition to King's College, had actually to get windows cut in the wall of a room he had forgotten to light. The exterior beauty of the building was all his care. Mr. Fyvie is everywhere pleasantly anecdotal, and his frankness with Hazlitt is utterly engaging. The tale of that pleasant person's love affairs may not be new, but it is so surprisingly ingenious and ingenuous that we forgive the revival, and admire once more that gift of dual personality that could at once recognise its own folly and continue to commit the same. With wise fools Mr. Fyvie is particularly happy, and his sketch of the wisest fool of all is traced in shrewd strokes, although he is not quite fair to Scott's portrait in "The Fortunes of Nigel." That remains, for all time, the true kingly image of James I., and it cannot possibly "blind us to the undeniable interest which attaches to James's efforts as an author"—a plaguy intrusion of journalese this sentence of yours, Mr. Fyvie! He is quite right, however, in saying that it would have been better for the British Solomon and for his country, could he have had the wish he uttered in the Bodleian—"Were I not King, I would be a University man." This essay is one of the three printed for the first time. The others are an account of Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and a learned discussion of the "Mandeville Myth," for the true unravelling of which Mr. Fyvie invokes "some literary Sherlock Holmes." But the academic discussion is not the author's forte. Far better is he in his rapid outlines of a mad wag like Douglas Jerrold, or a madder mathematician like Babbage, the everlasting monument of mechanical futility.

**THE CRYSTAL AGE.** By W. H. Hudson. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Hudson's "Crystal Age," like his "Purple Land," was published about twenty years ago and has only now reached a second edition, so that it is a new and unknown book to this generation. It will not long remain so, we hope, for it has the good natural ease and sincerity of all Mr. Hudson's characteristic work, though from the nature of its subject it has a tenuity that deprives it of a place with his best. It is a romance of the future, and it creates a desirable remote land in which our Civilisation has not survived either as a stain upon the spirit of man or as a ruin in the landscape. It differs from most romances of the kind in that the future is deliberately placed quite aloof: there is no bridge of progress or decay suggested by which we might reach it from our own time, any more than there is a bridge to the green islands of the sunset sky. Yet one man reaches it: one Smith, a contemporary of ours, who only awakens from a death-like swoon when the change has been perfected. He finds a noble race of men and women, dressed in garments beautiful for colour and flow and fitness, living in patriarchal style out of doors or under the roof of a majestic stone house built for eternity—"the stone that decays is removed, and the house does not suffer." They speak English, but their ideas are not English, and for a long time they and Smith are riddles to one another. There is but one father and one mother in the colony, and the rest are all their children. But the mother is infirm. She alone appears to suffer from time, and she is the first to understand that Smith's love for Yoletta, a daughter of the house, is not as the love that unites the rest. She it is who at last gives him a hope that he may be joined to Yoletta and become the father of her children and be at last the father of the house. But he cannot endure the delay. Yoletta's affection seems to him unlike that of women who are to bear children. And so in a melancholy hour he takes a potion which is for those who are weary of life, and he dies before he has really become one of those extraordinary, calm, beautiful, ever-youthful lovers of music and Nature and God. There is much humanity in the contrast between Smith and the perfect men of nowhere—for example, in his violent passion for Yoletta, who asks him whether he really loves her, since he can so hurt her by his egotistic ardour. But the merit of the book lies in the magical charm indescribable of the strange life, which Mr. Hudson writes of with such ease and lack of mere inventiveness as to lure us into credulity. There are long passages, like that in which the father reads aloud of the aims of life, and that in which we are made to understand the place of animals (whom men no longer eat), which raise the book into the ranks of the best prophetic romances. It is never far removed from the needs and desires of ourselves; it is full of humanities—*mentem mortalia tangunt.*

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# BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

*Photo, Braun, Clément and Co., Paris.*

*Reproduced from* **The Apostles in Art.** ST. JOHN THE APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST.

After the Painting by Carlo Dolci, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence.

## THE APOSTLES IN ART.

Edited by W. SHAW SPARROW. With Photogravure Plates, Monochrome Plates, and numerous other Illustrations. 5s. to 21s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Among the comparatively few genuine art-books published this year, "The Apostles in Art" ranks very highly. Instead of taking the work of a single artist, the editor has taken a period—the period covered by the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, the Catholic Epistles, and the Revelations—and presented the genius and skill of many artists which the story of these momentous years inspired. Raphael, Durer, Titian, Rembrandt, Guido Reni, Leighton, Millais, and many another who gave some of his finest power to the subject, are to be found in these pages. The volume is a veritable pictorial path of Christianity, in which the beautiful legends which grew up about the followers of the Faith have been allowed a place beside the true Bible story. Chapters on the successive stages of the period are illuminatingly written by men of thought and conviction, and the book forms a beautiful companion volume to that other in this Art series—"The Gospels in Art."

*From* Sir Joshua and his Circle (*Hutchinson & Co.*)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. From an Early Portrait by himself.

## SIR JOSHUA AND HIS CIRCLE.

By FREDERICK MOLLOY. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

As a central figure round which to group some of the best known and entertaining men and women of the eighteenth century, no one better than Sir Joshua Reynolds could be chosen. The number of his sitters was enormous—his average in two years of his prime is said to have been two portraits in three days—and they were people of varied distinction. Yet, far from being tied to the studio, he was a frequenter of clubs and dinner-tables, a man of wide acquaintance, and the particular friend of Garrick, Johnson, Goldsmith and Burke, which meant many suppers and much talk. As President of the Royal Academy, whom he instructed in his "Discourses" and whose quarrels he composed, he proved his gifts as a writer as well as his capacity for affairs. Few men, in fact, touched the circle of eighteenth century wit and fashion at so many points as he. Mr. Molloy's intention in these volumes does not fly higher than presenting this circle and Sir Joshua himself in an accustomed light. Johnson, Richardson, Sterne, Goldsmith; George Selwyn, Lady Hamilton, Lady Sarah Lennox, Kitty Fisher; these are the familiar figures in his story, which tells once more (and with a good deal of sprightliness, be it added) their well-worn fortunes. Even among artists, where a greater scope was open to him, he confines himself to Hogarth, West, Fuseli, Angelica Kauffmann, Barry, oft-displayed notabilities, and has little to say of such men as Robert Adam and Sir Robert Strange, though we should welcome more light on their careers, which were as romantic as any here unfolded. When he does go wider afield, he is not always well informed, as, for example, in the case of Mary Moser. From this it may be gathered that Mr. Molloy, in his account of the Royal Academy, takes a perfectly safe line—the line we imagine Reynolds himself to have taken. The ideals which it was to set before it were to be the inspiration of a body well founded in the conventions and material prosperity. Of the jealousy between English and Scotch which entered into its foundation he merely hints, though he plainly is not of the faction who see in certain exclusions from the original membership a "hole-and-corner *coup*," at which Sir Joshua himself connived. The President here is a perfectly straight, capable man, with nothing enigmatical about him; and that possibly is a truer as well as a simpler reading of his character than that of those who approach it full of preconceptions as to what the artistic temperament is or ought to be. The illustrations to these volumes are like the volumes themselves—a little obvious, but quite pleasant.

## THE CHILD IN ART.

By MARGARET BOYD CARPENTER. With Illustrations. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

However little the Greeks recognised the value of the child in Art, the artists who followed the era of Christ have certainly done their best to repair the neglect, and Miss Boyd Carpenter has gathered between these covers examples which prove how, from the infancy of Christ on to the present day, the Child has influenced and inspired the artist. From the early masters—Raphael, Bellini, Correggio, Titian, Van Dyke, and many another—we are led on to Reynolds, Lawrence, Millais, Sargent, Watts, and La Thangue; and whether it is the child dignity in the San Sisto painting, the wonderful impressiveness of the da Vinci, the delicate grace of the Botticelli, or the spirited loveliness of the Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence children, the wan eagerness of Lady Stanley's street arab, or the fascinating lightness of Watts's "Good Luck to your Fishing," we feel in each and all that it is to the days of Christianity we owe the discovery of one of the most beautiful subjects in Art. The reproductions in the volume are confined chiefly to the art of the painter, but Miss Boyd Carpenter in her chapters by no means neglects the sculptor's work, and her book is a fascinating study of one phase of the power of the child.

*From* The Child in Art (*Methuen & Co.*)

MADONNA AND CHILD. Bellini.

## THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND.

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Maxwell Gray's ever-popular story now appears in a brave dress. It is a dignified edition, well fitted for the library, with its plain red cover, severely and tastefully decorated with gold. The type is clear and the paper light and excellent. One of the chief features of this reprint is the inclusion of twelve illustrations by Mr. Harold Piffard, a few in colour, others in black and white. The artist has taken for his subjects some of the most impressive situations of this impressive story, and the result is most effective and pleasing.

## FAMOUS BEAUTIES OF TWO REIGNS.

By MARY CRAVEN. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Nash.)

The publishers claim that this is the "beauty book of the year," and the claim cannot be disputed or called extravagant. There is a little ambiguity about the term "beauty book," but it may be read in either way, for the volume is produced in a manner worthy of the beauties who adorn it. There are twenty-two splendid reproductions of famous masterpieces, many of the portraits being taken from treasures in private collections. The Gunnings, the Duchess of Devonshire, Elizabeth Linley, Mary Robinson—these and nearly a score more flaunt their immortal charms in the pages of this book of beauty. The letterpress is naturally of secondary interest, although the lives of many of these beauties were piquant enough. They stooped to folly, but they did not die. On the contrary, they soothed their melancholy by accepting peerages and pensions. Miss Craven retells the familiar stories pleasantly enough, but it is the really magnificent plates that make this one of the choicest gift-books of the year.

*From* **Famous Beauties of Two Reigns** (*Eveleigh Nash*).

ELIZABETH LINLEY (Mrs. R. B. Sheridan) after Gainsborough.

## MAIDS OF HONOUR.

By A. J. GREEN-ARMYTAGE. With Portraits. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

A vivid gallery of spinsters' portaits is presented by Miss Green-Armytage in this vivacious volume. Twelve single women of various tastes and powers have met with the author's entire admiration, and from her we learn many a little-known fact and detail, and gain an excellent knowledge and impression of each noted woman in turn. It is especially a pleasant book to dip into, to realise the many works of the quiet heroines who are grouped in these pages, and learn their beginnings, their temperaments and their triumphs. Hannah More, Mary Carpenter, Caroline Herschel, "Sister Dora," Mary Kingsley, Adelaide Procter, Marianne North, Jean Ingelow, Louisa Alcott, Christina Rossetti, Agnes Strickland and Mary Lamb are the "honourable women" written of. Travel, nursing, reform, poetry, history, astronomy—these are some of their achievements; but there were many others, and perhaps not the least was that of Caroline Herschel, who at the age of eighty-eight, "in one of her merry moods," put her foot behind her back and scratched her ear with it. The author is just a little inclined at times to *fight* for these ladies, but we admire her enthusiasm even when we feel that their own lives are in the long run the best answer to any undeserved, ill-judged opinions. Most heartily, too, do we thank the author for giving us such an uncommon collection of portraits, many of them rare, and in the possession of private persons. A few small errors we note, such as "William Mitchell" Rossetti for William Michael; and "Miss Seddall" for the Miss Siddall who became Dante Gabriel Rossetti's wife. And was it not a widower who courted Hannah More? but in this we ourselves may be in error, and these are but small flaws in a very entertaining and informing book.

*From* **Maids of Honour** (*Blackwood & Sons*).

HANNAH MORE. From a Miniature in the Bristol Museum.

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By G. F. BRADBY. With Illustrations. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

A true story-book of a captivating period of French history is what this volume appears to us to succeed in being. Mr. Bradby says he is giving us "studies" from Court Life, at the time when Louis XIV. was nearing the end of his reign; but it is really the story of the life being lived from day to day by picturesque men and women in a picturesque time—life at the Court of the Roi Soleil. It is history, too, but history written by the man who looks to character as the great moulder of a country's fortunes, who discerns the traits that count, and presents them with a novelist's skill; so it is history hidden in a beguiling manner. Versailles is revived for us—the movement, the atmosphere are recalled for us; and the illustrations add yet another life-likeness to the whole.

*From* **The Great Days of Versailles**
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The musical associations of Covent Garden have somewhat obscured the older and more famous history of this celebrated theatre. For in the eighteenth century it was the scene of many of the greatest dramatic triumphs. Goldsmith's two comedies were produced there, and also Sheridan's "Rivals." At a later date we find the names of Kemble, Siddons, Keen, and after them Covent Garden has no more illustrious names than those of Boucicault and Macready. There too was held the Beef-Steak Club. "I trust," said Charles Greville, on hearing of the burning of the theatre at the beginning of the last century, "I trust the paraphernalia of the Beef-Steak Club perished with the rest, for the enmity I bear that Society for the dinner they gave me last year." The book is full of matter of interest both from the literary and the dramatic point of view, and the illustrations have been skilfully selected and beautifully reproduced.

*From* **Annals of Covent Garden Theatre**
(*Chatto & Windus*).

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*From* **The Art Worker's Quarterly**
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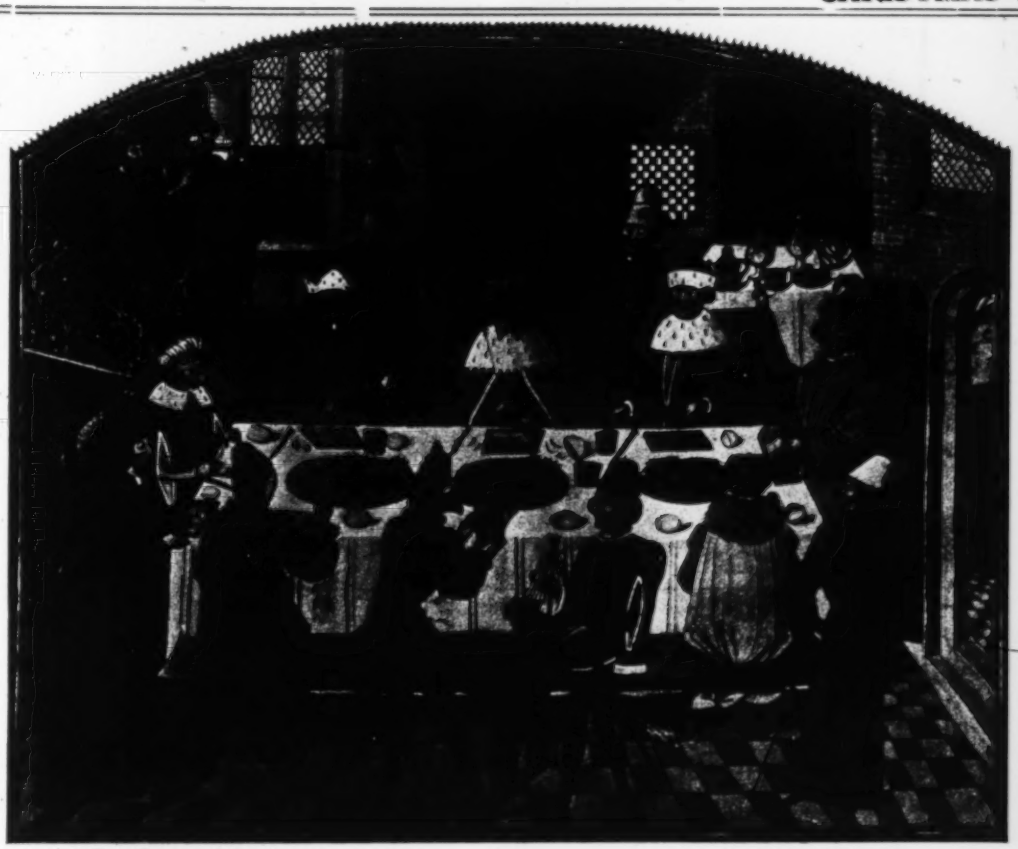
EARTHENWARE FIGURE PANEL.
By Andrea Della Robbia. Reproduced from the original in the Loggia of the Ospidale dei Innocenti, Florence.

illustrations prove a storehouse of varied use and splendour, and we cannot too highly speak of it as a gift-book for any family which cares that its surroundings shall be in the best taste. The new number is specially rich in fully illustrated articles on Fresco work and Della Robbia's unique art, a charming specimen of which we reproduce.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE ITALIAN VILLAS.

By ELIZABETH WELLS CHAMPNEY. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

This is a handsomely illustrated volume which Messrs. Putnams have added to the series that tells of the chateaux and abbeys of France, a series that has received a warm welcome from the public. Mrs. Champney's sense for the romantic and picturesque is unfailing; her skill in narrative and description makes books that are a pleasure to read; and the pictures of the villas and gardens of Italy are a delight to the eye. This volume, like its predecessors by the same author, is precisely the kind of book for a Christmas gift, and a book to awaken pleasant memories in the travelled lover of Italy and Italian history. (See page 10.)



*From* **The Tower of London**
(*See'ey & Co.*)

BANQUET GIVEN BY RICHARD II.
(From a MS. of the Chronicles of England, British Museum.)

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

By WILLIAM BENHAM, D.D., F.S.A. With Illustrations. 7s. net. (Seeley and Co.)

As Canon Benham very truly remarks at the outset, "The Tower of London is the most interesting fortress in Great Britain," and as such we are glad to have a thoroughly detailed account, which is not a guide-book and not a novel, yet has the value and the charm of both. The building of the fortress, the kings and queens during whose reigns it was brought into prominence, "Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart—the Tower has memorials of evil deeds wrought by each one in turn; but there is not one of them all which has not left beneficent and abiding results." There are high lights as well as gloomy shades in the Tower's history. As a building itself perhaps we of this century are too apt to take it for granted, and smile at it as the show-place to which country cousins must be guided. We should be none the worse for knowing a little more about our "show-place," for, as the author reminds us, "It has a history equalled in interest by few fortresses in the world. The Acropolis at Athens and the Capitol of Rome are far more ancient, but they are fortresses no longer. The only rival in this respect that occurs to me is the massive tower at the western gate of Jerusalem. It was probably built by King David, and enlarged by Herod; and it is a military castle at this day. So is our Tower, and it was built for that use." The illustrations in this volume are of exceptional interest, being copies from old MSS. and drawings and engravings, often difficult of access, and of undeniable historical value.

*From* **The Art of the Greeks**
(*Methuen & Co.*)

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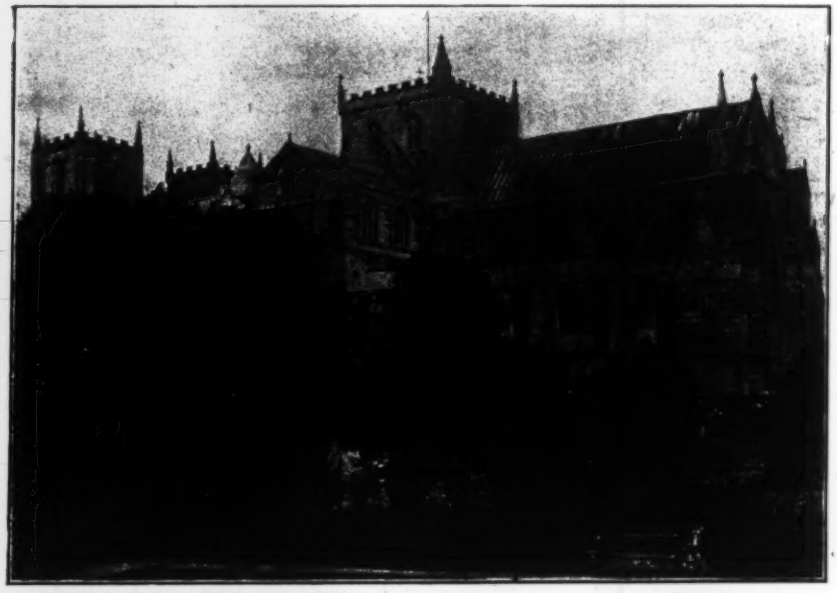

*From* **Cathedrals of England and Wales**
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RIPON CATHEDRAL.

## THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

By T. FRANCIS BUMPUS. With Illustrations. 6s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

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## THE CHATEAUX OF TOURAINE.

By M. H. LANSDALE. Illustrated with Pictures by JULES GUERIN, and by Photographs. 24s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This is a book of many fascinations, historical, topographical, architectural. The glamour of France is over it—France, who performs even her revolutions with a certain picturesqueness. Twelve châteaux are here described, their stories told and their beauties shown. Mr. Lansdale points out how, in addition to the loveliness of these buildings and the halo of history which surrounds them, one of the most surprising facts about them is their utter variance in style. To look, for instance, at the Château of Amboise and at the Château of Chambord is to see two beautiful buildings utterly unlike. Speaking, indeed, of Chambord, the author says, "that fantastic utterance of a society in decadence is surely unlike, not the neighbouring châteaux alone, but anything else in the world." Stern tragedy and fair romance, desperate need and dainty comfort, these things have marked one or other of all the castles of France. Mr. Lansdale's book is almost a grown-up adventure story and fairy-tale in one; holding the attention, touching the fancy, and proving itself, also, an authoritative book of historical reference. Of the beautiful illustrations sixteen are in colours, drawn with a delicacy and grace which again impress us with

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A HAMPSHIRE LOWLAND.

the glamour of the country; and in addition to these are numerous photographic reproductions, excellent and true, and revealing the fact that a photograph may be a picture when skilful hands produce it.

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*From* **Haddon**
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naturalist, and whether for dipping into, or for reference, or for entertainment as a story-book of the country-world, it will prove itself a help and a delight.

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The story of Isabella Bird's life is certainly one of the most remarkable in all the varied record of English travel. As a young girl her life was despaired of, but she had the spirit of a hero in the frame of a valetudinarian, and she died at the ripe age of seventy-three, after a strange life spent between sick-beds and in visiting foreign countries and surmounting incredible hardships. In early life she was cruelly afflicted by a succession of bereavements keenly felt, and after five years of happy married life she was left a widow. After that date she gave a rein to her passion for travel, and the amazing thing is that in the hardships of travel this frail and delicate woman found the panacea for all her troubles. The natives of China and Thibet came to know her and to marvel at her intrepidity as the Highlanders of Tobermory had formerly marvelled at the skill with which this "invalid" could manage a horse or a boat. Mrs. Bishop found time also to enrich our literature of travel with many volumes of enduring interest. Her own pen has best recorded her adventurous life. Miss Stoddart has made excellent use of an unusually good opportunity. She enjoyed Mrs. Bishop's friendship, and has had access to all the available manuscripts and letters. The result is a biography of absorbing interest, the story of a life that will not soon be forgotten.

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## A CRUISE ACROSS EUROPE.

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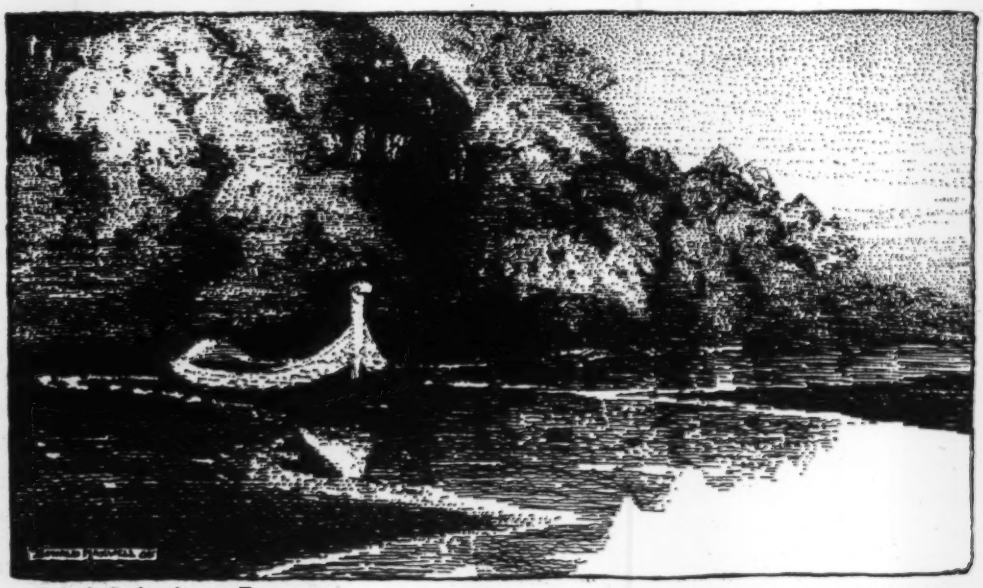
It is a very charming inland voyage which Mr. Maxwell describes in this handsomely appointed volume. He had the good fortune to "discover" an ancient but little known waterway—the Ludwig's Canal in Bavaria, which "unites the basin of the Rhine and Danube, and brings Holland within rowing distance of the Black Sea. It reveals a hundred miles of effective engineering, ancient as well as modern; for the canal was commenced by Charlemagne, who brought part of it to completion." The journey lasted some five months, and though both the "captain" and the "mate" of the *Walrus* tasted of the bitter as well as of the sweet of such voyaging, the expedition brought a large surplus of pleasure which is very clearly reflected in this delightful narrative, too modestly described by its author as "a collection of notes and sketches by the way." True, there is nothing wildly exciting in it. But the voyagers were at various times mistaken for spies and honoured as pilgrims, and we have many interesting vignettes of various lands and peoples. The illustrations are of quite unusual excellence. Mr. Maxwell supplements his very readable chronicle with a number of admirable drawings of scenery, and Mr. Taylor adds to the gaiety of the book by many dainty and amusing sketches of the "natives."

*From* **Champney's Italian Villas** (*Putnam's*). VILLA GIUSTI VERONA.



*From* **A Cruise Across Europe** (*John Lane*). IT LOOKED AS IF IT BELONGED TO THE TIME OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION

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*From* **Men and Women of the French Revolution** (*Kegan Paul & Co.*).

MIRABEAU.

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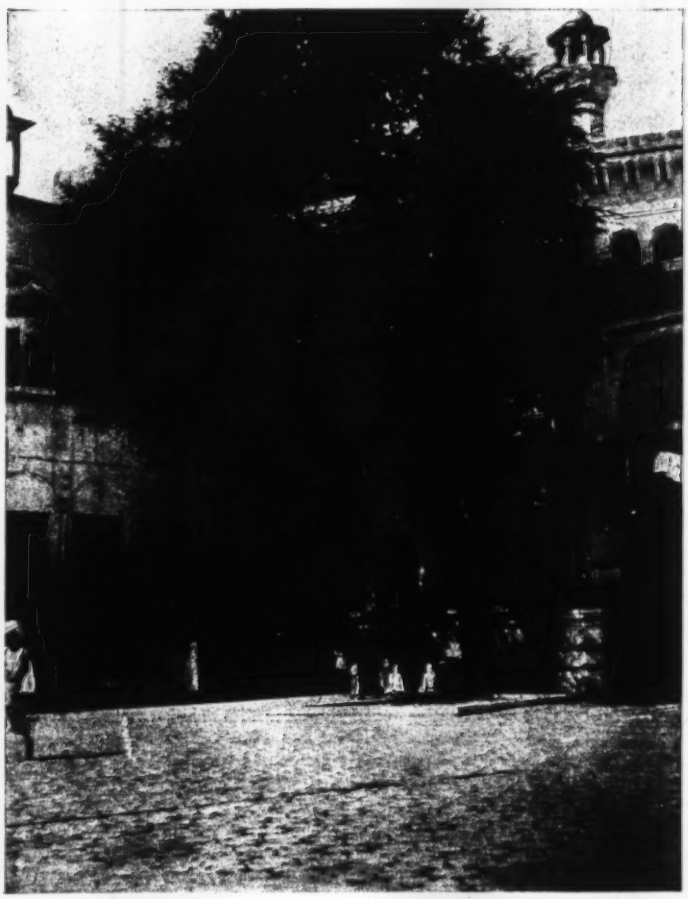

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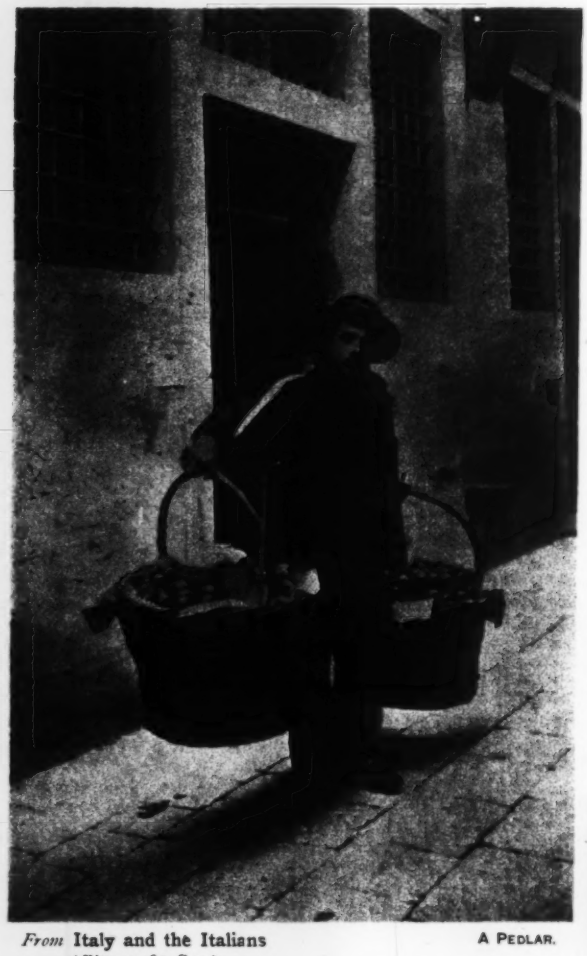

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(See page 29.)

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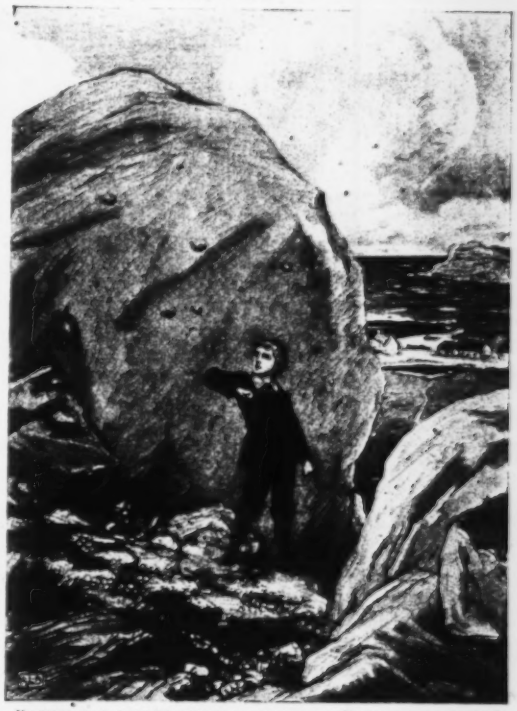

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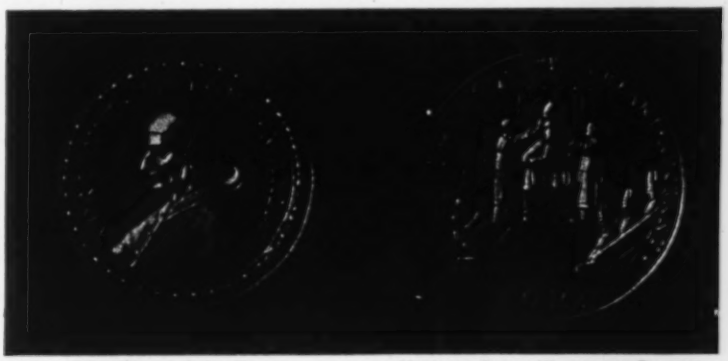

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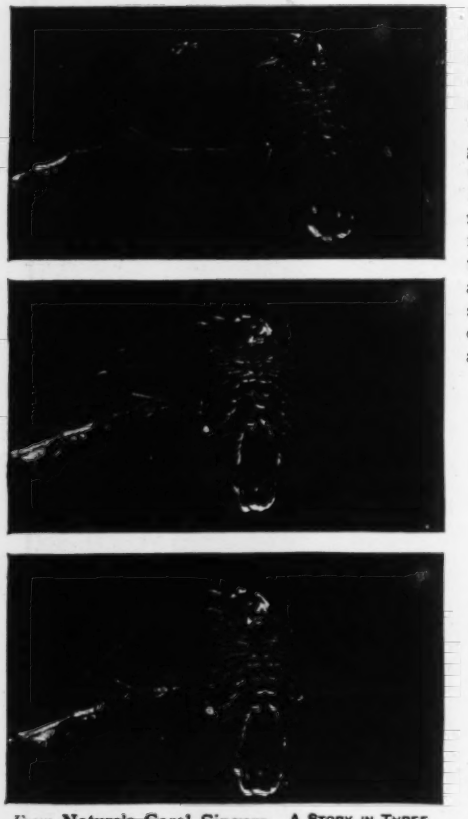

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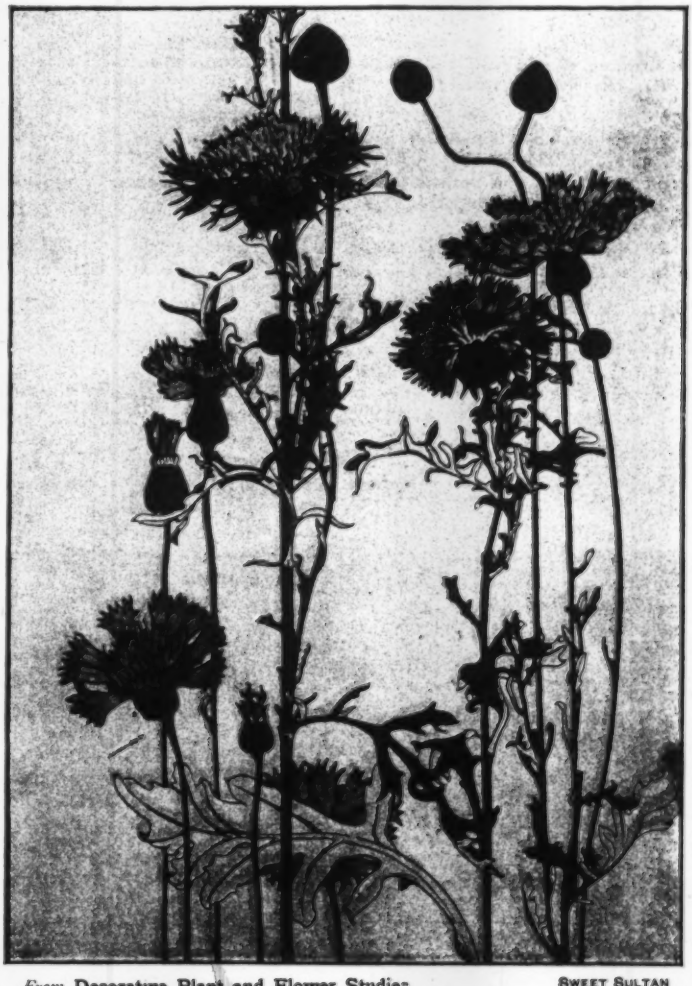

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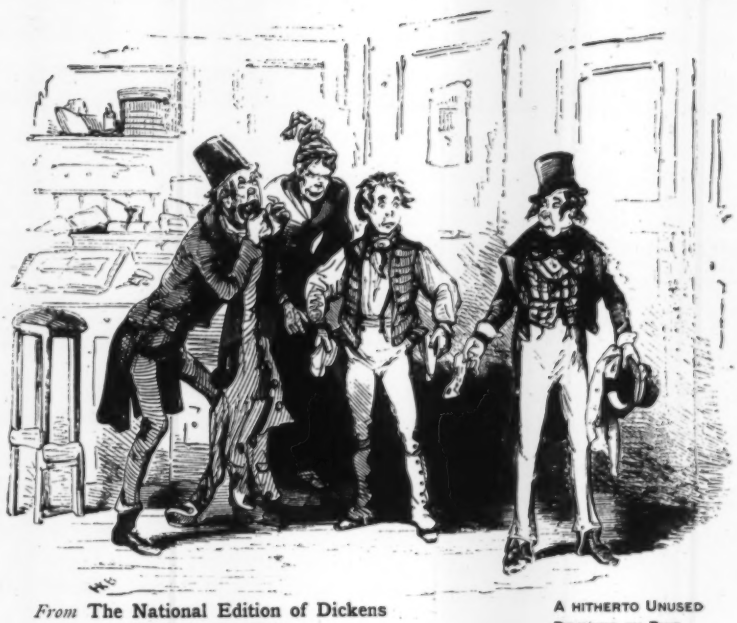

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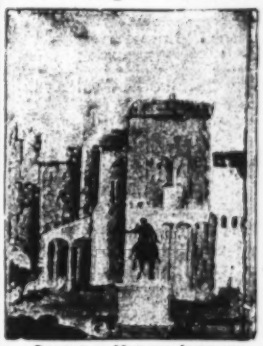

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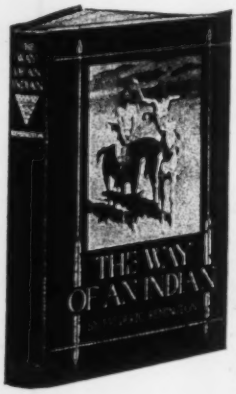


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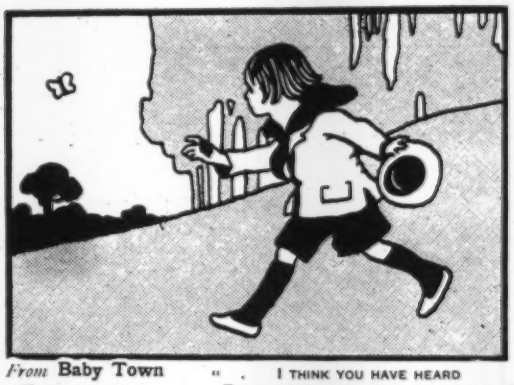

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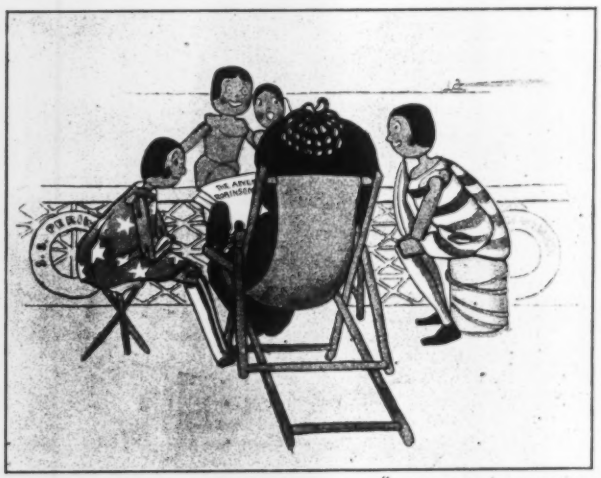

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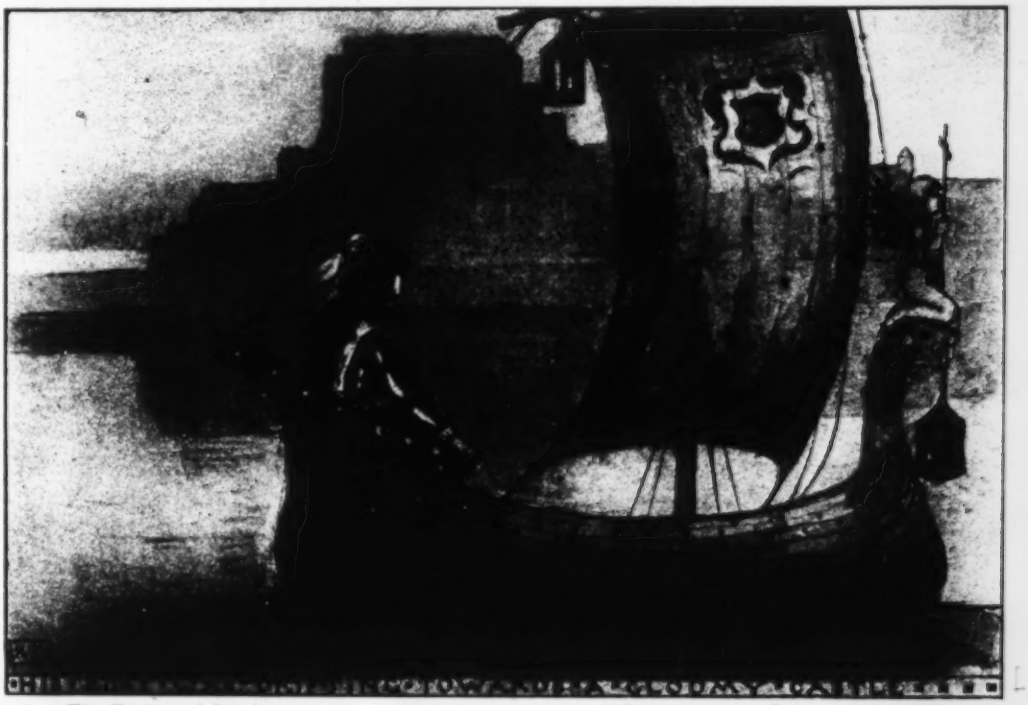

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Messrs. Jack have won well-earned fame during the past years for their sumptuous, tasteful, and in every way attractive books for children. In "The Enchanted Land" Mrs. Chisholm tells again some favourite and some less known stories of fairyland. Here may be found "The Four White Swans," "The Star-Eyed Deirdre," "The Magic Candles," "The Heart of Princess Joan," "The Legend of the Daisy," and many another treasure. And few publishers can outdo Messrs. Jack in the magnificence of their books' appearance; with gold end papers, and gilding on the covers, with splendid coloured pictures and fine large type, this volume of himself suffered a sleepless night from the story after Lady Austin had first told him the facts—he was kept awake by laughter. That sleepless night paid Cowper well, for during his tossings he composed the famous ballad, which before long was recited publicly, sung in the streets, and received many other signs of hearty approval. The present little book tells us such nice details as this, and tells us, too, where John Gilpin lived—at the Cheapside corner of Paternoster Row—and he lived to be nearly a hundred years old. This is an amusing edition of the account of his famous, though involuntary ride.

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A BOTTLE SWINGING AT EACH SIDE



## THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1906

"Tales Told Again" should make many a small heart happy this coming Christmas-time.

## JOHN GILPIN.

By COWPER. With Thirty Woodcut Engravings by ROBERT SEAVER. 1s. net. (A. Constable and Co.)

"The Diverting History of John Gilpin" has renewed its diverting quality in this uncommon present-ment. In its pretty, rosy, flowered cotton covers it resembles the little old books of our great-grandmothers, and the ludicrous woodcuts within give it a still greater resemblance. Most of us know lines and even whole verses of "John Gilpin," but there are hundreds of reading people who take for granted that they know all about the "History," and yet do not know a line. This present slim book is a very good form from which to commit the "History" to memory if any of us feel that we should be the better for it. However, we must remember that Cowper

# The Ride of Sir Benjamin Bink

*From* **The Rosebud Annual**
(*James Clarke & Co.*)

THE HOUR WAS LATE, UNCOVERED HIS PATE,
AND HE WORE BUT A LITTLE NIGHTGOWN.

and all chosen by an editor who knows exactly what his small clients delight to have. Dogs, cats, rats, mice, pigs, children, toys, flowers—all are here, in all colours, shapes, and sizes, and the cover is as gorgeous as eye or heart could wish. No one need hesitate over a gift for a small friend as long as the "Rosebud" continues to bloom in winter.

## MERRY JACKO.

By WARREN KILLINGWORTH. With Illustrations by DORA SULMAN. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

This book may be described as chapters from the autobiography of a monkey. "Jacko" begins his tale (we hope the printers will not spell it "tail") at the very beginning, when he was a very little and very impudent monkey, jeering at his mother's advice as to how to outwit bears and pythons and porcupines. But pride goeth before a fall, and one day the impudent Jacko fell into a trap devised by man. Then he found himself on board ship, and because he pretended to hitch up his breeches and look like the captain, the captain, who had no sense of humour, flung him overboard. The sailors cried "Man overboard!" and Jacko was picked up by a passing steamer, where his droll tricks endeared him to a stern-looking old officer. The officer gave Jacko a happy home, but he harried the officer's favourite parrot and Persian kitten, so that one morning Jacko was sold to an organ-grinder. With him he lived happy ever after, and his tricks brought fortune to the kind organ-grinder. Children will like this story, and will look out for Jacko when the organ-man comes round.

*From* **Merry Jacko**
(*Jarro'd & Sons*)

IN FULL CRY AFTER A PRIZE TABBY.

*From* **The Wonderful Adventures of Mr. Rabbit and Uncle Fox**
(*George Allen*).

AS HE SAT SMOKING HIS PIPE, A CUNNING IDEA CAME INTO HIS HEAD.

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By MAY BALDWIN. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (W. and R. Chambers.)

Among the very best stories for girls which the season has produced, Miss Baldwin's day-by-day life of the young High School girl must be included. Dora was an optimist, but Dora had some severe trials, and Dora did some severe work. The first chapter finds her, after leaving her beautiful country home, just arriving with her mother and little sister, at the lodgings in Chelsea which must now be their new home. The children are bright and natural, neither little prigs nor abnormal imps of mischief, and Dora's brave, happy spirit helps her circle of acquaintance and makes her a lovable little heroine, though she has quite sufficient dark days and rebellious moods to make her story real and quick with interest. Parents and other kind relations need have no hesitation in placing this book on their list if they want to please the girls of the family.

*From* **Dora: A High School Girl** (*W. & R. Chambers*) "THERE'S A DOOR," SAID IVONNE.

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*From* **Billy Mouse** (*Nisbet & Co.*) TIMOTHY TITUS SAW BILLY MOUSE RUNNING ALONG THE BANK OF THE RIVER.

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*From* **I Go A-Walking** (*T. N. Foulis*). IN THE WOODS.

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*(James Clarke & Co.)*

"WE CAN'T LIE DOWN," SAID THE BOY, "WE ARE GOING THROUGH THE GATE."

story on paper." The adventures of a Sherlock Holmes seem crude compared with the "plain story" of the author who has been—in quite a complimentary sense—called the greatest liar that ever lived. Defoe's "lies" are masterpieces of art.

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THE DANGER OF THE NILE

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The Brothers illtreat poor Jack

*From* **The Orange Fairy Book**
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no difference; every man and woman who tells a good tale, and every child who listens, is much the same all the world over. A good tale is a good tale, and we must remember that in this book every one of them came first from fairyland. The Orange is a gorgeous volume in very truth, but in the annually reappearing words of Mr. St. John Lucas, on the cover-paper—

> "When we read the Red, the Blue,
> The Green—small matter what's the hue,"

and we join that poet in asking the fairies to keep

> "From genie's clutch and dragon's fang,"
> The kind magician, Andrew Lang"—

and, we add, that other kind magician with the gay colours on his brush—Mr. H. J. Ford.

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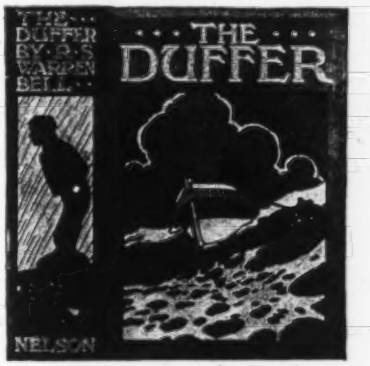


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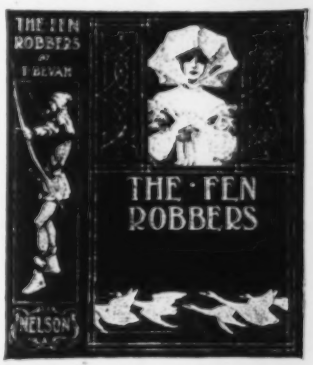


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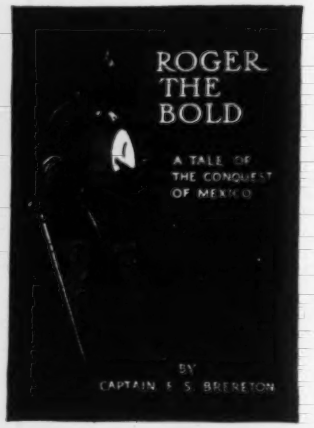

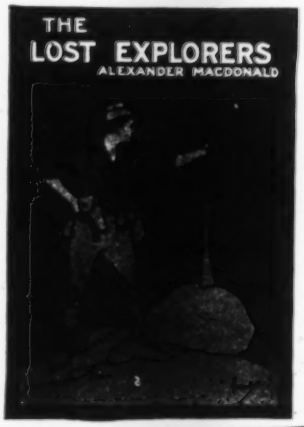


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WHEREVER THE FEATHER PASSED IT CHANGED THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

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Among the attractive small books for children which this season has brought us, warm praise must certainly be given to Mr. Arthur Ransome's pretty trio, "A Child's Book of the Seasons," "A Child's Book of the Garden," and "A Child's Book of Pond and Stream." In the midst of the welcome wealth of story-books and picture-books, we can gratefully find room, also, for these equally entrancing stories of nature. Mr. Ransome reveals his instruction in a most alluring manner. There are two little children who come into each volume, and it is they who ask the questions which every child under similar circumstances would, or would like to ask, and it is they to whom the information is given in such simple, picturesque fashion that the common things of the garden, the field, and the pond become as interesting as fairies, as interesting, indeed, as they deserve to be. Children, too, who are of a practical turn of mind, who scorn fairies, and revel in out-of-door facts, will be delighted and helped by the doings and difficulties of the Imp and the Elf who live in a grey house with ivy on its walls, who dig and plant, and wander, and paddle in streams, build waterfalls, and want to know all about everything. There are plenty of suitable coloured pictures in these pretty square volumes, which will still further endear them to the lucky child who becomes possessed of them.

## THE MAGIC JUJUBES.

By Theodora Wilson Wilson. Illustrated by J. W. Hammick. 3s. 6d. (Alston Rivers)

Miss Wilson has fashioned for little readers a delightful blend of story and fairy-tale. It records the history of three very loveable children, Algernon, Ronald and Matilda Dunlop, who were known to their friends as Longlegs, Shortlegs, and Fatty. When their father, the novelist, had to go abroad for his health, the three were disconsolate, more especially as Aunt Agatha was coming to take charge of them. But their kind father left them the right to enter his study when they felt particularly bad, and to eat from a box of jujubes which he said gave him his inspiration. The jujubes had a marvellous effect. Straightway the children were transported, with their little dog, Bunce, into a fairy land, where they met a Green Dragon, a Black Dog, a Red Fox, a Griffin, and many other strange beasts, who led them into wonderful adventures. But they had other adventures in daily life without eating the magic jujubes, and one of these proved all but fatal to poor Shortlegs. The parents came back to find a very happy family, and Aunt Agatha

*From* **The Magic Jujubes**
(*Alston Rivers*).

SHE CLUNG FAST TO THE SLIPPERY SCALES, AND DOWN, DOWN THEY WENT.

*From* **The Carroll Girls** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

HER DREAM POULTRY FARM BECAME A REAL ONE.

had a secret to tell them about Lord Morton and herself. It is a pretty story, very attractively told, and the illustrations by Mr. Hammick deserve special praise.

## THE CARROLL GIRLS; OR, HOW THE SISTERS HELPED.

By MABEL QUILLER-COUCH. With Illustrations by EDGAR LANDER. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

We have not often met in fiction four such delightful children as the Carroll girls. While their parents were in Canada, Esther, Penelope, Angela and Poppy went to live with Aunt Charlotte, who amply compensated them for the poverty-stricken bleakness of the earlier years. Aunt Charlotte's home, as deftly pictured by Miss Quiller-Couch, is a veritable children's paradise. It was situated in Devonshire, on the edge of a great moor, over which the Carroll girls rambled under the charge of the faithful old dog, Guard. The four children are characterised with remarkable skill, and their individuality is made known to us by many delicate strokes of detail. It is in the latter respect that Miss Quiller-Couch especially proves her special aptitude as a writer for children. She realises, as so few do, that children are insatiable for details, and whether it is a birthday feast she is describing or an adventure with gipsies on the moor, she enables her youthful readers to participate in every moment of the joy. The whole tone of the story is delightful. It is neither didactic nor sentimental, and its atmosphere is as bright and wholesome as the winds that blow across the moor. The Carroll Girls ought to make many friends before Christmas is past. They have only to be known to be loved.

## TWILIGHT FAIRY TALES.

By MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH. With Illustrations. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

This is the story of the little boy Roy Fordham, who was so dreamy and fanciful that he couldn't learn his dry, dull lessons because he was always thinking about, and looking out for, the fairies. It tells how the fairies never come to those who are always searching, but when attention has been well concentrated on lessons and other duties, the eyes become clearer and the little people may at times be seen. These, at any rate, are the ways of American fairies, and it is a pleasant change in a book for those who are accustomed only to the older sort. Roy's adventures and his illness and his recovery make a very pretty tale, and although Mrs. Booth's words are sometimes long when they might be short, no doubt that is quite in keeping with the modern fairy of America. The pictures are coloured, and full of fairy fancy adapted to everyday life.

## THE BOOK OF ANIMALS.

By HORACE G. GROSER. With Coloured and other Illustrations. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

This book well justifies its sub-title, "An Album of Natural History." It describes nearly thirty animals, including the chief carnivora, and the natural history is lightened by many stories of adventure. Mr. Groser writes simply and attractively, and he has been aided by a band of competent artists. There are also some fine photographs of the animals in captivity. The volume is a most handsome and enticing gift-book, the best we have seen of this season's popular natural histories.

## THE AMULET.

By E. NESBIT. With Illustrations by H. C. MILLAR. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Children who remember the fascinating little creature, the Psammead, who made his appearance in a former story by E. Nesbit, and had the power of granting the wishes of the family of children who found him, will be glad to meet him again in "The Amulet." The children are sad and dreary at the beginning of this volume, because their mother has had to go away to one part of the world for her health, and their father starts off to another part of the world on duty, and they are left in ugly lodgings in London. It is on their first walk out in search of distraction that they linger by the shop of a seller of animals, and again find the miserable little Psammead; a miraculous wealth comes to their hands, they purchase him, they comfort him, they

*From* **Twilight Fairy Tales** (*Putnams*).

THE FAIRY BOUNDED FROM THE FLOWER-POT TO THE TOP OF THE MEDICINE BOTTLE.

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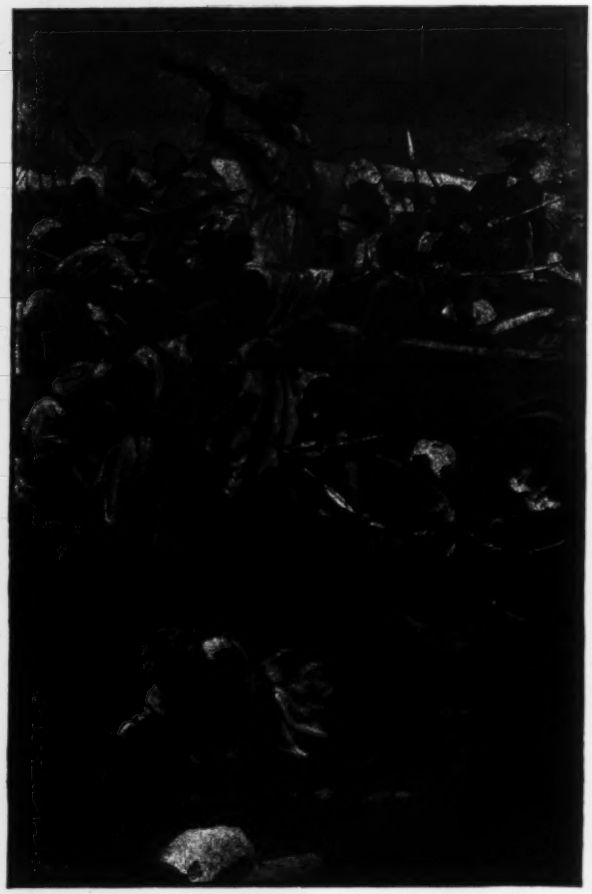

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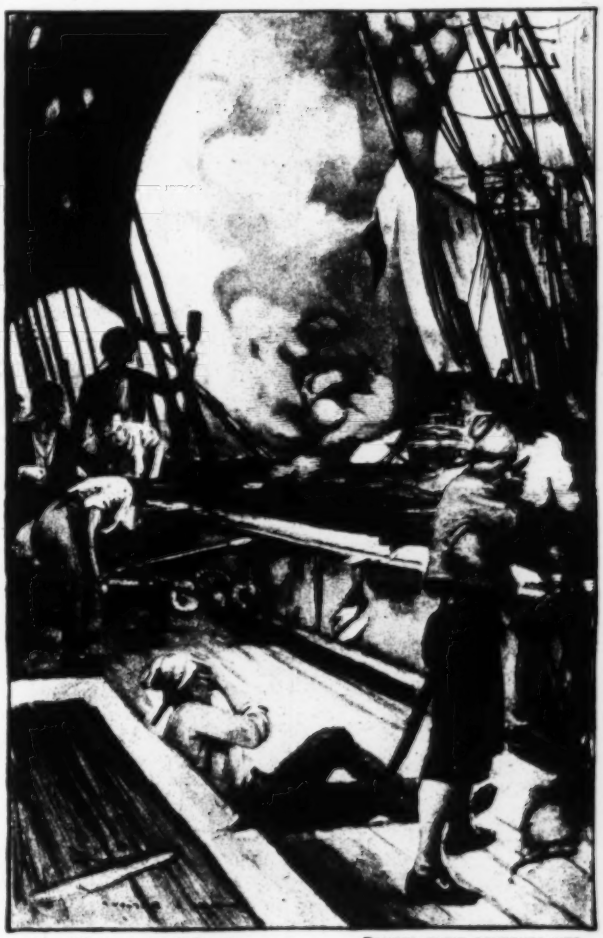

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hedgerow and pond life—a heron, the long-tailed tit, wren and goldcrest, the cuckoo, the stork, the blue tit, the marten, and the cormorant, and other sea birds. Mr. Lodge is not a specially inspired writer for children, but he is accurate, simple, and, considering that his aim is chiefly to inform, very interesting.

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(See page 54.)

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A dainty little vellum-bound book is this collection of short prayers and meditations from the devotional books of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There is a simple grace, a pretty quaintness, a sincere seriousness in these short, devout writings, which are refreshing as an offset to some of the less devout writings of the period. A "praier" is here, "to be said at the lighting up of candles," another "at our returning home," and a "praier" for each day of the week. The volume is one of Mr. Wellby's tasteful "Aldwych" series, bound in white, with a silk marker, and end papers designed by Mr. Dudley Heath. (See page 62.)

## THE GEM-CUTTER'S CRAFT.

By LEOPOLD CLAREMONT. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Bell and Sons.)

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*From* **A Garden of Spiritual Flowers** (*Philip Wellby*).

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The sub-title of this book best describes it—a treasury of tales, legends and traditions. The selections are skilfully made, and the result is a dainty dish to set before a king. A vast range of literature has been ransacked for treasure—Scott, Dumas, Dickens, Daudet, Tolstoi, Bret Harte, Stevenson, and many others, but the collection is not made up merely of elegant extracts. The size of the book is such as to admit of long and complete stories, and boys and girls will find it a mine of fascinating reading. And while its subject matter is absolutely thrilling, this book is distinguished above most of its kind by the high literary quality of all its contents. The volume is profusely illustrated, and in every respect is wonderful value.

*From* **The Gem-Cutter's Craft** (*Bell & Sons*).

CLEAVING AND BRUTING OF DIAMONDS.

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Compiled by YEI THEODORA OZAKI. With Four Colour Plates and Sixty Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

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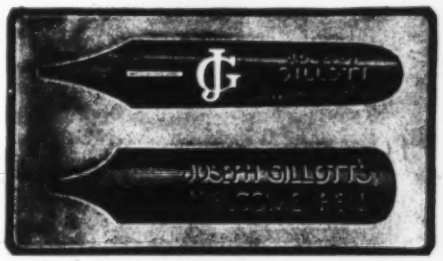

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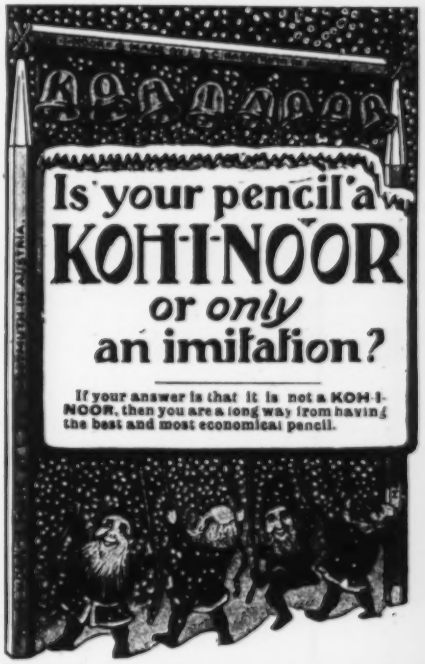
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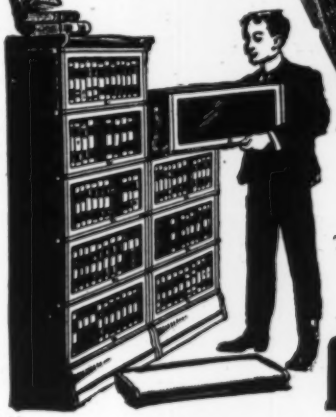

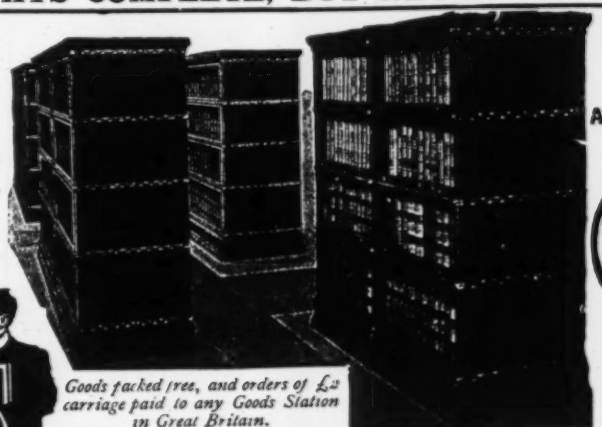

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